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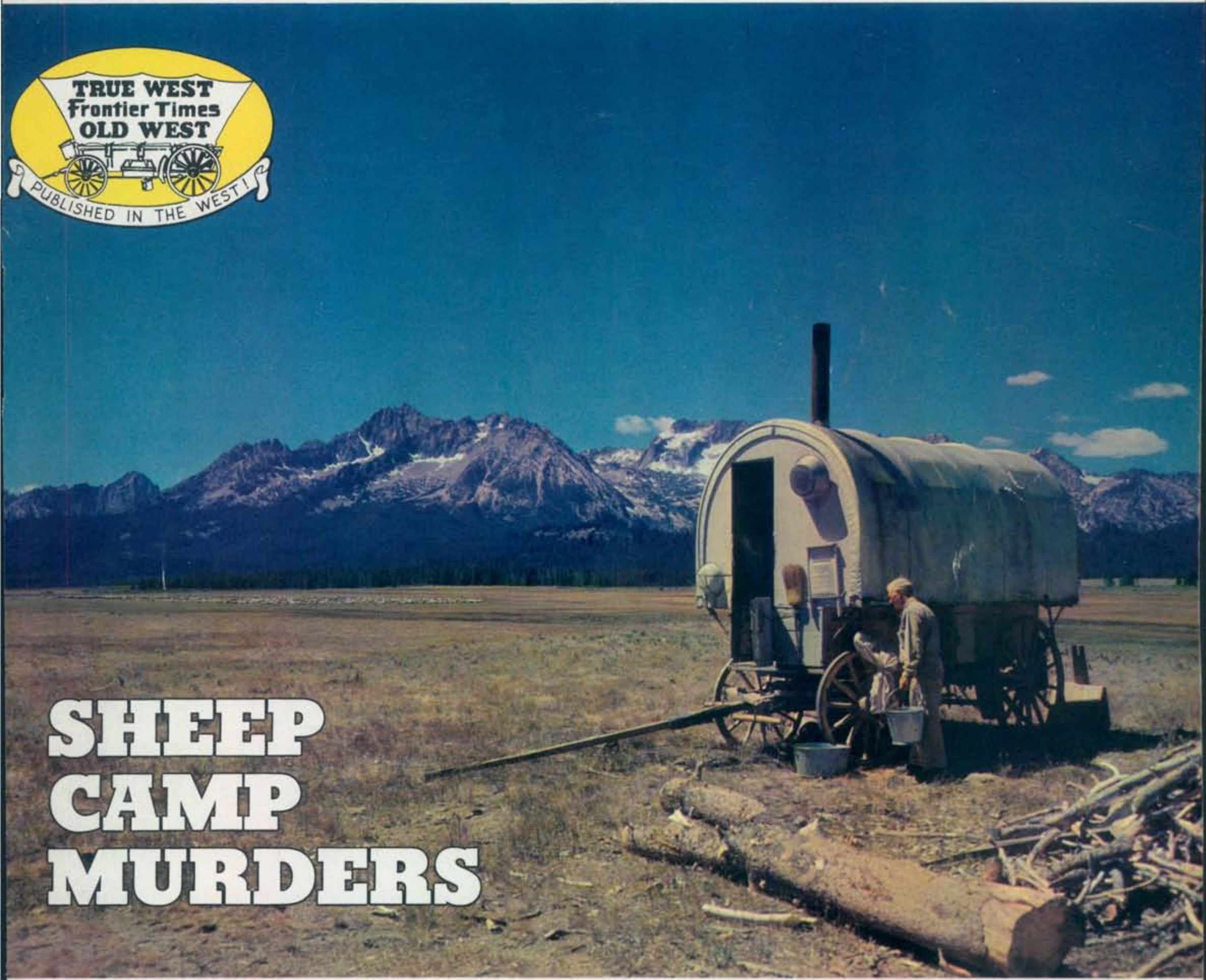

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Frontier Times
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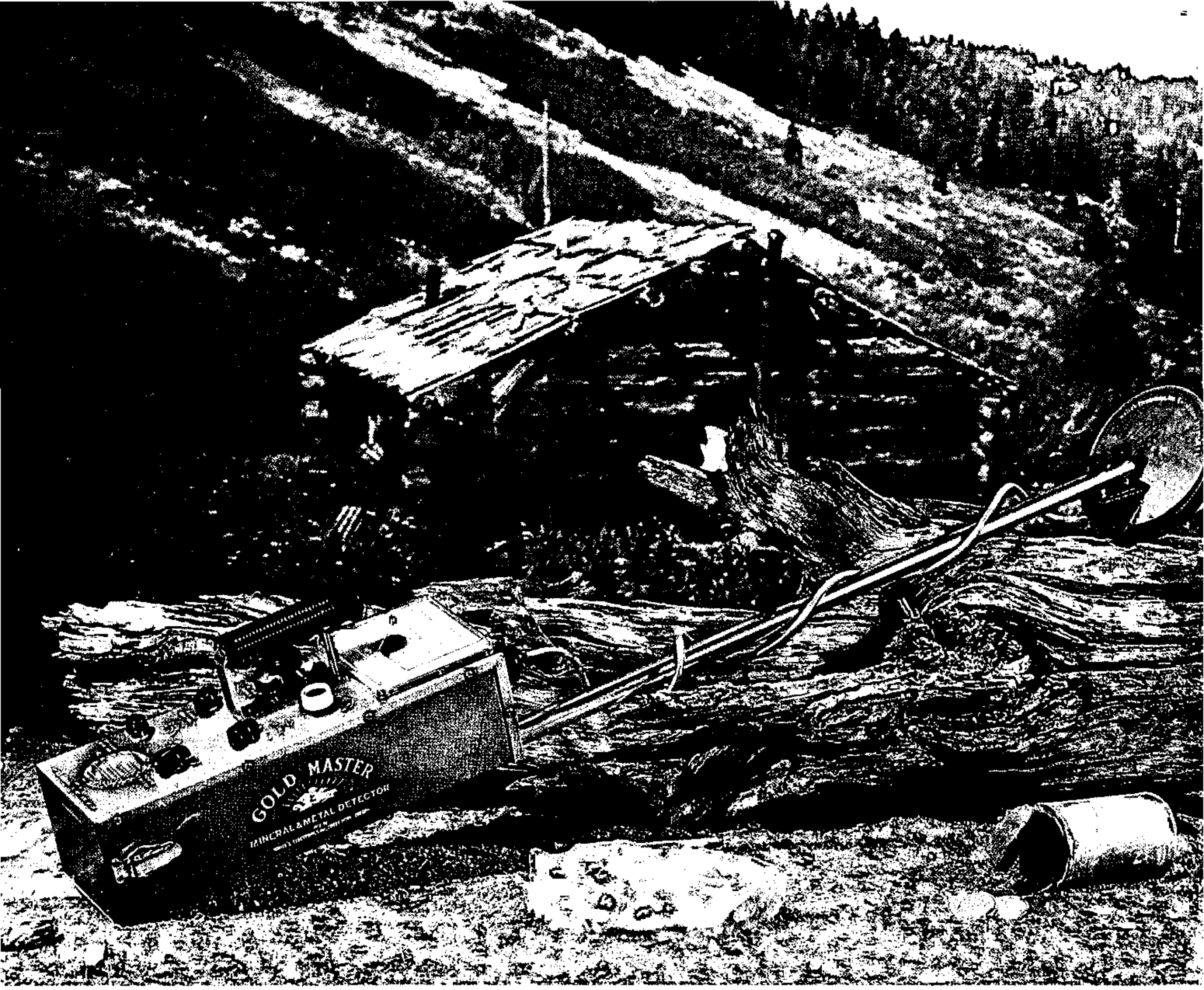

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Volume 2

In This Issue

NOT A BONANZA, BUT— 2
SEVEN CITIES OF SIN AND SILVER ....By Nell Murbarger 4
THE MAD MEXICAN MILLIONAIRE ....By J. Frank Dobie 10
I FOUND A LOST MINE ....By Milton F. Rose 12
DOODLEBUGS ARE A FRAUD ....By Wm. E. Whelchel 24
THE LOST SHEEPHERDER MINE ....By Nell Murbarger 26
HOW JIM BOWIE GOT HIS SILVER ....By J. Frank Dobie 29
THE INCREDIBLE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN LAKE ....By Sven Skaar 30
TERROR IN THE CANYON ....By Virgil Hutton 34
THE GIANT DIAMOND HOAX ....By Russell Quinn 36
THE MAN WHO FOUND $85,000,000 ....By Tom Bailey 42
SECRET OF THE LOST NIGGER MINE ....By Wally George 48
THE LOST SIX-SHOOTER MINE ....By Milton F. Rose 51
THE WEST ON THEIR BACKS ....By John Hoffman 52
BURIED TREASURE ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN ....By Jean M. Moore 54
LOST SPANISH MINES OF THE BURRO MOUNTAINS By Leslie J. Reagan 56
CASE OF THE MISSING MINERS ....By C. H. McKennon 59
I'M SICK OF LOST MINES! ....By Dr. E. R. Harrington 68
THE HECK YOU SAY, DR. HARRINGTON! 70
YOGO! ....By Marty Kelly 78
FEVER FOR GOLD ....By J. Frank Dobie 80
SECRETS OF PANNING GOLD ....By Jimmy Walker 83
SILVER QUEEN ....By Kay McDearmon 86
LETTERS DEPARTMENT 89
POCKETS 92

Cover: Joe Ruiz Grandee

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Frontier Times
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SINCE WE WENT TO PRESS!

Gentlemen: Just noticed on page twenty-six of your GOLD! magazine a picture of the Jarbidge country up in northern Nevada. The story of the lost Sheepherder Mine is interesting for one reason; it's no longer lost. It was found in 1931 by an old Reno prospector, and I was his man-Friday who helped him dig out $23,840 in the summer of '32. We took out three loads of gold to Elko and he shipped it to the Frisco mint. That fall as the snow fell and the cold wind blew down from the Silver City region of Idaho we covered over the remaining gold vein and left. There appeared to be as much gold left there as we had taken out.

The old man gave me a quarter of what he had taken out in cash and I went to Australia where I bought into a black-opal mine. After eight years "down under watching the Billy bile and waltzin' Matilda' round" I came back to the States and landed in Seattle with a stake made for life. I had had no contact with the old Jarbidge prospector nor his aged sister with whom I had left him in Frisco. Not till '65 did I get down to Frisco and check on him again. I found out from the neighbors next door to his sister's house that they had both died the winter I left for Australia. I had always figured he had gone back the next summer and dug the rest of this gold vein out. H-ll! No! that d-mn gold we left there in '32 is still there!!

At my age I don't need it, but I do hope that sometime some poor man finds it again and lives happily forever afterwards. It's above Jarbidge towards Idaho and over the ridge to the left down on the Bruneau River side. It's on a bench about a quarter mile below a high rocky peak on the ridge. The rocky peak in your "Gold" picture, just to the right of center on the skyline, looks very similar to the peak I refer to. That whole country looks too much alike to be sure of any directions. The Jarbidge country is no doubt the country God forgot to finish; it either stands on end or leans over backwards a little. The Devil can have the rest of the old man's gold, I don't want it now! You can publish my letter if you wish but leave my address out, for obvious reasons.

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June-July, 1970
Vol. 44, No. 4
New Series No. 6

True Stories of the West!

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In This Issue—

EDITORIAL . . . .
SHEEP CAMP MURDERS . . . . By Charles McAdams
THE PUZZLE OF BAPTISTE CHARBONNEAU . . . . By Helen Addison Howard 1
MOTION PICTURES VIGNETTES . . . . By Robert S. Birchard 1
COOK'S PEAK AND THE BONES OF SING LEE . . . . By Michael Jenkinson 1
THE BORDER JUMPERS . . . . By T. W. Paterson 1
LOST RHOADES MINE . . . . By Gale R. Rhoades 1
TRAINED FOR TROUBLE! . . . . By R. C. Henry 2
A GAMBLER WHO NEVER QUIT . . . . By Mary Pease Lashbrook 2
TUNNEL OF DEATH . . . . By Milton W. Callon 2
END OF THE TRAIL FOR RED BUCK . . . . By Sanford Boren as told to C. L. Packer 2
TRAILS GROWN DIM 2
THE BARKER SPREAD IN THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS . . . . By Elliott S. Barker 3
JESSIE BENTON FREMONT APPRAISES CARSON 3
NUGGETS 3
THE BUTTERFIELD TRAIL . . . . By Russel Jones 3
FRONTIER POST 4
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 4
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . By Tom K. Ryan 7

Cover: Ray Atkeson

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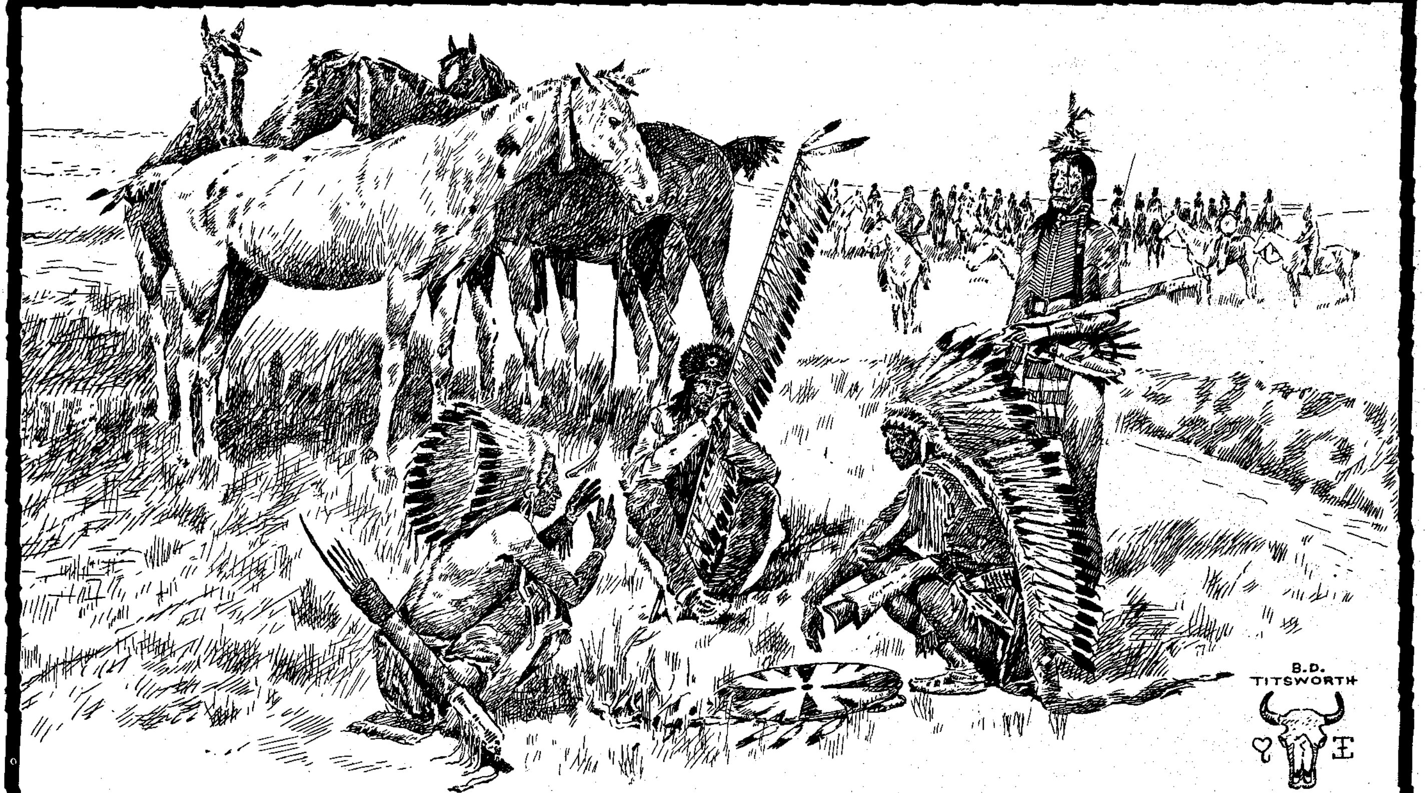
Chief Hosstail and his tribal advisors have been pondering for many a moon on how to stretch the wampum. (Those horsemen in the background are creditors!) This drawing of the final parley was sketched just before they ran out of patience and rode up to say "The question isn't HOW, it's NOW!"



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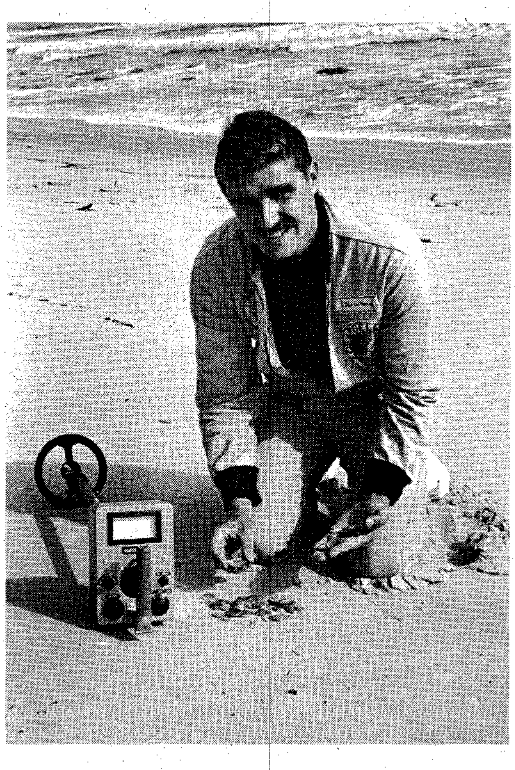

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JUNE 21, 1970

THIS YEAR Father's Day falls on June 21, the first day of summer. A lot of fathers around this country probably feel more like the "last rose" of summer than the "first day," what with so many strains put on the relationship between father and son nowadays.

I guess that's why it made me feel so good when I got a letter from J. P. Beverly not long ago about a little tribute he had found in his dad's papers.

W. M. (Bob) Beverly, J. P.'s father, who died in 1958, had worked on many ranches, including the XIT, was later sheriff of Midland County, Texas, and served in the Texas Rangers. He was one of the best and smartest men who ever came West. But this tribute wasn't written by J. P. to Bob, it was written by Bob Beverly to his own father many years ago on Father's Day. It will do your heart good to read it—Hosstail.

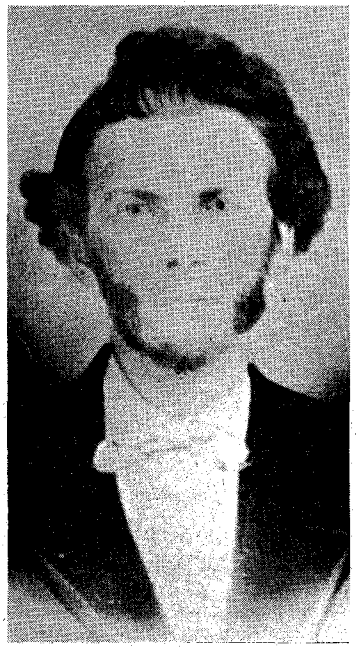


Photo Courtesy J. P. Beverly

Bob Beverly's Father, John Purnell Beverly

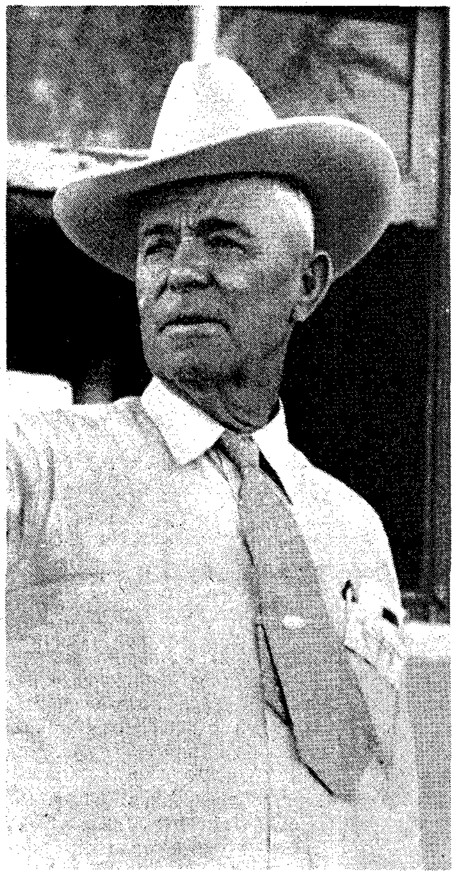

W. M. (Bob) Beverly

Photo by J. Evetts Haley; From **Men of Fiber**, by J. Evetts Haley, Shamrock Edition, 1963.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

My father was educated for a physician, but when the South seceded from the Union over states rights in 1861, his four brothers and he volunteered to defend the South.

Father was the only one of the five brothers to return to the old Southern home after the Civil War, and he was wounded through the lungs, a wound that afterwards caused his death.

Father never followed the practice of medicine, but was a contractor and builder, following this trade until he passed away. . . . [After Father married in 1869] he and my mother's people decided to emigrate to Texas, then a new country. My mother's people made it to Denton County, Texas, and my father and mother finally landed at Sandy Point in Brazoria County in the spring of 1874.

Father, still suffering from Yankee lead poison, had very poor health in this damp malaria country, and so purchased himself an old ox wagon and a yoke of steers and went overland to Mexia in Limestone County in 1875, stopping there *for a short while. He then went on with* the oxen and his family to Denton County to take Christmas with my mother's people, staying there until the spring of 1876. He again yoked up old Buck and Ball to his covered wagon and went down by way of Fort Worth and Hillsboro to Waco. He farmed some in McLennan *County the summer of 1876 and 1877, and* together with what carpenter work he could get to do, he was able to feed his family and get money enough to buy himself a team of mares to work. By trading steers and paying some money, he obtained a somewhat lighter and better wagon, and a new wagon sheet and bows, so it was moving day for Father again.

Having heard from Mother's people that Hill County, along the Brazos River, was where they was headed for, Father led one of the mares around to one side of the tongue of our wagon and the other one on the other side, and fastened them to the wagon with some chain harness, and we lit out for Hill County in a new streamlined, covered wagon.

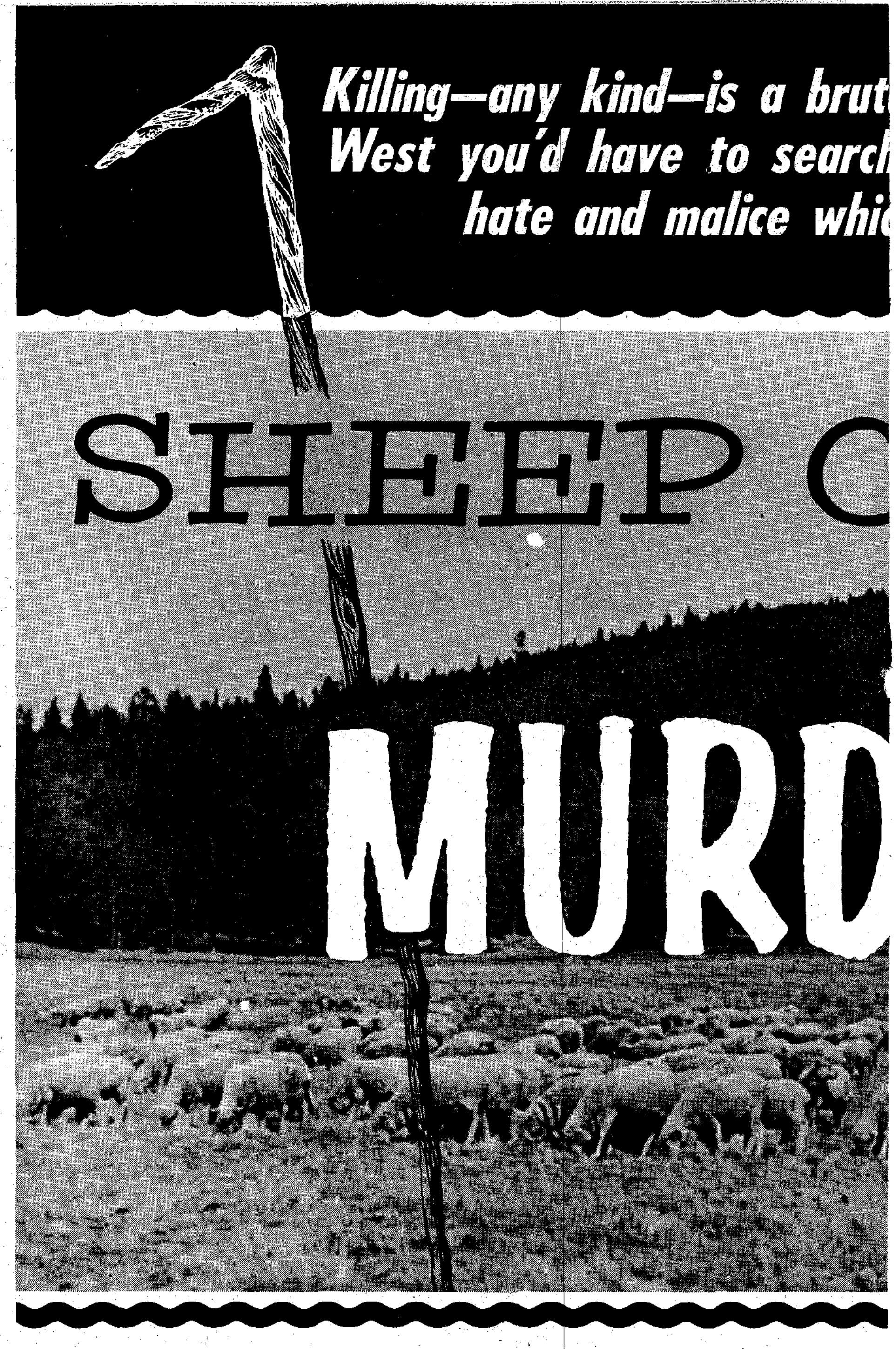
We landed on the Brazos River at an old rock house just at the foot of a little hill, about two miles east of Kimball, the old trail crossing on the Brazos. There was a lane of about one mile out from the river, fenced with cedar poles as there was no barb wire at that time. Here at this rock house, Grandfather [mother's father] and his family lived.

MY father soon found us a little log house beside the old trail, and though only a small boy, I saw my uncles and *cousins help swim the herds of longhorn* cattle from southern Texas, bound for Kansas etc., across the Brazos River, and then ride on with them to return maybe that winter.

Father's health was very bad, but he was doing his part to build up the South. Then in December 1879, my mother died when my youngest sister was born; and I saw my father take some rough lumber, and with his saw, hammer, and plane, build a coffin, and together with the help of Grandmother and one aunt and two or three neighbor women, place her in this rough coffin and then place her in the wagon. And with us children and Grandmother, we went down the little pole lane and crossed the Brazos River, and there under the hill from Kimball, where a few kind neighbors had dug a grave, I saw my father bury my mother on a cold bleak day in December 1879.

Father went back to our little log home where my aunt had stayed with my two young sisters, one a week old and one two years old. In a few days, in the presence of Mother's people at Grandfather's home, he gathered us little fellows around him, and with bowed head he asked God for guidance in what he was about to do. He told us he had made

(Continued on page 64)



Killing—any kind—is a brut
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SHEEP C

MURD

By CHARLES McADAMS
Photos Courtesy Author

OLD SANTIAGO VIGIL was a veteran of many sheep drives from north of the Mogollon Rim to winter range in Arizona's Salt River Valley. All kinds of riders, some good and some bad, came around while he was on the trail. None had ever given him any trouble. Consequently he paid no particular attention when a couple of men dashed out of the timber toward him and the flock in Brushy Basin early on the morning of December 22, 1903.

Not until they came close did he notice that both, heavily armed with six-guns and rifles, were in a hostile mood. As they closed to within ten feet, one of them yelled, "Get them rotten sheep out of cattle country, and do it in a hurry!"

Vigil replied stonily, "Boss, him there," pointing toward the temporary sheep camp inside the timber.

"Start moving them woollies!" the burly, cold-eyed man retorted. "And we mean pronto!" Vigil still did not move. One of the herding collies rounded the band on the far side, coming to stand beside his legs.

Both riders abruptly jerked holstered six-guns. Vigil feared they were going to start shooting but instead the other rider, who greatly resembled his partner, asked, "Where'd you say the boss is?"

Again Vigil pointed toward camp. The sun was still not an hour high in the sky. Abruptly the riders holstered their guns and galloped in the direction indicated.

In camp, unaware of swiftly approaching death, were Vigil's seventeen-year-old son Juan, and Wiley Berry, the twenty-year-old son of sheep owner William W. Berry. During his father's absence, Wiley was in charge of the flock. Juan was busy doing preliminary packing for moving camp later in the day, and Wiley had just about finished cooking breakfast. After they had eaten, Juan would relieve his father so that the old man could come in for breakfast.

When the riders clattered noisily into camp through the timber Wiley stood up from the cooking fires. Not liking their heavily armed appearance he eased over to where his .30-30 carbine leaned against the bole of a tree. Just what angry words passed between them was never known. Neither of the two youths survived to tell their side of the story. But from ground sign the evidence was plain enough to investigating officers.

The riders dismounted, moving forward a few yards to engage Wiley in short conversation. They then returned to their horses that had started grazing off with dragging bridle reins. There the pair talked briefly together before hitting their saddles.

What followed must have been decided during the parley—a wanton and wholly uncalled-for murder of two youths who had given them no cause whatever for violence.

Reining about, the riders suddenly opened fire on Wiley, shooting him dead in his tracks before he had a chance to reach the rifle to defend himself. When the shots crashed out, Juan apparently looked up in time to see him fall.

Breaking into a twisted run the unarmed boy tried desperately to reach safety in the brush but was brought down by six-gun lead. There followed a brief pause before more shots were fired into the air, then the riders raced away.

STARTLED by the first sound of gunfire, Vigil started running toward camp. On hearing the final shots spaced out, he ran harder as the galloping riders vanished into the surrounding forest.

Wiley was found lying on his face where death throes shifted his body somewhat. The newly knitted red sweater he wore was on fire from powder burns. Automatically Vigil picked up a bucket of water to extinguish the smoldering blaze.

In great apprehension he walked around looking and shouting for Juan. Fifty steps from camp he came onto his son's body lying on one side, slightly bent. The boy had bled copiously and there were so many bullet wounds in him that the grief-stricken father assumed him to be dead.

Knowing the dogs would stand guard over the sheep, Vigil mounted Wiley's horse which had been saddled for a trip to Gisela, the nearest settlement where supplies were available. Not knowing just where it was located on Tonto Spring Creek, Vigil headed for Payson in a hard

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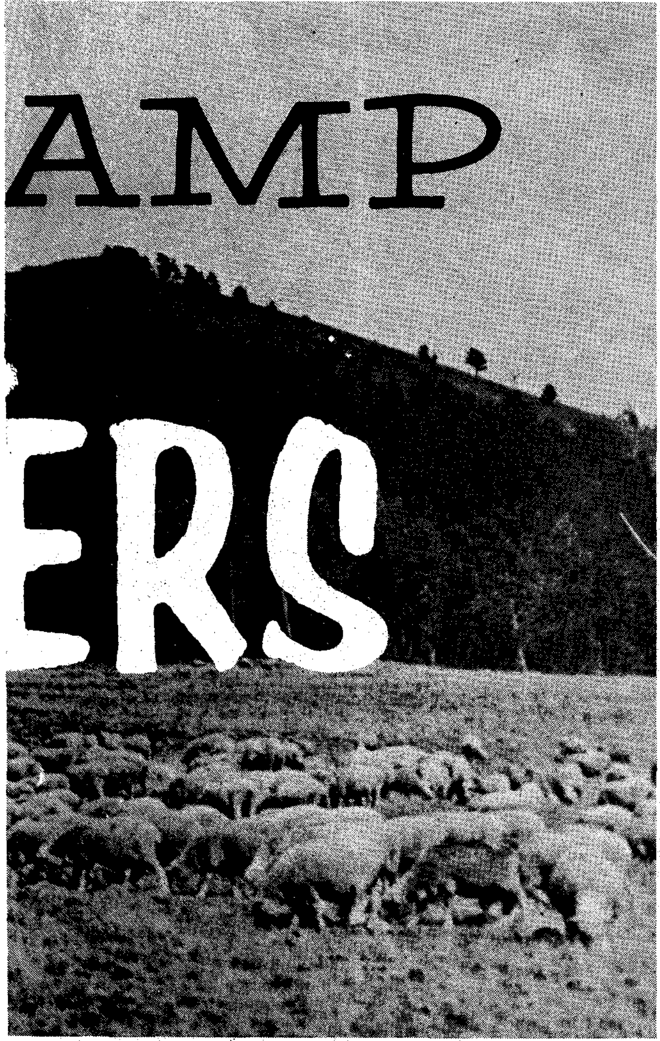
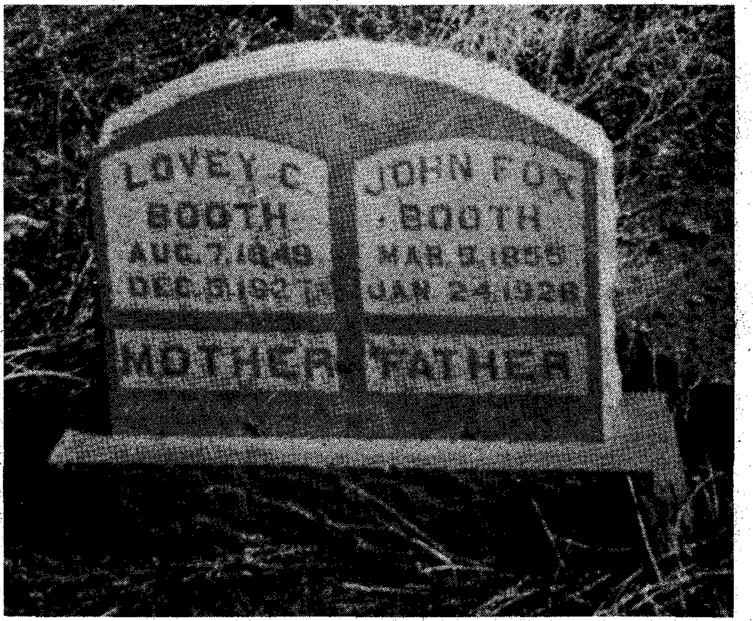


In the Gisela pioneers' cemetery is the grave of Juan Vigil, seventeen-year-old victim of the sheep camp raid.



Above, within thirty feet of Juan Vigil's resting place is the grave of John Fox Booth, one of the two brothers accused of the brutal killings. He was found "not guilty" because of his brother's admission of guilt and lack of evidence to tie him in with the crime. Many old-timers living at Globe and Payson did not believe the two brothers were the actual killers. At left, sheep in Brushy Basin—the excuse for murder.

run. No sooner did he vanish from sight, headed west, than out of the timber from where they had been watching, appeared the two killers. Halting, they stretched in their saddles, appraising the situation before dismounting.

One picked up Wiley's carbine and deliberately fired several more bullets into the dead youth's body. According to a later confession the man then fired a bullet across his saddle, cutting the leather to make it seem that he had been fired upon. (If he had actually been in the saddle he would have sustained a bad wound or death.) The rifle was then placed partly under Wiley's body, which was flopped over from the position in which Vigil saw it last.

At this spot the riders mounted; then apparently wondering if Juan were actually dead, rode over to where he lay. To their surprise he had regained consciousness, managing to crawl a few feet. One man then jerked the carbine from his saddle scabbard and fired four bullets into him. That definitely made certain the slender Juan was no more. This cruel and further terrible act would soon arouse the country.

On reaching Payson, badly agitated, Vigil found part-time Deputy Sheriffs John Chilson and Ben Pyeatt. Chilson immediately telephoned County Sheriff C. R. Rogers in distant Globe. Accompanied by Pyeatt he then rode fast across the country to the sheep camp with Vigil.

The three men reached there at midday. Vigil returned at once to the sheep while the officers searched for ground clues. To their trained eyes the story was read like an open book. They were appalled on discovering that Wiley had been shot several times after death and the rifle placed under his body. They were thunderstruck also on discovering that, felled by several .38 caliber six-gun bullets, Juan survived only to die from soft-nosed .30-30 lead fired into his back after the riders returned to the grisly murder scene.

A coroner's jury and justice of the peace had followed the officers to Brushy Basin. After viewing the scene the jurymen returned to Payson, but the bodies were buried at Gisela. Henry McCleve, another sheepman, took charge of the Berry flock.

Vigil was held in technical custody as a material witness. When questioned, Vigil gave a close description of the riders and their mounts. Both were complete strangers to him. He said that he and Juan had been hired early the previous September to take the flock from St. Johns south for the winter. Soon after the sheep were on the trail, the Berry family left for a new home where the winters were not so bitterly cold. Supposedly they had gone to some ranch near Thatcher, but Vigil did not know exactly where or how to locate them. Wiley Berry had planned that in late December he would leave the Vigils with the sheep wherever they happened to be and join his family for Christmas.

THE DRIVE south was a slow one. No greater progress than four miles a day had been made. Once a storm struck suddenly and the flock was kept on the same bedground for almost a week.

Thirty days out of St. Johns, McCleve, also trailing south to winter his own sheep in Phoenix's Salt River Valley, overtook them. Since the bands might mix and cause all manner of trouble, he volunteered to remain two days' drive behind the Berry flock.

By December 18 the band was footsore and trail weary. In addition, said Vigil, they were out of sheep salt and their grub was nearly gone. Wiley directed the outfit into Brushy Basin of the Sierra Ancha Mountains to rest over. The village of Gisela was five miles away and Payson about eight. The basin was a beautiful spot with plenty of good grass. As the sheep were being counted into it, a loss of thirty head was discovered, but that was about average on the rugged trail south.

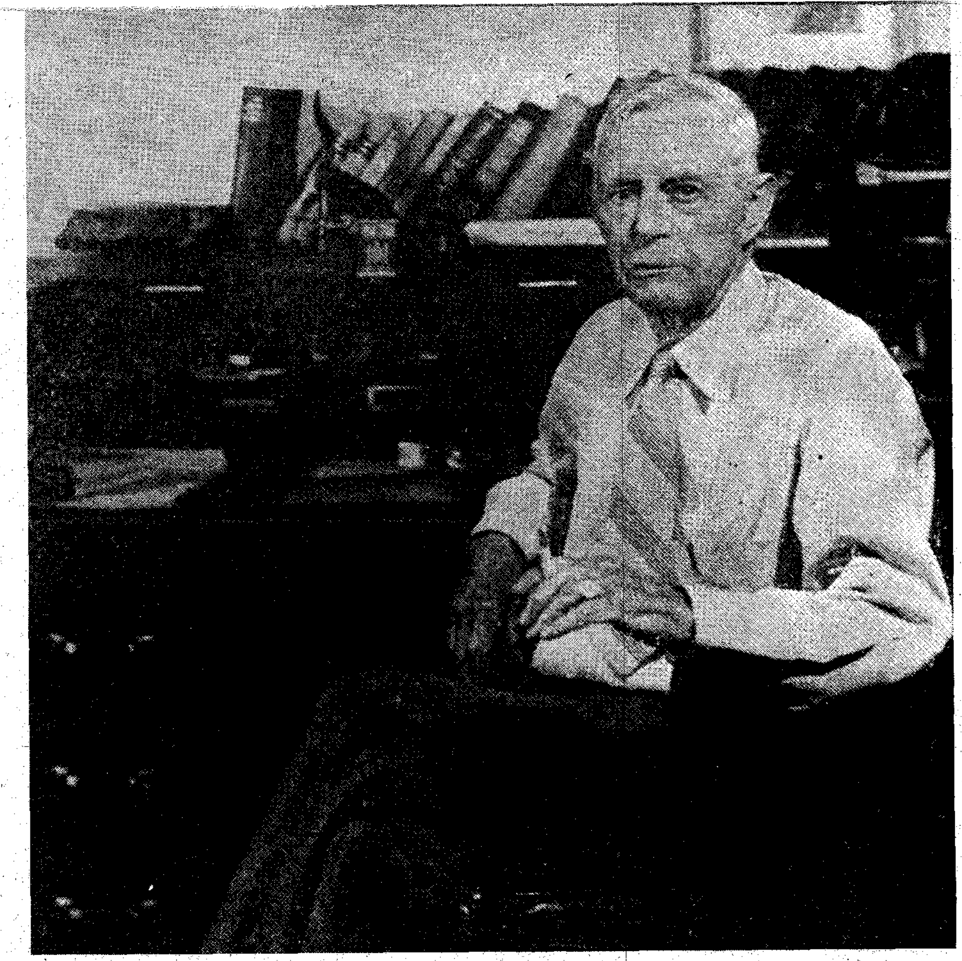
The first camp was soon abandoned for a better site near a good spring of water on the eastern side. On the night of December 21, Wiley told the Vigils that he would take the pack burros to Gisela the next morning and bring back food and sheep salt. He would then return to Gisela and catch the stage to Globe. From there he could take a train to Thatcher to spend Christmas holidays with his parents and three sisters.

After he told his story Vigil, a short, ruggedly built man, was asked if he would be able to positively identify the slayers.

"Señor, the one with tiger eyes I will never forget!" he exclaimed. Those peculiar, burning eyes he would remember to his dying day. The man who owned them had killed his son. They were flecked, he said, giving off a pointed glare that looked right through a person.

Before leaving Globe, the seat of Gila County, Sheriff Rogers had dispatched a message to the Berry family at St. Johns. He was not aware that they had departed in September to live near Thatcher. Pending his arrival at Payson, Deputies Chilson and Pyeatt, both experienced rangemen, continued seeking ground clues in Brushy Basin. Then back in Payson they began hearing curious fragments of tales emanating from Gisela.

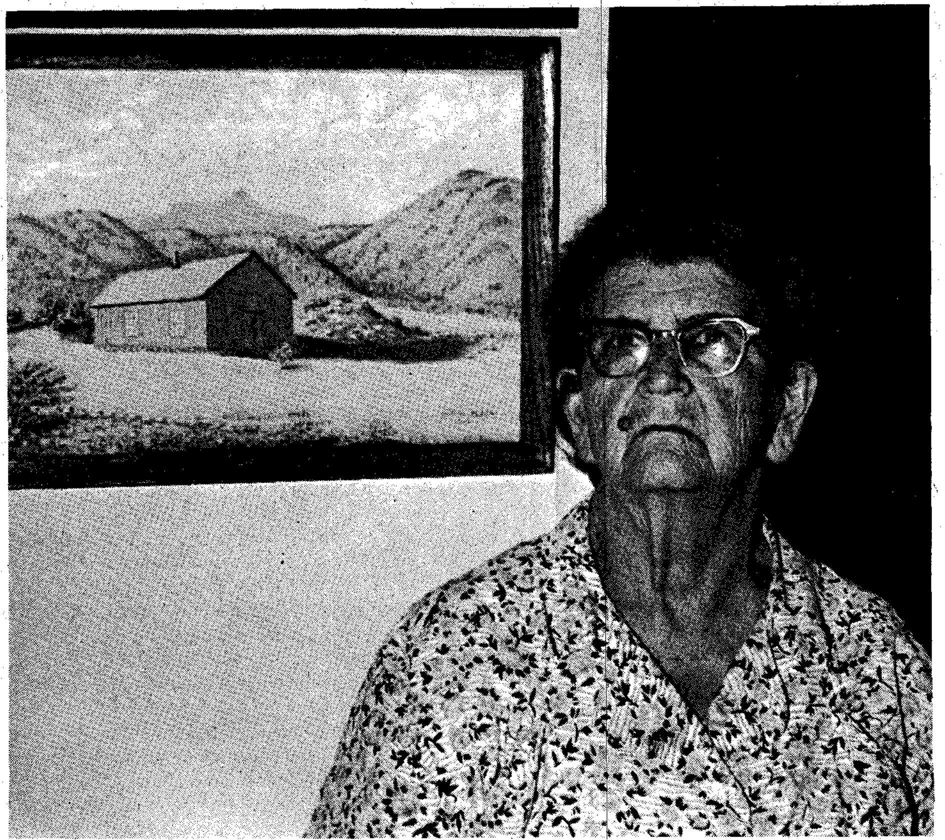
Cowmen in that area and along Tonto Spring Creek claimed all the range in and around Brushy Basin. Word had come that several bands of sheep were being driven from the north, down over the Mogollon Rim, to occupy the range. Stockmen were aroused by these tales and held a few hurried meetings con-



Courtesy Jess G. Haye

John W. Wentworth, Payson attorney who had represented the Booth brothers on several occasions, decided to "bow out" of the murder case.

Mrs. Dollie Hale, who went to Gisela in 1891, knows the history of and all the participants in the sheep camp murders. An artist of note, she stands next to her re-creation of the first Gisela schoolhouse.



cerning the emergency. Too well in their memory clung the history of the bloody Tonto Basin war between sheep and cattle interests in 1887.

No particular cowman was known to be the leader of the sheep-opposing faction. Several were named, including one—claimed to be the angriest—named Zack Booth. Chilson listened to the rumors concerning him somewhat uneasily. For some reason Booth suddenly became a logical suspect, although Vigil's description could fit any number of men in the far reaches of the mountain-surrounded valleys of that cattle country.

ZACK WAS A BACHELOR of thirty-seven. Although without any special church affiliation, he was a kind of backwoods country preacher. With his brother John and John's family, Zack had settled near Gisela some years before.

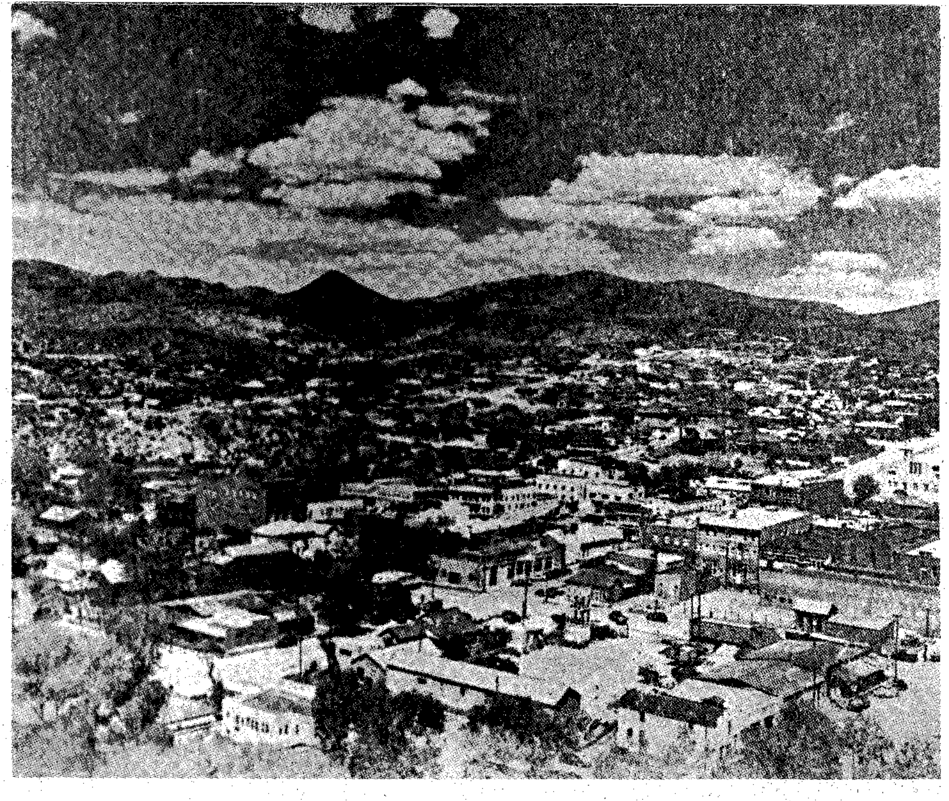
Some Sundays he held religious meetings and song-fests at settlers' homes. Always attired in a tuxedo and high silk hat—most unusual apparel for that country—he was a hell-fire and damnation expositor. An eloquent and colorful speaker, he easily aroused his audiences to a high pitch. A few neighbors described him as a jack-leg minister; all acknowledged that he was a hard man when crossed, tough as they came and a first class marksman with any kind of firearm. Zack doted on showing off, frequently stirring his coffee with his six-gun muzzle.

John Booth was a mild, inoffensive appearing man, but both brothers were always in some sort of difficulty. Except for the jury-swaying skill of a Payson lawyer, John W. Wentworth, the brothers would have been residents of the territorial prison. They complained that trouble followed them around, and that they had been falsely accused of several crimes.

They were arrested for burning their Quarter Circle 11 brand on sixty head of prime young heifers belonging to Henry Azbell. Turning 200 head of she-stuff loose on the public domain, Azbell went off prospecting for two years. The Booth brothers' cattle occupied the same range and they let on that looking after Azbell's interests was their business. Unexpectedly Azbell returned to find all of his two-year-old heifers wearing the Booths' partnership brand. As a matter of fact, he no longer had even the foundation herd intact. Azbell was a hardcase character in his own right, and in Payson he swore to warrants charging the brothers with grand theft. Zack and John consulted Attorney Wentworth. When they readily admitted their guilt, he was greatly annoyed. But being a shrewd man Wentworth concocted a defense story to which they stuck religiously. In court they swore that Azbell had engaged them to look after his cattle. When he did not return after a year's absence and the second came around, they feared something had happened to him. Certainly they were not going to be paid for their work as caretakers. The heifers were then branded as their pay.

On another occasion they were arrested for robbing an isolated country store. Finding the owner away and the building locked, they broke into it. A wagonload of groceries and drygoods, some harness and a few tools were hauled away. The loot was taken to their two homes. On the merchant's return the burglary was easily traced to the Booth brothers. Again advised and coached by Wentworth they went to the angry merchant, apologized for their unseemly conduct, and paid for all they took. According to Wentworth's biographer, the wily lawyer told Zack that he was utterly stupid. He was advised to stick to preaching and singing, for criminal pursuits were evidently not his forte.

Deputy Sheriff Chilson realized full well that if the brothers were in any way connected with the horrible sheep camp murders, he was tying into a real mean pair. There must be conclusive evidence before tackling them.



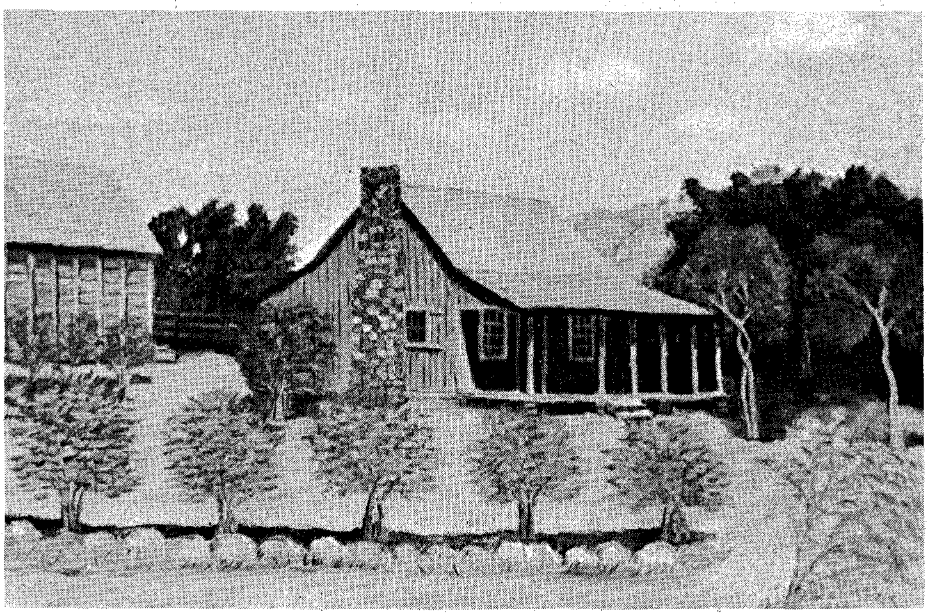
Globe, Arizona, the county seat where the Booths were tried.

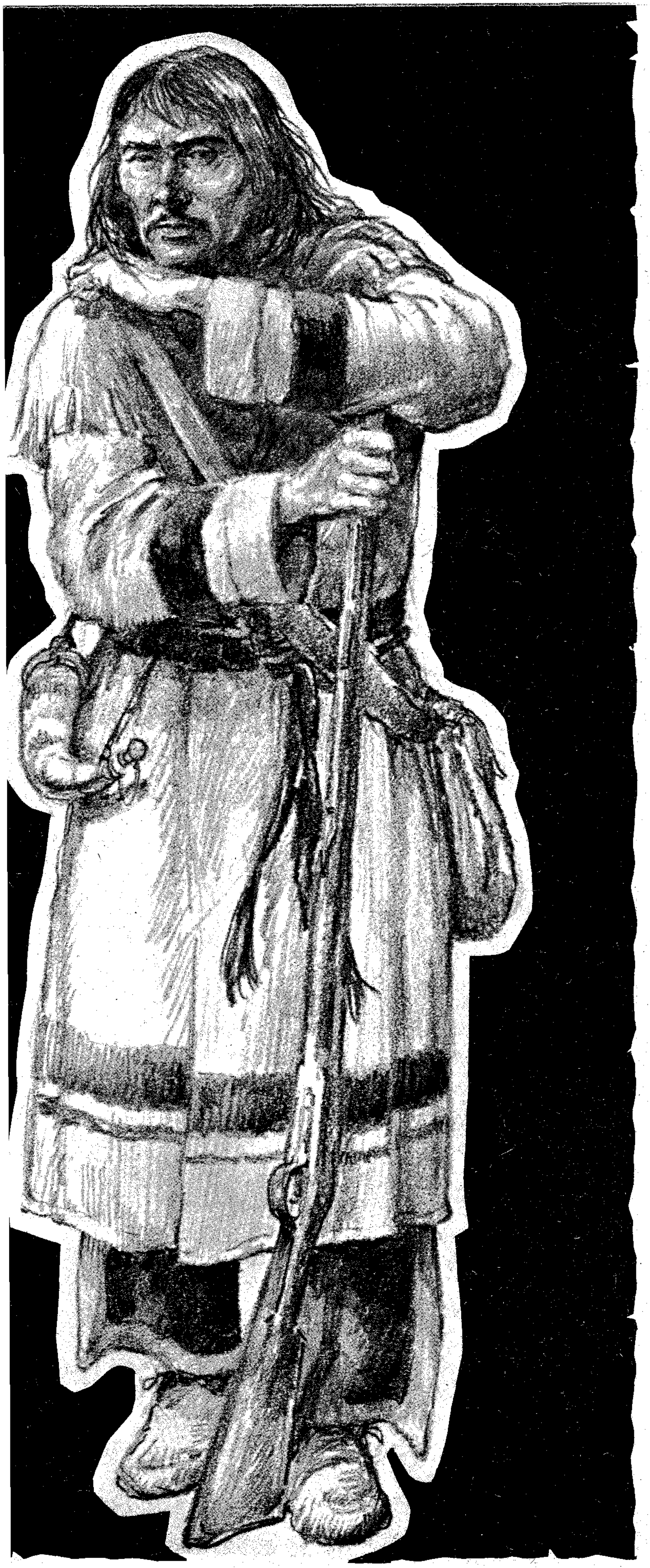
AT DAYBREAK on December 23 he and Pyeatt returned to Brushy Basin and started cutting for overlooked sign. The murdering pair of riders were backtracked to where they rode into the basin. Next, their outgoing flight trail was found and followed south. It was a difficult one through rocky foothills studded with saguaro and other cactus. Sign was lost during the afternoon. The next day they checked out the incoming trail with better luck.

After circling the basin, trace of the

(Continued on page 54)

The first settler's house in Gisela as painted by pioneer Dollie Hale.





ion from **Faces of the Frontier**, by Lorence F. Bjorklund, Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., Publisher, New York

The Pu

BAP

OF all the strange tales to come out of the West, perhaps none is more extraordinary than the fabulous but true-life story of Sacagawea's son.

As an infant in his cradle board he had the unique distinction of being the only child—and his seventeen-year-old mother the only woman—to accompany the Lewis and Clark Expedition which explored the territory from St. Louis, Missouri to the Pacific Ocean at the Columbia River's mouth in 1804-06.

Although much has been written about the members of this Corps of Discovery, relatively little is known about their later lives, except for the captains. Yet Sacagawea's French-Indian son Baptiste was destined to catch the fancy of a prince from Europe, who educated him like a nobleman in a royal castle and with whom Baptiste made the Grand Tour of the Continent. After returning to his native land he became a prominent hunter-trader-trapper, guide, interpreter, and finally an early Argonaut to the California gold fields—yet an inexplicable mystery shrouds his life.

Baptiste's singular career began humbly enough. Born in an earth-mound lodge in a Minnetaree village on Knife River a few miles below the Mandan tribal encampment on the Missouri, his birth was recorded by Captain Meriwether Lewis in his journal on February 11, 1805:

"about five Oclock this evening one of the wives of Charbono was delivered of a fine boy, it is worthy of remark that this was the first child which this woman had boarn, and as is common in such cases her labour was tedious and the pain violent. . . ."

The exploring party was wintering in a stockade between the Indian villages on the bluffs above the Missouri's frozen channel which here wound its way through the bleak Dakota plains. The whites were awaiting the coming of spring to continue their journey westward. Baptiste's father, Toussaint Charbonneau, had been hired by Lewis and Clark to be the expedition's interpreter. Little is known of his early life, but he

zle of TISTE CHARBONNEAU

By HELEN ADDISON HOWARD

Illustration by Lorence F. Bjorklund

There's a glimpse of his trail here, a glimpse there—but Sacagawea's son trod a hazy path from cradle board to grave . . .

was probably born near Montreal, Canada about 1758. By 1793 he had become an *engagé* of the North West Fur Company and served as a trader at Pine Fort on the Assiniboine River. A couple of years later he appeared at the Minnetaree villages, and then spent the following year living and trading among the Mandans. Prior to the coming of the expedition he and Alexander Henry, in 1803 and '04, had charge of Fort Pembina, an American Fur Company post. Judging by the remarks of his contemporaries, Toussaint Charbonneau, about forty-seven years old in 1805, seems to have been weak-willed, excitable in an emergency, and abusive toward his young, gentle, mild Snake (Shoshone) wife, Sacagawea, a trait not uncommon among the rude frontiersmen.

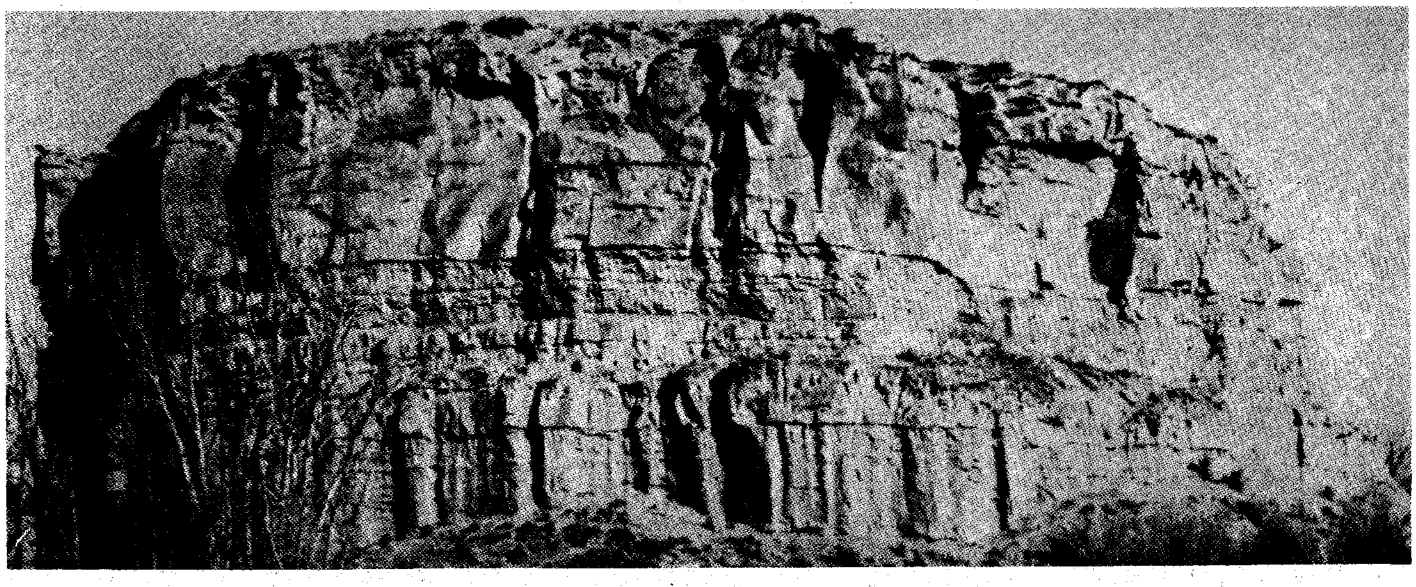
John Luttig, a clerk at Fort Manuel Lisa, accused Charbonneau of exaggeration and cowardice and said he "gave wild accounts of the dangers from the Indians to excite fear among the *engagés.*" In evident disgust one day Luttig further commented that Toussaint "ought to be hung." His reputation suffered among other contemporary fur traders, too. He has been described as a "loutish, brutal fellow."

Various historians have stated that Sacagawea was purchased by Charbonneau from the Minnetarees, or that he won her as a gambling wager with members of that tribe. However, the Biddle narrative of the expedition, officially prepared in 1814, states under date of April 7, 1805:

"The wife of Charboneau also accompanied us with her young child and we hope may be useful as an interpreter among the Snake Indians. She was, herself, one of that tribe but having been taken [prisoner] in war by the Minnetarees by whom she was sold as a slave to Charboneau, who brought her up and afterwards married her."

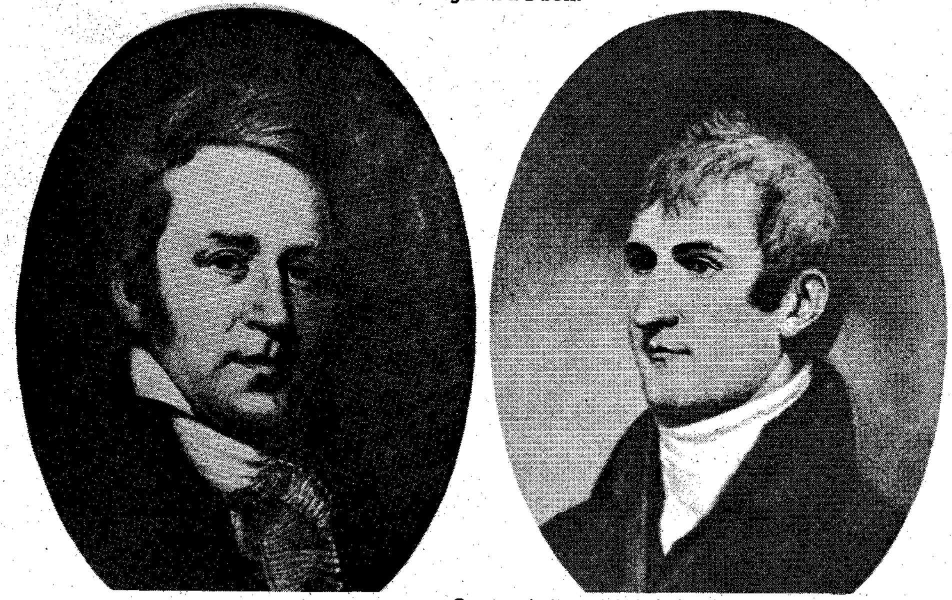
Charbonneau's son apparently inherited his mother's intelligence, attractive features, and cheerful good nature. In his

Captain Clark named this rock "Pomp's Tower" in honor of Sacagawea's son, Baptiste. Pomp, meaning chief, was Clark's pet name for the young boy. Today, the imposing mountain of rock is called Pompey's Pillar. Courtesy R. F. Karolevitz



journals Captain Clark referred to Baptiste as a beautiful, promising child and called him "my little dancing boy," which suggests that even at so early an age Baptiste showed signs of possessing an engaging personality, being lively, intelligent, and friendly, traits which would characterize him throughout life. In fact, Clark was so attracted to the papoose that he dubbed him "my boy Pomp," a Shoshone Indian name commonly given to the oldest boy in a family. Translated it signifies "head" or "leader." "Pomp's Tower" as it was designated by the captain, and known today as Pompeys Pillar—a rocky butte on the Yellowstone River in Montana north of present Billings—is said to have been named for the expedition's papoose.

Meriwether Lewis (right) and William Clark. Captain Clark had a great fondness for Sacagawea's son.



Courtesy Independence National Historical Park, Philadelphia

THE French-Indian baby was undoubtedly the most popular, as well as the youngest, member of the exploring party. As he outgrew his cradleboard and began to toddle, he probably shuffled his tiny moccasined feet in rhythm to Cruzatte's fiddle around the campfire of a summer evening. By the return of the expedition to the Mandan villages in the summer of 1806, Captain Clark had become so fond of him that he urged the baby's parents to let him take "Pomp and raise him as my own child." But the year-and-a-half-old boy was not yet weaned. So Clark in a letter to Charbonneau, dated August 20, 1806, offered to set the interpreter up in business if he would move downriver to St. Louis and bring his wife, Sacagawea, and their child. To this generous offer Charbonneau also demurred.

Some time later, though, the family did sojourn in St. Louis. Court records there show they were living at the fur trading port in 1810 when Charbonneau purchased a tract of land from Captain Clark and resold it to him on March 26, 1811. Baptiste, then six years old, may have been left in Clark's care, but in April we know his father and mother traveled up the Missouri River on a keelboat with Henry M. Brackenridge and the Manuel Lisa party. The latter had built a fur trading post located north of the present state line dividing the Dakotas, near Mobridge, South Dakota. The Charbonneaus were en route to the Mandans because Sacagawea, "a good creature, of a mild and gentle disposition," wrote Brackenridge, "greatly attached to the whites, whose manners and dress she tries to imitate . . . had become sickly, and longed to revisit her native country; her husband, also, who had spent many years among the Indians, had become weary of civilized life."

Baptiste's father had entered the employ of Manuel Lisa, and his mother had but a short time to live. On December 20, 1812 at Fort Lisa, John Luttig recorded Sacagawea's death:

"This evening the Wife of Charbonneau a Snake Squaw, died of a putrid fever she was a good and the best Women in the fort, aged abt 25 years she left a fine infant girl."

Although Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard broaches the theory that a Snake or Shoshone Indian woman who died in 1884 at the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming was the true Sacagawea of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, recent evidence discovered tends to corroborate the Luttig journal entry.

As Charbonneau was long overdue at Fort Lisa from a trading trip and presumed dead, John Luttig took the two children to St. Louis and there on August 11, 1813 applied to the Orphans' Court for appointment as their guardian. However, upon the return to the city of William Clark, then governor of Missouri Territory, Luttig's name was stricken out and Clark's replaced it.

FOR the next few years the records of Baptiste's whereabouts are sketchy, but Hugh Monroe, a white trader, reported seeing the boy among the Mandans when he was eleven years old in 1816. Monroe claims he saw Baptiste's gift horse gambled away by his father. In July of that same year Charbonneau was employed by Auguste P. Chouteau and Company to go on a trading voyage from St. Louis to the Arkansas and Platte Rivers. Presumably he had his young son with him who in this way became familiar with vast stretches of the wilderness, and set his lifelong taste for the free, roving life of the mountain man.

By 1819 Toussaint Charbonneau's name appeared on Captain Clark's payroll for "salary as interpreter, $200. from July 17—December 31, 1819." Clark, although still governor of Missouri was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs. It had long been the captain's desire to educate Baptiste for an interpreter. It is presumed that he prevailed on Charbonneau at this time to enter both the fourteen-year-old Baptiste and his older half-brother, Toussaint Jr., in a school for Indian and half-breed boys in St. Louis.

Clark's abstract of expenditures beginning January 1 for the year 1820 shows he paid the Reverend J. E. Welch, a Baptist minister, for the board, lodging and tuition of J. B. (Jean Baptiste) Charbonneau. Another account for similar expenses Clark paid the Reverend Francis Neil to tutor Toussaint Charbonneau Jr., a "half-Indian boy." Father Neil, a Catholic priest in St. Louis, conducted a boys' school which was the predecessor of the Jesuits' St. Louis University.

How long the half-brothers remained in school is problematical. We next hear of Baptiste in June 1823 when the fateful meeting with Prince Paul of Würtemberg, Germany, occurred. The expedition papoose was then a personable lad of eighteen and the prince a young man of twenty-six. He had come west in search of scientific knowledge and was immediately attracted to the French-Indian teen-ager whom he found in a trader's village at the mouth of the Kaw or Kansas River. The prince's narration of the circumstances, published in his journal in 1835, is interesting:

"The settlements of the fur-traders, two spacious dwelling houses, are found a short half-mile farther on the right bank of the Missouri, and I rode thither in order to visit their respective owners. . . . The entire population of the settlement consisted of but a few persons, Creoles and half-breeds, whose occupation is the trading with Kansas Indians, confined mostly to the chase and the cultivation of the soil. Here I found also a youth of sixteen [Baptiste was eighteen], whose mother was of the tribe of Sho-sho-ne, or Snake Indians, and who had accompanied the Messrs. Lewis and Clarke to the Pacific ocean in the years 1804 to 1806 as interpretess.

"This Indian woman was married to the French interpreter of the expedition, Toussaint Charbonneau by name. Charbonneau rendered me service also, some time later in this same capacity, and Baptiste, his son (the youth of sixteen) of whom I made mention above, joined me on my return and followed me to Europe and has remained with me ever since."

ALTHOUGH trained for a military career, Prince Paul was more interested

(Continued on page 50)

Motion Pictures Vignettes

By ROBERT S. BIRCHARD ©

Photos Courtesy Author

Third in a series

"CHIHUAHUA, Mexico, January 4, 1931: American movie star Art Acord is dead at the age of 40." That was the extent of the news about Art Acord's death, but what caused his death? Some said it was murder; others said it was suicide; but what was the truth?

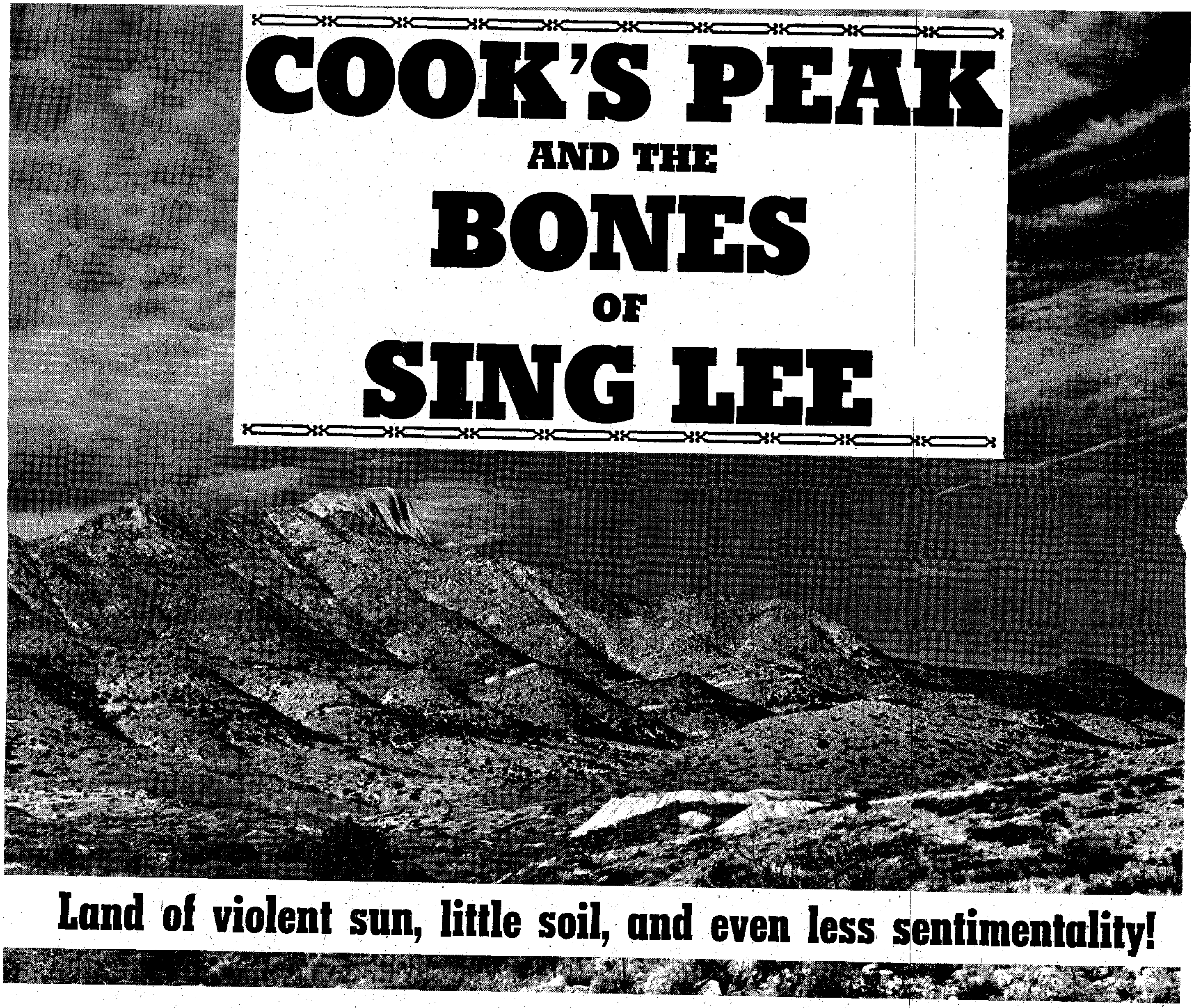
It is not altogether surprising that Art Acord's death should have been rather mysterious, for whether by accident or by design, his life had been a mystery too. Information on Acord is so scarce, so contradictory, so unsupportable that it is little wonder his name has fallen into obscurity; yet there was a time when Acord ranked with Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones and others in popularity as a Western star.

The mystery begins with Acord's date of birth. His official biographies state that he was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma in 1890. Yet a check of the census records of 1890, and those of 1880 and 1900 as well, show no family named Acord in the area. If this is so, the question must be asked: Was Art Acord his real name? It does seem to have been a bit early for it to have been a stage name, though Art Acord has a rather euphonious sound. It is more likely that Acord was born someplace else, just as Tom Mix would sometimes say he was born in El Paso, Texas, when his actual birthplace was in Pennsylvania. Repeated queries to cowboys who lived in the area where Acord was supposed to have been born reveal that they never heard of him until much later.

(Continued on page 40)

At right, a rare portrait of Acord at the height of his fame. Below, Acord (second from left) in a scene from his most famous serial, " In the Days of Buffalo Bill" (Universal—1922). This scene is from Episode 10, "Empire Builders."

COOK'S PEAK AND THE BONES OF SING LEE



Land of violent sun, little soil, and even less sentimentality!

Above, Cook's Peak in the Mimbres Range of southern New Mexico. Mine dumps in the foreground are typical of a region which once had considerable mining activity.

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos Courtesy Author

SINCE the time the horseless carriage drove the livery stables into extinction, there has been no town of Cook's Peak on the map. Motorists, barreling over Highway 80 near Deming, New Mexico, see to the north a massive horn which towers over the surrounding desert. Some pull out their highway maps and locate a triangle at the base of the Mimbres Range. Cook's Peak—8,400 feet.

Unmarked on their maps, a faint road twists up the mountain to the neck of the ultimate granite spire; scarcely a road, its surface is littered with tufts of desert grasses, sand, and large rocks—deeply scarred by the runoff of flash floods.

Yet at one time this was a lively track. Over it stagecoaches swayed following the Butterfield Trail; down it grated twelve-mule-team wagons, filled with lead and silver ore. Tearing around its sharp bends, so the story goes, once went a stagecoach filled with Miny Lucy's scarlet women, hotly pursued by Apaches. Galloping beside the stage, firing wildly at the Indians, were a clutch of sporting men, gamblers, and miners. Their shots had little effect, since most of the men were so drunk they could barely stay astride their horses.

The town of Cook's Peak—from which possibly the entire citizenry was once driven by Apaches while reveling in a bawdy house, and certainly three million dollars' worth of ore was wrenched from the rock—lies close to the highest point of the wagon road. Beneath the naked rock of the upper peak, a handful of unpainted frame buildings remain, rusty knots of mining machinery, a number of cactus-overgrown rock foundations.

The peak is named for Phillip Cooke, Commander of the Mormon Battalion, who scaled it in 1846. Thirty years later, Edward Orr found promising rock samples in the area, but little was done to develop mines. Although Fort Cummings was not far away, Apaches boldly made their ragged, nomadic camps beside springs on the mountain, and made signal fires from ledges high upon the peak. Wagontrains passing along the trail which wedged through Cook's Canyon offered attractive plunder not only to Indians but to roving bands of Mexican and American cutthroats. A major massacre was precipitated near Fort Cummings by white renegades disguised as Apaches.

ALTHOUGH Orr's discovery did not bring in developers, it did entice many prospectors to slip into the Apache-haunted canyons and gulches radiating from the peak. Some of those who, driven by dreams, left the stockade of Fort Cummings, never returned; their bones were found and buried by subsequent travelers, or still lie upon the slopes of the peak, scattered by scavengers, dry as chalk under the sun.

Others found what they were seeking. In 1880 Taylor and Wheeler located some promising claims which they called the Montezuma, Graphic, Desdemona, and Othello. Shortly after, the mining world took note of other strikes upon Cook's Peak—the Teel, Poe, Monte Cristo—and George Brooks, protected by troops from Fort Cummings, constructed a road up the mountain. He would soon haul 2,700 tons of ore over it.

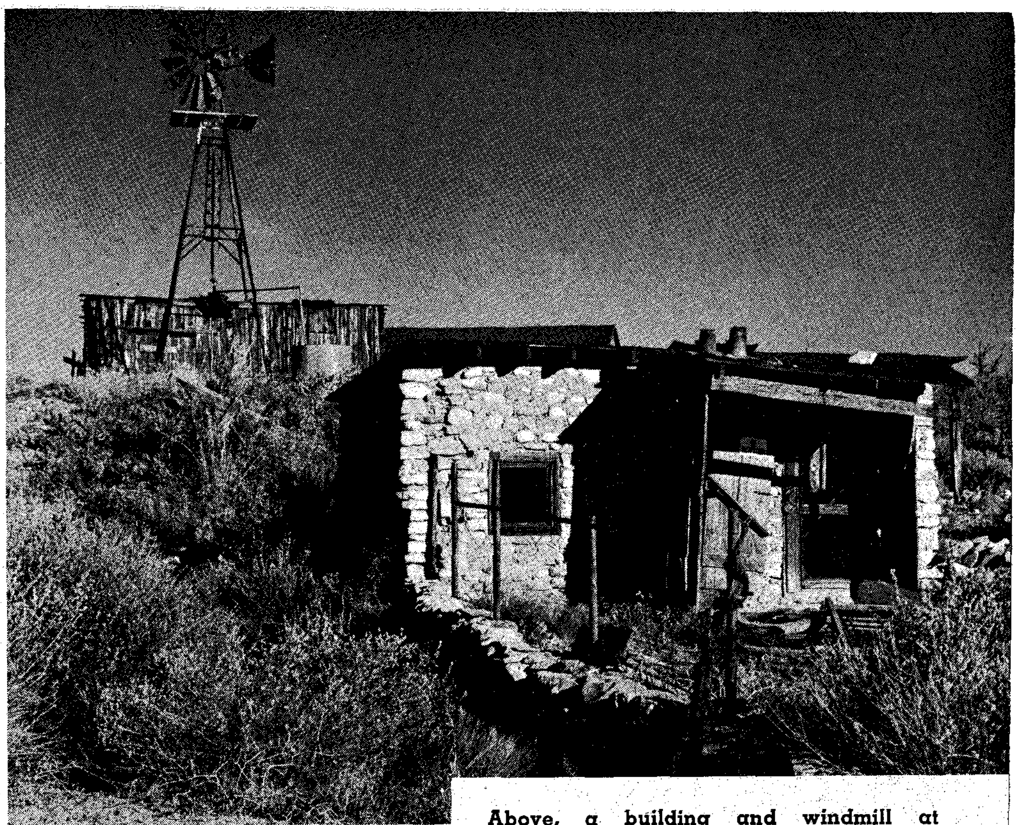
The town of Cook's Peak took shape below the mines. Isolated, a favorite stopover of desperadoes and constantly menaced by Apaches, Cook's Peak acquired the reputation of being a rough place. Its first teacher was shot twice in the back one night as he entered the classroom where he slept. Fatal saloon brawls were numerous. A justice of the peace wrote that he knew of several men in the mining camp who boasted more than a dozen killings.

In a town where all water had to be freighted in at fifty cents per barrel, few could even consider baths or a garden—yet it was a place where orange blossoms and roses were once shipped in from Los Angeles to embellish a wedding.

The men who discovered, financed, and managed the Cook's Peak mines were Anglo, but the Mexicans, who provided the bulk of the labor needed to work the shafts, were the lifeblood of the town. It was Mexicans who shuffled out of the tunnel openings with fifty-pound ore sacks on their shoulders. During times of high production, the miners worked day and night in ten-hour shifts. Although they wore masks, few escaped the ravages of toxic lead dust—corroded lungs and colic. It was their wives and children, tending goats on the dry hillsides, patting tortillas in the shade of shacks, who made it a town rather than a bachelor camp attended by dance-hall girls.

DURING the 1880s several hundred people were living at Cook's Peak. By 1900, however, falling lead prices and diminished high-grade ore caused a slump in production. Many of the mining properties were leased out for a song to speculative individuals. An unemployed German bookkeeper leased such a claim for $500. In his case it was no wild gamble. While working a sublease on the property, he had stumbled onto an immense chamber of high-grade ore. Carefully covering the signs of his strike, he borrowed $100 for a down payment. Within a fortnight he was realizing better than $1,000 a day in profit.

By the end of the month the German had seventy-five miners working for him, and his brothers had taken over management of the store, saloon, and dance hall.



Above, a building and windmill at Graphic. Below, Cook's Peak, an abandoned mining town. In the distance is the mountain for which it was named.

Determined to make a fortune before his lease expired, he drove his employes like a martinet.

Instead of paying wages, he gave his miners percentages on the ore they extracted. This was fine for the man who, tunneling into a rich pocket, suddenly found he had hacked out enough high-grade to have a binge or buy a horse. But more often than not a man would come off his shift, spine threaded with fire and coughing like a consumptive, only to be told the ore he had extracted was not worth the price of a meal. At the air shafts, where the men gathered to eat tortillas and jerky at their meal break, a design of murder was fashioned out of soft conversation.

Talk is not murder. But among the men plotting in the air shaft were two, Alexandro and Juan, to whom words were preamble, not catharsis. One evening, while the German and his family were away, these two planted dynamite under his house, intending to light the fuse that night when the victim and his family would be home and sleeping. The justice of the peace, informed of this while the assassins were working underground, disconnected the fuse and lay in wait to arrest them when they attempted to fire it.

In the air shaft, by the light of bull's-eye lanterns, the miners had finished their night meal, Juan and Alexandro as usual sitting beneath an overhanging ledge. They stood up. The time had come. Alexandro shouted, causing an echo in the dark tunnel: "Now boys, we go to send the German to hell!"

The overhanging wall suddenly ripped loose, crushing the two would-be killers.

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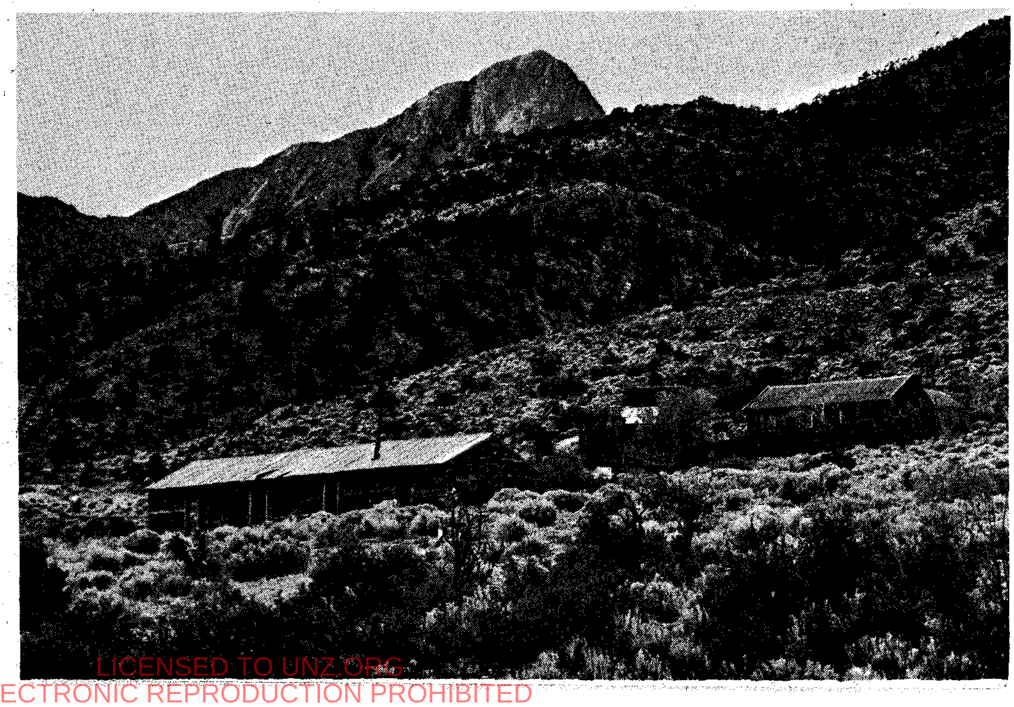
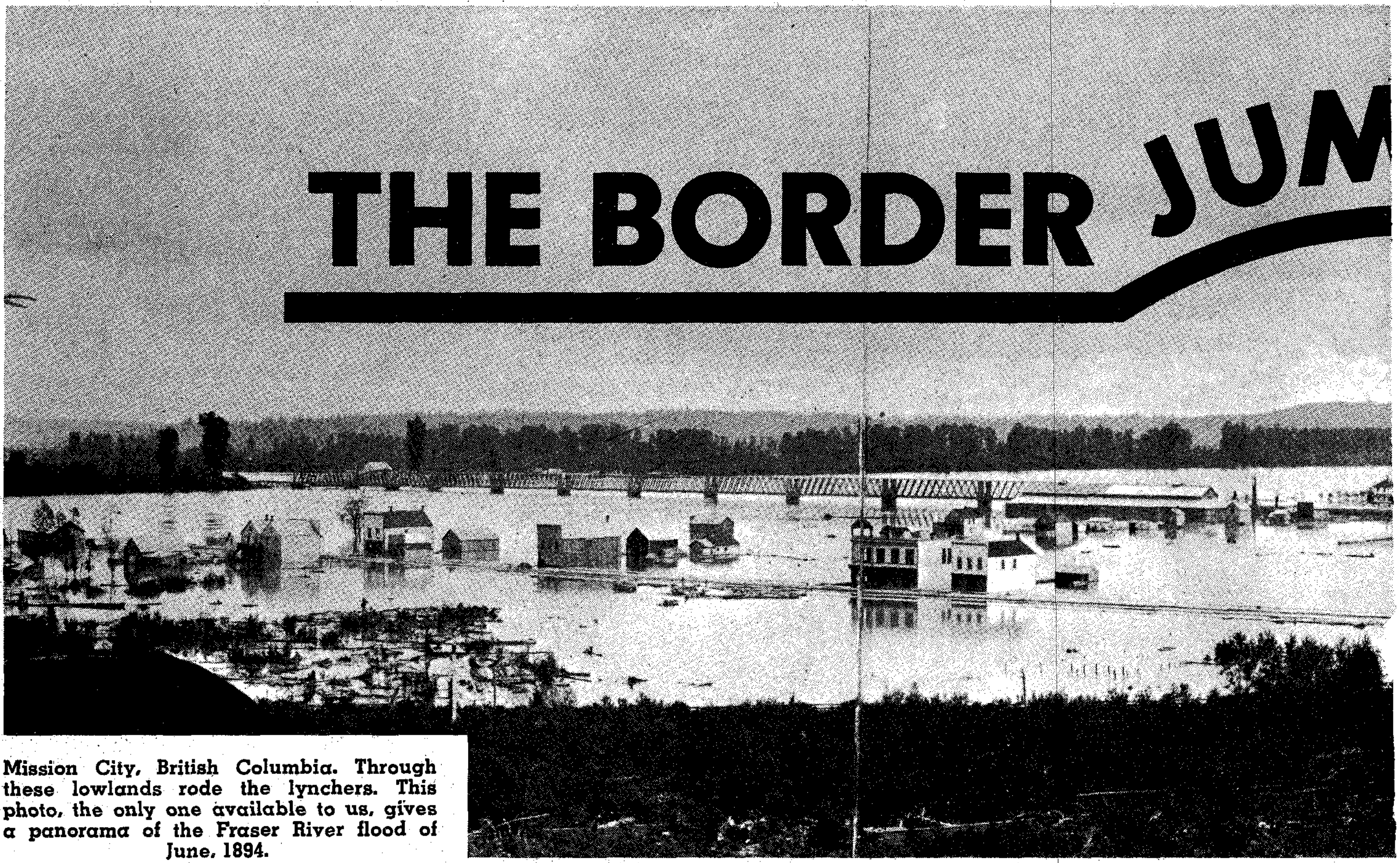


THE BORDER JUM



Mission City, British Columbia. Through these lowlands rode the lynchers. This photo, the only one available to us, gives a panorama of the Fraser River flood of June, 1894.

By T. W. PATERSON
Photos Courtesy Author

The lynching could have provoked an international incident, caused a local Indian uprising, and maybe worse. Why the Sumas let it drop is still not known

WHEN a British Columbia Indian was unfortunate enough to get himself accused of murdering an American storekeeper, seventy self-righteous citizens, in time-honored frontier custom, promptly dispatched him on the limb of a convenient cedar tree. In neglecting certain legal formalities, the Washington Territory vigilantes overlooked another significant fact—their "Judge Lynch" had just held kangaroo court on Canadian soil!

It is one of the blackest—and least known—chapters in Pacific Northwest history.

The tragedy opened with a breathless visit to the office of Sumas Justice of the Peace William M. Campbell, by a Nooksack, Washington Territory, resident, Robert C. Breckenridge. The American's urgent call was to charge young Louie Sam of the Sumas Reservation with the slaying of James Bell, a merchant at Nooksack Crossing. Campbell lost no time in recruiting Thomas York and J. C. Steele as special constables to help him arrest Sam.

Although the fugitive was notorious as a "bad Indian," the trio seized him without incident. Campbell then instructed his constables to escort the Indian to New Westminster for subsequent legal action. As it was getting late, the lawmen decided to spend the night at York's place, their prisoner securely handcuffed.

Late that fateful evening of February 27, 1884, York retired, leaving Steele guarding Sam with a rifle. When there came a knock at the front door, unsuspecting Steele drew back the bolt—to be suddenly thrust back into the room by ten men, "faces blackened and red stripes painted around their eyes."

Roused by the invasion, York charged downstairs in time to have the spokesman place a cocked pistol to his forehead and solemnly intone, "If you or your friend try to stop us, you'll get hurt."

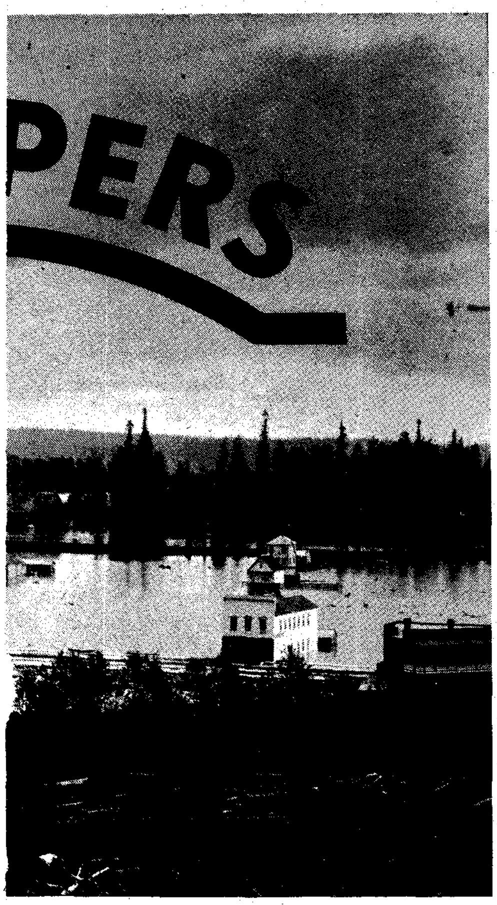
"You'll never get away with this! It's murder!" protested York. But he could only threaten the mob with jail or worse, then meekly watch the grotesque invaders knot a rope around poor Sam's arm and haul him away. The handcuffed brave strode to his doom without a sound or backward glance.

Shamefaced, the constables immediately informed Justice of the Peace Campbell, who took up pursuit of the mob with a posse of two. But they were too late. "About 168 or 169 paces or steps taken from the boundary line, on this side of the line [Canada], I saw . . . Louie Sam suspended by a rope from a tree. He was dead and cold. I got the two Indians to hold the body up and cut the rope and took it from around his neck."

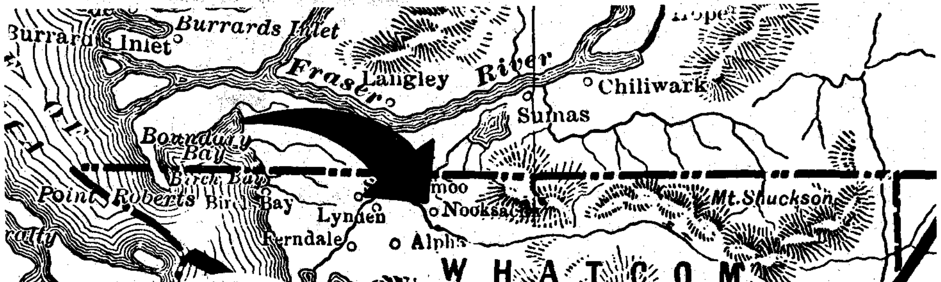
CANADIAN tempers flared as telegraph keys pounded out details of the cold-blooded execution. A lengthy, searing *Victoria Colonist* editorial expressed the nation's sentiment:

"The news that . . . a large number of settlers from the American side had crossed the border, taken the Indian who was suspected of murdering a Mr. Bell, living near Nooksack, from British custody and summarily hanged him, should excite as great a thrill of horror as the murder which they sought to avenge by perpetrating the same crime themselves.

"There was nothing brave, nothing glorious and nothing just in the act of this band of lawless men. It was a cowardly and unwarrantable deed. . . . There is, there can be, no excuse for these marauders to invade British soil and take the life of a man against whom at the worst only circumstantial evidence existed. They have not even the plea that British law miscarries like that of their own country. . . .



Courtesy Vancouver City Archives



Map from **People's World Atlas**, People's Publishing Co., Chicago, 1884

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Special Constable Thomas Fraser York faced the lynch mob on that infamous night.

"No matter in what light this foul murder is viewed, it should be regarded with a horror born of the knowledge that it was a lawless act committed under the cloak of meting out justice. It was not justice—nothing can ever make it so—and the hands of the lynchers are stained with blood; the possibility of the guilt of their victim serving nothing to wash away the stain. The murder of Mr. Bell was committed four miles this side of the border [sic], and the lynchers were Americans. For less than the deed they have done, serious international complications have ere this arisen. The active participants and all those who tacitly abetted the crime by their presence, are not only lawbreakers, but murderers. They should be regarded with horror, and their conduct should meet with the severe punishment that it justly merits."

While British Columbians fumed, Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald in Ottawa admitted privately to being embarrassed by the incident. Although "this act will be much regretted in Washington," he wrote Governor-General Lord Lansdowne, "we may as well make it a matter of much importance—more especially as we get a complaint from there if a Canadian Indian happens to appropriate a horse or cow across the frontier."

With the government adding fuel to the fire, the tragedy was fiercely debated on both sides of the line. An inquest was held at Matsqui by Superintendent C. Todd, B. C. coroner. The nine-man jury finally concluded, to no one's surprise, that "the Indian came to his death by hanging, at the hands of a party of men believed to be from the American side."

THE inquest brought to light rumors of a "mysterious character" involved with the lynching. This bearded phan-

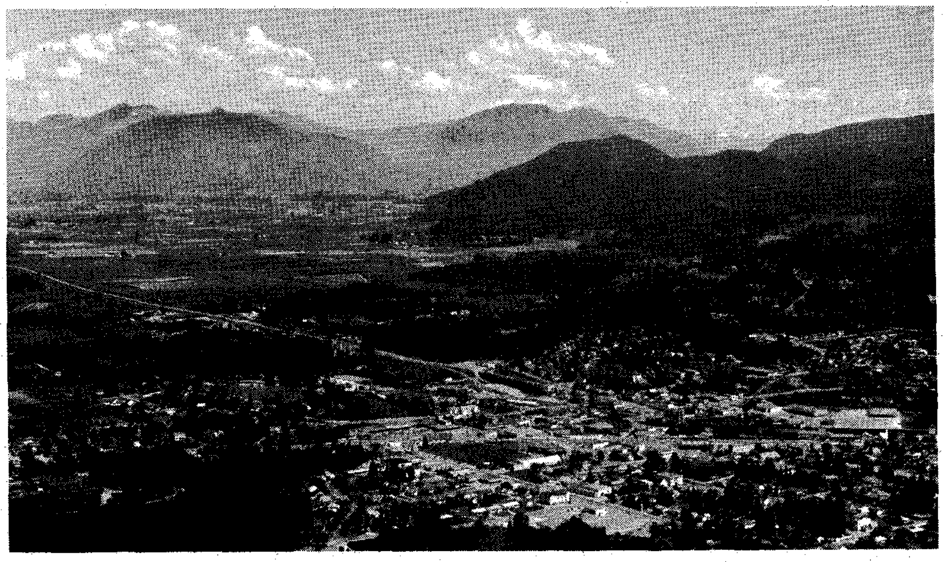
(Continued on page 46)

Mrs. Thomas Fraser York recalled the lynching many years later.

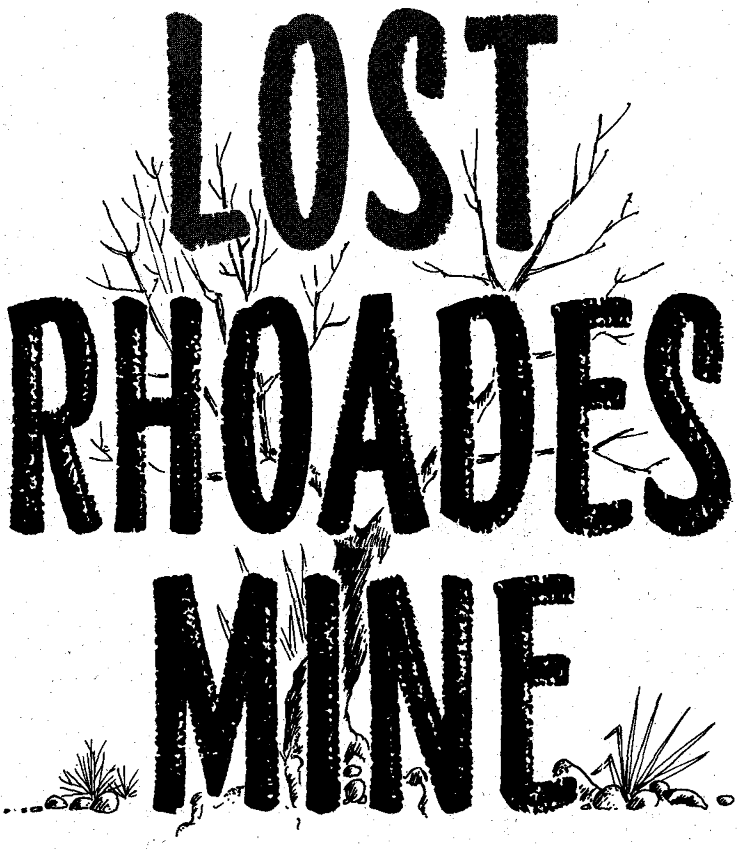
Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Abbotsford, B.C. This is the modern prospering countryside just north of the U.S.-Canadian border where American vigilantes lynched Louie Sam 80 years ago.

British Columbia Government Photograph



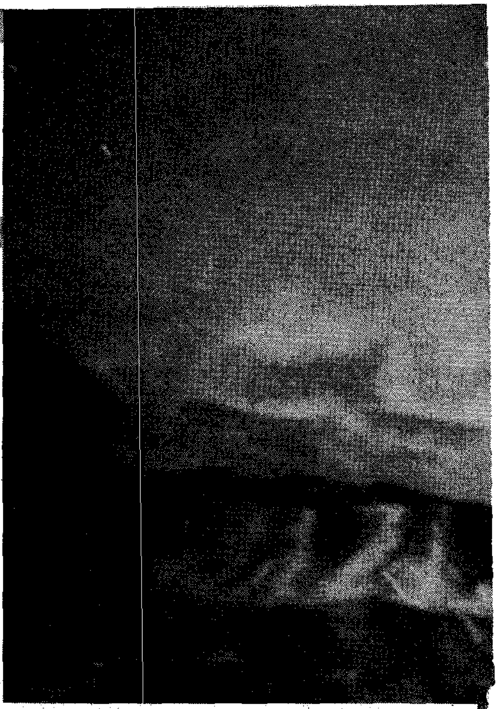
Some called it Brigham Young's Klondike...

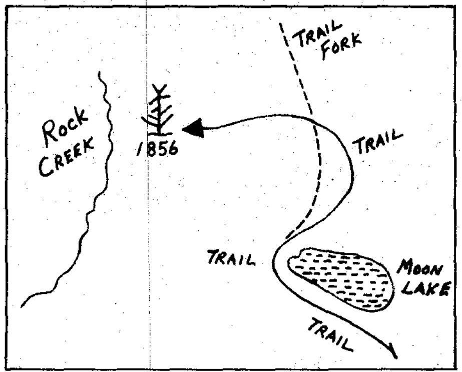


LOST RHOADES MINE

By GALE R. RHOADES

Photos Courtesy Author





Knowing death was near, Caleb attempted to draw a map for his brother, John Joseph Rhoades, since he had never revealed the mine's exact location to anyone. Drawn upon a small piece of buckskin about the size of a man's hand, it was crude and simple. Caleb died before he was able to explain the map to his brother.

IT WAS a cool evening in 1897 and several families had gathered at the home of a friend in Price, Utah, to spend the evening enjoying each other's company. The ruling of such occasions being that everyone present should sing, dance, recite, or in some way contribute to the evening's entertainment.

Among those present was Caleb Baldwin Rhoades, a huge man who stood over six feet tall and weighed well over 200 pounds. He was a typical pioneer, quite accustomed to hardships and entirely at home as a trapper, hunter, prospector and Indian interpreter. He was a powerful man, a much feared man, much respected and also much talked about among his friends and neighbors. Yet, it has been said of Caleb Rhoades that no one ever left his door hungry and that all children loved him for his kind manner.

When it came Caleb's turn to contribute to the evening's entertainment, he rose slowly and stated:

"Folks, I must confess that I'm one of those unfortunate beings that nature, in bestowing her gifts, overlooked. I can neither sing, dance, nor recite. However, and inasmuch as there has been so much speculation about the Rhoades Mine, I'll tell you facts concerning the same, hoping you'll let me off at that."

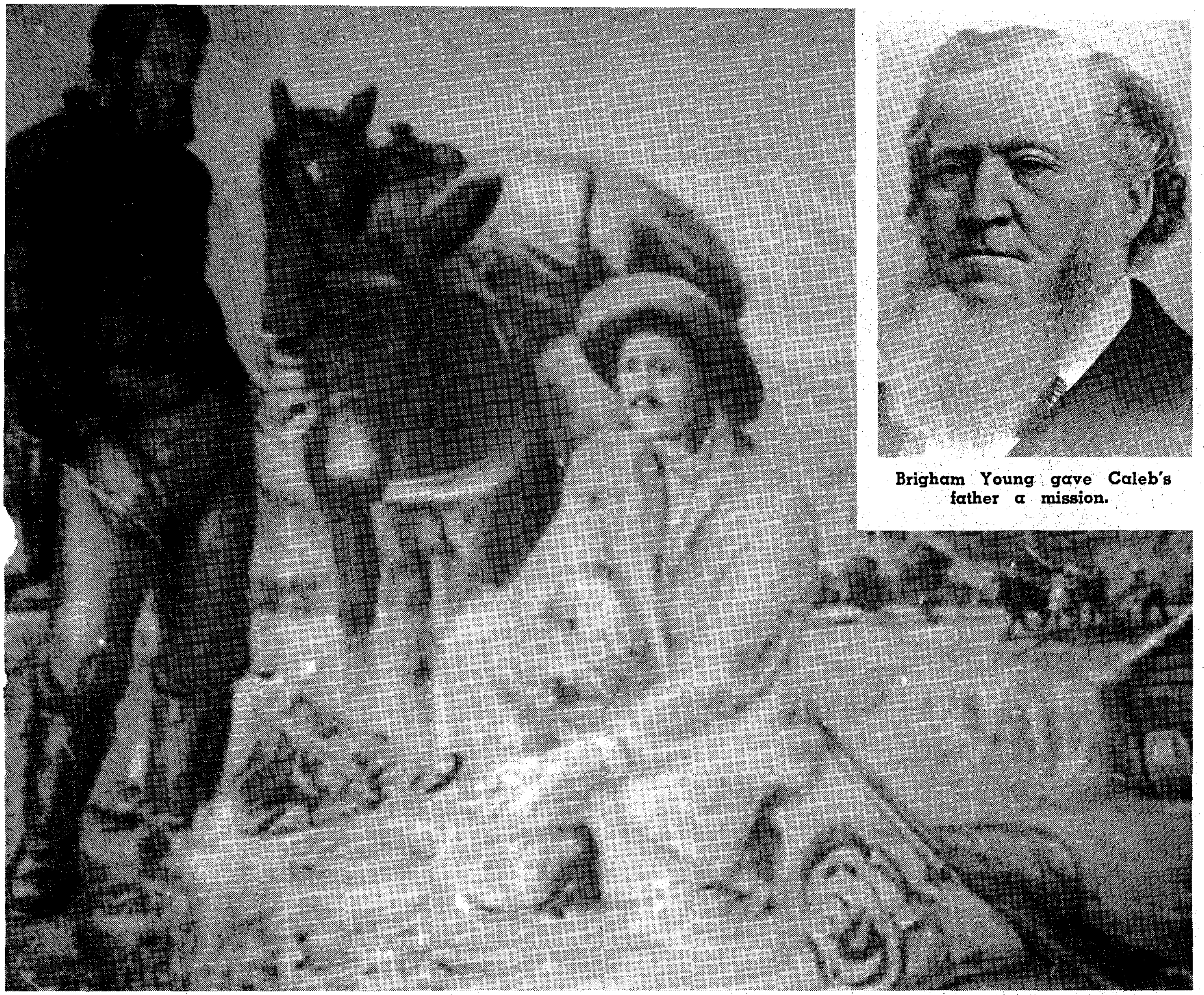
Caleb's friends and neighbors were mystified by his sudden and unexpected remark concerning the old gold mine, and a deep silence quickly filled the room as they sat back and gave him their undivided attention.

Caleb glanced around the room through deep-set and penetrating eyes and then continued, "One day, shortly after my father had returned from the gold fields of California, he met President Brigham Young on the street in Salt Lake City. 'Brother Rhoades,' President Young began, 'you are the very man I've been looking for. I've a little mission for you. I want you to go into the Uintah Mountains to an old mine, with a guide that Chief Walker is going to appoint, and bring back as much gold ore as you can.'

"On the appointed day, true to his promise, Chief Walker met President Young. With him he brought several hundred warriors, all gaily attired, a gesture which bespoke the importance with which the noted war chief regarded the occasion. [Walker died in 1855 and Aropene took over as chief.]

"Father was ill one time and couldn't go, and for a moment Chief Aropene seemed to be mentally wrestling with the problem. Then his dark eyes snapped as if the answer had come. Pointing at me he asked, 'What about boy?' to which President Young nodded approval. Chief Aropene then ordered my guide to come forward, and in the presence of all assembled, he gave final instructions to my new guardian.

"'You go Uintah, get plenty money rock, bring to great White Chief.' He pointed to President Young. Then point-



Brigham Young gave Caleb's father a mission.

Caleb Baldwin Rhoades (standing) and Abraham Powell, early settlers in Price, Utah. This painting by Lynn Fausett hangs in the Price City Hall. *The artist was born in Price in 1894.*

ing to me, he added, 'If boy get hurt, lost or no come back,' at that he drew his hunting knife across his own throat, the meaning of which no one doubted. Of me he requested that I hold up my right hand and vow before all present that I never would disclose the location of the mine to anyone as long as I lived. That oath I have never broken.

"We went, and in due time returned with the ore. Thus, I fulfilled Father's mission. I've been back since, and as long as President Young was alive the Indians proved friendly enough; but since, they have shown a very ugly disposition. Going back into the Uintah has become most dangerous."

IT WAS common knowledge to everyone present that no one had ever asked Caleb Rhoades a personal question more than once; if he wished to tell you something concerning himself, fine—but his life was his own and he greatly resented anyone who tried to pry into it. And, of course, this was especially true where the secret of his mysterious gold was concerned.

It is understandable that Brigham Young had to be very particular about the choice of the man who would be entrusted with such a secret. For should this chosen man let the secret out, it would probably have resulted in trouble with the Indians and it definitely would have resulted in a gold rush, shattering the progress of the Mormon Church.

Thomas Rhoades, Caleb's father, was the wise and logical choice. He was familiar with the Uintah Mountains, having spent many weeks hunting and trapping the back reaches of that primitive range. Not only was he friendly with the Utes, but he understood their customs and served as their interpreter on many occasions. He was a qualified surveyor and from the mining fields of California he brought his experience as a miner and goldsmith. There was no man in all Utah whom Brigham Young trusted more.

As near as can be determined, Thomas Rhoades took the sacred oath in the early summer of 1853 or 1855, and with his selected Indian guide he made many mysterious journeys into the Uintahs for the precious gold—gold which the Mormon Church minted into coins and gold with which to decorate the interior of the Temple.

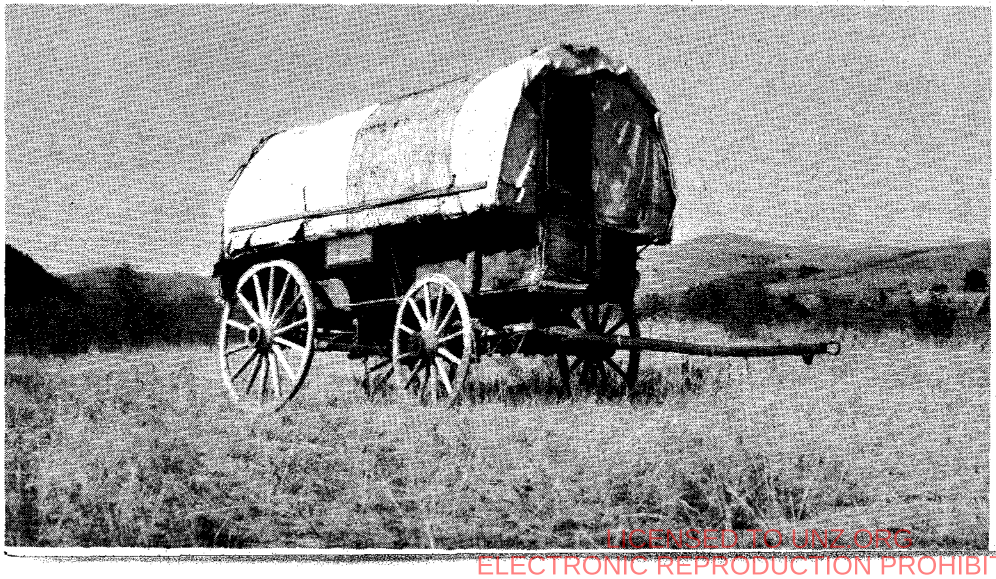
In 1859 Thomas became too ill to continue his secret mission and his son, Caleb, was chosen to take the oath and bring in the valuable yellow metal. Later, when Thomas had recovered from his illness, the father and the son together retrieved the gold. This, up until recently, has probably been the best kept secret of the Mormon Church for more than a century.

From the beginning, and as long as Thomas and Caleb continued their secret missions into the Uintah Mountains for the Mormon Church they were well taken

(Continued on page 65)

TRA

Above, the silent vigil of sheepherder and dog. At left, a sheepherder's "camp wagon." Equipped inside as living quarters, it can be hauled from place to place by horse, truck, or jeep. Today such wagons are being replaced by small house trailers.



"Dere ain't not'ing loster," said Joe Zoga, sheepherder, "dan a ship dog in ton."

Joe, old-time herder originally from Roumania, pronounced only one word carefully—dog. A sheep dog is always a "dog" if his given name is not used. It's never "dawg," "pooch," "houn'," or "mutt." A sheep dog is quality, with emphasis on the word. Blue blood in the sense of kennel registration he may not have, but he is the ultimate in faithfulness. Faithful to twin objectives: First, his sheep; second, his master.

"Sheepherding isn't a hard job," the

Collies, whose sole mission in life was protecting the pariahs of the range country, had to be

By R. C. HENRY

Photos Courtesy Author

NED for TROUBLE!

sheepherder of the West will tell you. "The dog does all the work."

They have unromantic names—Joe, Bill, Ring, Bob. And Shep, possibly the most famous of them all, was probably the only dog, outside of a canine motion picture star, who ever had a private secretary.

Joe was four years old when his supreme moment came. He and his master herded a band—a thousand sheep—on summer range along the Continental Divide of Montana. It was sundown, and the tinkle of the bell on the neck of Old Tim, bellwether and patriarch of the ranch for which the herder worked, lifted above the characteristically witless bleating of the sheep. Shadows deepened among the aspen groves. Joe nipped the flank of a ewe to keep her in line, and darted off.

He was a good size for a sheep dog, neither too large nor too small. Dogs too large frighten the flock by their very bulk—it is said that a sheep's eyes magnifies and a medium-sized object becomes giant-like. Nor was Joe too small, for a herder is unable to keep track of a small dog. He was just right.

Joe moved easily, as fluid as water among the shadows. Suddenly he came to a stop and turned to face the dark quaking aspen barrier. Danger stirred. Then from the shadows burst a large grizzly bear, for some unknown reason on a rampage. Sheepherders know the grizzly, the "silver tip", as a temperamental creature who may run from a squirrel one moment and attack a herd of bulls the next. This particular bear was raging for blood. He flailed right and left, each thrust of his knife-sharp claws disembowling a sheep. The band shifted in terror.

The herder had left his rifle in his tent, some hundreds of yards away. He, too, was faithful to his trust. Thrusting forward the long stick which herders usually carried, he ran straight at the grizzly. It was not a senseless move. He gambled the animal would take sudden fright and flee.

But he lost his gamble. The silver turned on him, massive bulk moving like light. One swipe of a forepaw and the herder went down, ripped open. The silver upreared, and just then Joe leaped in. He fixed on a hind foot, and when the bear's teeth turned on him he let loose and allowed himself to go sprawling just out of reach.

A "sheepherder monument"—cairns built by herders to pass the time.

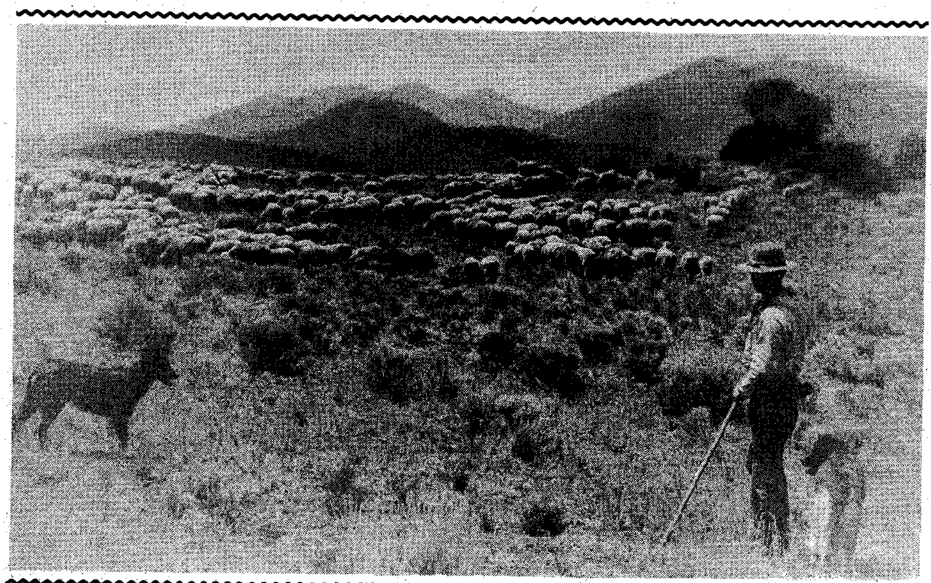
The herder forgotten, the bear leaped after Joe. But the dog easily evaded the onrush. The bear hesitated, and then temperament took hold. He dropped on all fours and fled.

Joe looked at the sheep, milling wildly. His first duty was to them. He ranged around, nipping a flank here and there to hold them in a compact group, and when they had calmed he went to his master. The herder had not stirred. Blood soaked the ground under him. Joe licked his master's face, and then settled to a vigil almost four days long, broken when the camp tender appeared with his truck and supplies on his periodic rounds.

Possibly on the second day Joe sensed that his master would move no more. The watching coyotes skulked forward from the hilltops. Joe was hard put to tend the sheep, see that they had grass and water, and at the same time guard his master from the grey ghouls of the Divide. Joe's reward was a vacation at the home ranch. Sheep dogs work hard. They must have periodic vacations, otherwise they go stale, become lean and scrawny, and what is especially serious, develop nervousness and irritability. A nervous dog transfers his unrest to a band, and a thousand sheep under such guard become unmanageable.

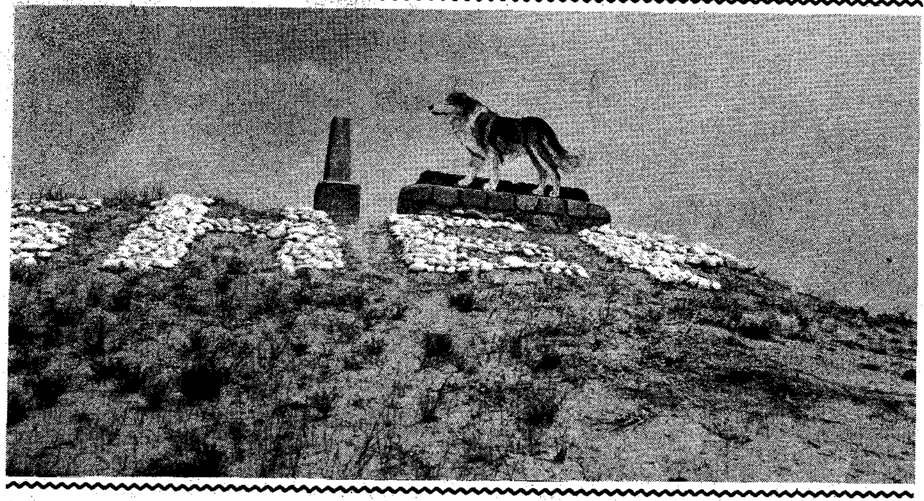
SHEEP DOGS in general are of the collie strain. As pups, they are woolly and playful, but they must not be petted. If they become pets, they are ruined as sheep dogs.

The collie strain was developed in Scotland, and for many years bred there exclusively. Says the *Encyclopedia Americana* of the collie, "Their intelligence is remarkable—almost human." On the big western sheep ranches, the pure



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Above, sheepherder and dogs at work. Below, a memorial at Fort Benton, Montana, to Shep, "the dog forever faithful."



strain is almost entirely lost, the intelligence outside the profession of sheepherding is at times a moot point, but their faith in sheep and master is unquestioned. Born of a long line of sheep dogs, the spirit of their task is bred in them. The pup's mentor is his mother. Those tricks of the trade he fails to possess by instinct, she teaches him. He learns that the good sheep dog makes no more noise, when on the job, than necessary. He is never in any one spot for any length of time. He darts in and out of the band, keeping it in order; he nips here and there and then is gone before the sheep are even aware that discipline has been administered.

Bill was raised on a Wyoming ranch. The ranch owner—the flockmaster—had many dogs and bands of sheep. He was of the sheep baron type, the man who, in argument with an eastern farmer over matters of wool, asked the Easterner the number of sheep he had.

"Couple of hundred," said the Easterner.

"Hell, I've got more sheep dogs than that!" returned the Westerner.

Bill had the hypnotic eye, without which no sheep dog is superior; it is claimed that sheep dogs can mesmerize their charges simply by staring at them, and as one watches a sheep dog at work on a band the truth of this becomes apparent. A dog will fix with a calm, hard gaze an especially troublesome ewe or wether or buck set to charge him. There apparently ensues a clash of wills, and then the truant backs off meekly. The hypnotic eye is bred in sheep dogs; it is never acquired, and a "loose-eyed" dog will never become a good sheep animal.

Bill and his master, a Swede named Torgerson, were herding a band on National Forest land one summer. Conventionally, sheep in the West graze on mountain grass during the summer and those not shipped in the fall are held in the lowlands during the winter. The summer was especially dry during this particular year, and the threat of forest fires loomed.

One day a dry thunderstorm swept the range area and lightning spilled right and left. Bill and his master were holding the sheep in timber. Fire broke out. About a mile away lay an open park, the only point of safety, and the herder pointed the sheep in its direction. They became almost unmanageable in the smoke and heat and bits of burning wood which drifted through air so smoke-filled it might have been night—night lighted eerily by flames behind.

The herder pounded his bunch of tin cans strung on a wire, the usual noisemaker, to urge the sheep ahead. Bill darted in and out, his occasional bark a call to hurry, hurry! Then Torgerson, leaping a pile of down-timber to short-cut stragglers, slipped. His wild cry rang out. Bill turned. He could not know that Torgerson had broken a leg, but he sensed that suddenly the full responsibility for the sheep had become his.

The dog hesitated, looking back at the flames, at his master, at the sheep.

In the sheep dog tradition, he was true to his sheep and the master, in that order. Possibly he crept up to Torgerson, licked the stricken man's face. Dog and man understood each other. Then Bill darted after the sheep and pushed them firmly on. By the time he managed to urge the band into the open, the fire surged only a few yards behind. During this period the worried flockmaster was flying over the area in his plane, which bucked dangerously in the hot updrafts. He glimpsed the sheep safe in the park. Some hours later, by jeep, he arrived at the spot.

Bill, worn out but still able to move, greeted him with a bark, and then, his mission completed, turned and reeled back through the hot, black timbers to where his master lay. Torgerson's charred body was unrecognizable. Bill did not grieve too long. He was not Torgerson's personal animal. Sheep dogs are not generally one-man animals, although they display the ultimate in faith to the master to which they are currently assigned. There are notable exceptions, of course. Shep, for instance.

FORT BENTON, Montana, is a small settlement along the Missouri River. The railroad station, on a branch line of the Great Northern, is solitary and mostly silent. Eternal wind from the southwest howls over the treeless prairie which here stretches for scores of miles, and sweeps among the hoodoo rocks along the river. It sweeps, too, across the profile monument of a sheep dog and a granite marker on a small butte beyond the station.

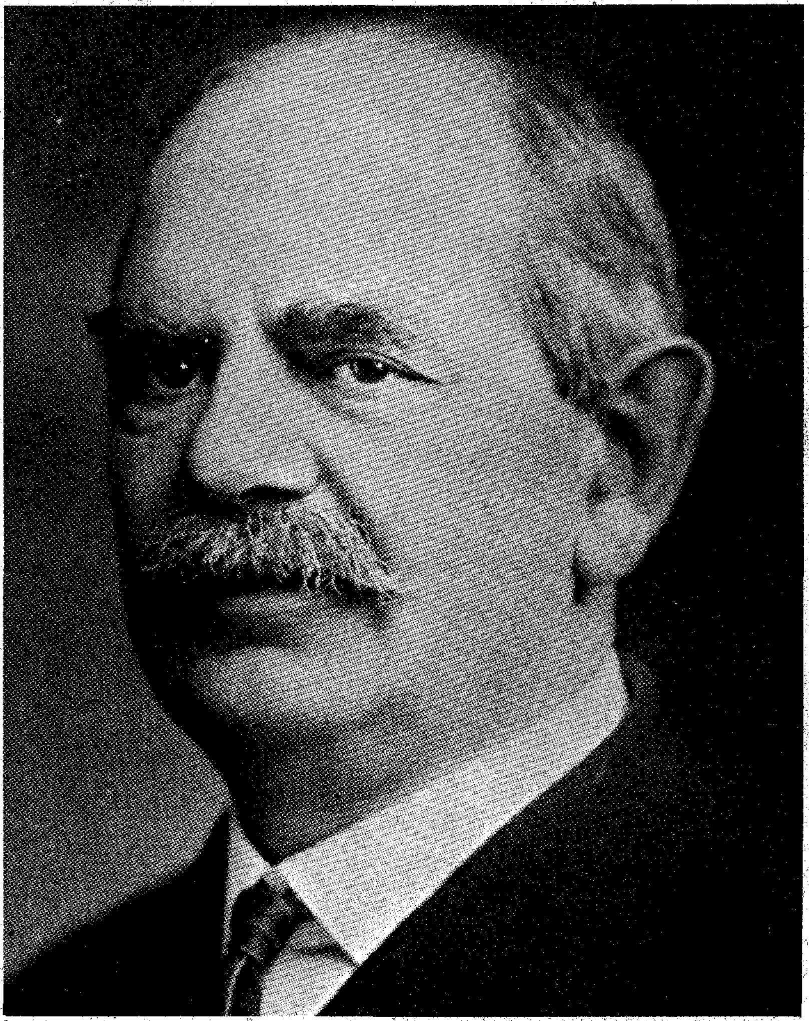
The monument is of Shep, and the granite marker is to Shep, a sheepherder's dog. Shep's saga, as far as fame is concerned, began in 1936. On a hot, windbroken summer day Shep's master, in a casket, was loaded on a train for burial in the East. Shep had followed the casket; now he whined and his eyes were puzzled. When the train pulled out, his bewilderment grew. He retreated up the coulee. When next a train arrived, he came down and watched, obviously seeking the return of his master.

He did not give up. When each train arrived, he was there, seeking the man who would not come back. And each time, when no master returned, he put his tail between his legs and crept away. Then one day a railroad man, the late

(Continued on page 56)

A GAMBLER WHO NEVER QUIT

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK
Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Newspaper Reference Library, Spokesman Review

> **According to Dutch Jake, there was only one way to handle reverses—keep them to yourself and start over!**

ON THE FRONT of every gambling place Dutch Jake owned was printed the sign: "Dutch Jake Challenges The World to Single-handed Poker With The Roof Off." He never declined a challenge and though sometimes he lost, he was acknowledged to be about the best poker player in the West.

Jacob Goetz was born in Frankfurt on the Main, Germany, July 1853, and when a boy came with his father and two brothers to the United States. He worked his way to the Northwest and in 1874, while working at the job of muleskinner with a construction crew in Wyoming, met Harry Baer. There a friendship began which a few years later developed into a partnership that lasted for forty-six years.

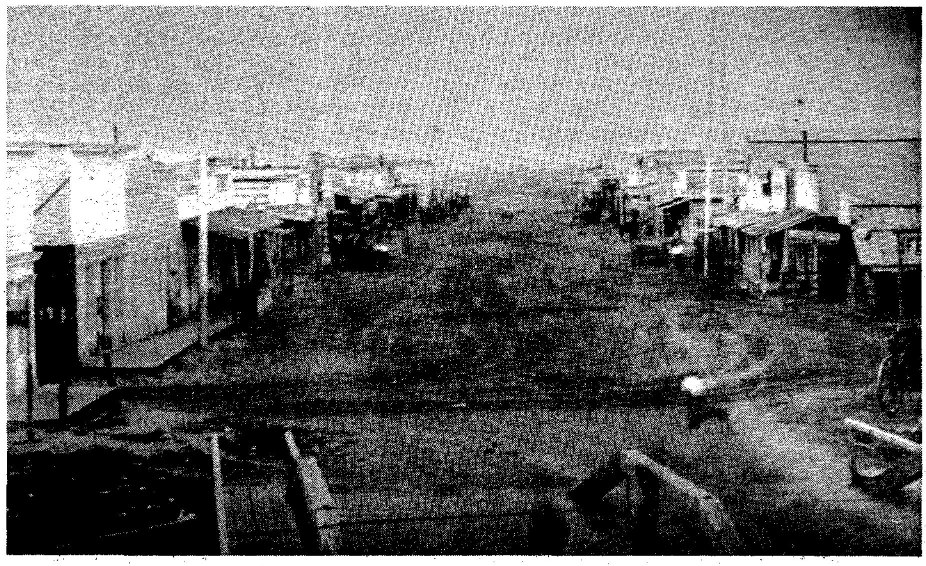
In 1881 the two men went into the gambling business. Following the railroad construction settlements they finally landed in Wallula, Washington. Jake liked to start the evening's entertainment by tossing one hundred silver dollars into the air about the bar. When the excitement of scrambling for the money was over, the games began. Sometimes Jake joined in the games and since he was in the habit of winning it was to the advantage of his business. For years he treasured the lucky poker hands dealt to him in Wallula and other towns.

While Jake and Harry were in Wallula, two smart gamblers came from Walla Walla, Washington, and challenged Jake to a poker game. "When Jake ran short of cash he'd put up everything he had," said Harry. "This time he got down to the whiskey stock. We had forty or fifty barrels and he was down to the last barrel when his luck turned. Those two slickers walked back to Walla Walla sadder but wiser men."

(Continued on page 67)

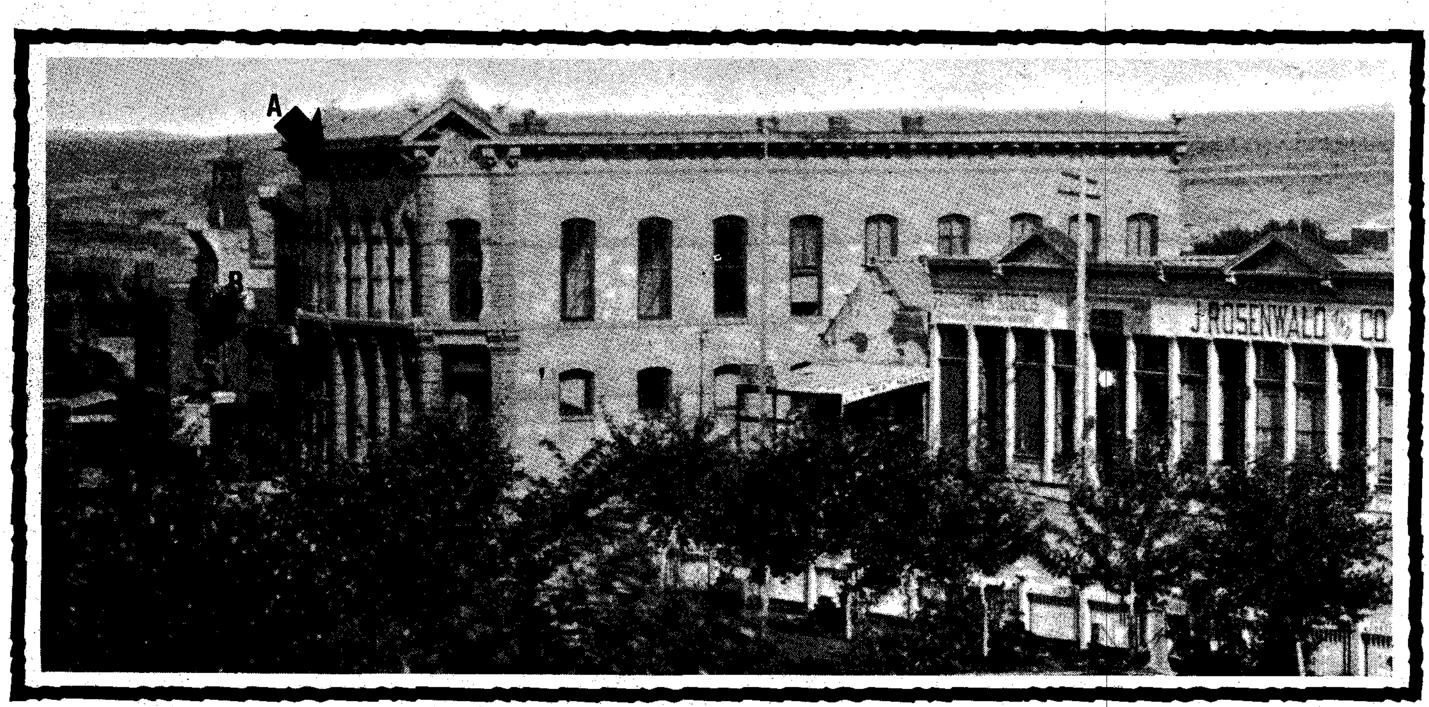
Above, Dutch Jake Goetz. Below, the main street of Walla Walla, Washington in 1864.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



TUNNEL OF DEATH

By MILTON W. CALLON



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Looking east on Bridge Street. The First National Bank of Las Vegas (see arrow A) was the target for robbery. The tunnel entrance was discovered in an empty store next to Griswold's drugstore (see arrow B pointing at mortar and pestle). This photo was taken in the 1880s by T. G. Mernin, Las Vegas.

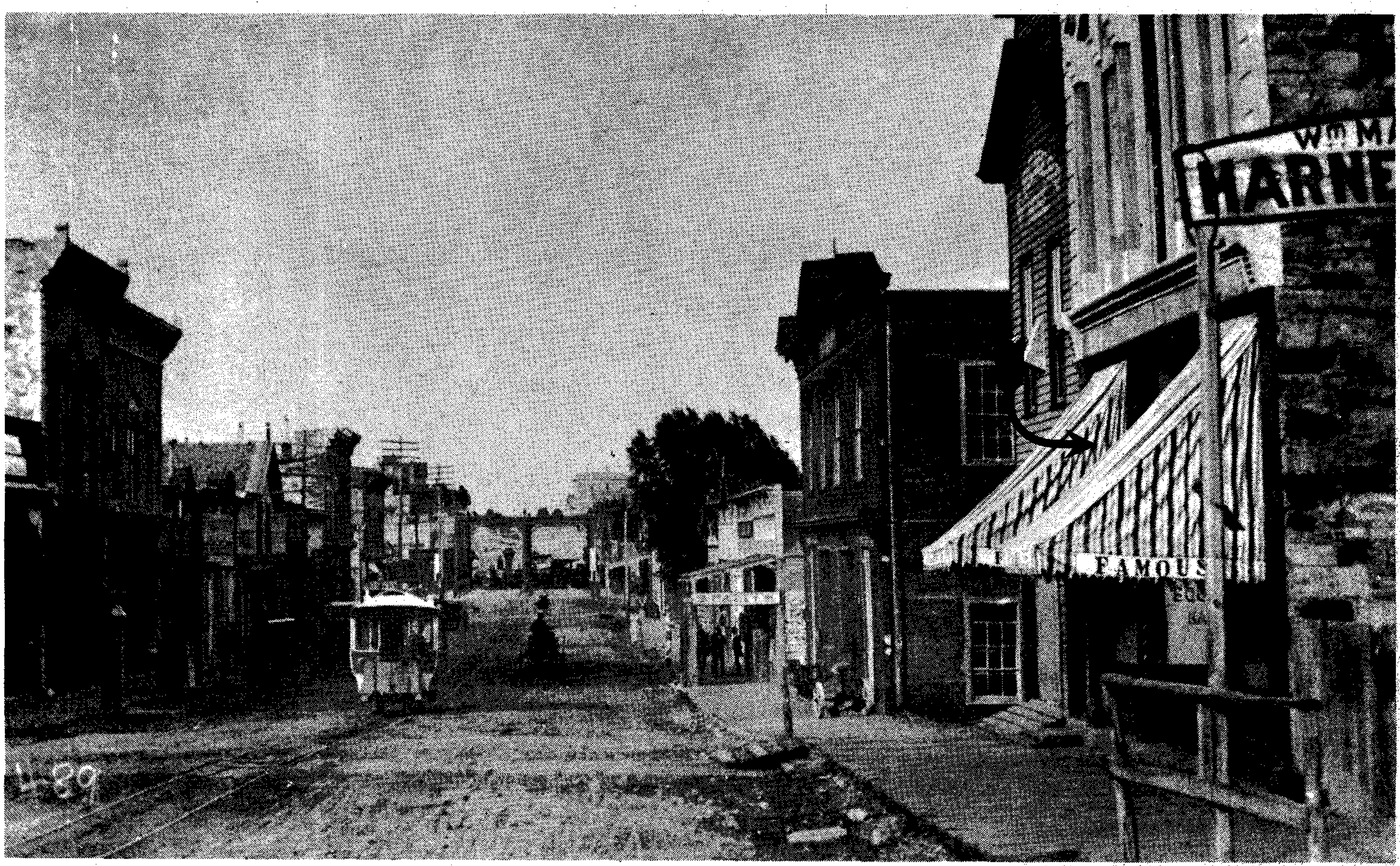
J. S. PISHON, assistant cashier, and A. A. Keene, teller, of the First National Bank of Las Vegas, New Mexico, arrived for work at 8:30 a.m. on September 22, 1884. After experiencing some difficulty in opening the outer door of the bank vault, they called for the vice-president, George J. Dinkel.

Dinkel was not long in detecting that a portion of the foundation on which the vault stood apparently had been moved by some considerable force. He quickly appraised the situation and summoned other bank officials—Joshua Raynolds, A. B. Smith, and the bank president, Jefferson Raynolds. The evidence before them aroused the suspicion that someone had tunneled under the bank in an effort to gain entrance by removing a portion of the rock foundation under the vault.

A careful survey was made of the adjoining area, and a door-to-door inspection led the officials to an empty building next door to the Griswold Drug Store, three doors east of the bank. Here they discovered a trap door in the floor, cleverly concealed. Fresh, scattered dirt indicated that some excavation had recently taken place. Closer examination revealed a cache of stonemason's tools and numerous fresh footprints in the dirt.

Further consultation resulted in a plan of action. A tunnel had been dug from the empty building to the bank, a distance of sixty feet, and if the culprits were to be caught it would be necessary to leave everything undisturbed while they awaited further action by the aspiring bank robbers. The men noted all conditions: A side door leading to a narrow passageway was ajar and the windows of the building were open. They replaced the trap door and concealed it as before, and left each thing as it had been found. The success of their plan precluded any direct involvement by the police until conclusive evidence of at-

The route to the bank vault turned out to be an underground execution chamber!



Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

As best as can be determined, this is the store next to Griswold's drugstore, though apparently not empty when this photo was taken in 1892.

tempted robbery could be established.

The day passed quietly, and the bank officials with the utmost secrecy chose close friends to assist them in a proposed nightwatch. Joshua Raynolds, J. S. Pishon and A. B. Smith were stationed inside the bank, while Jefferson Raynolds and George Dinkel took up strategic observation posts outside. When darkness closed in, Dinkel and Raynolds were joined by their friends Captain A. G. Austin, J. P. Stoneroad and John and Henry Dold.

THE Las Vegas *Optic* of September 23, 1884 described the subsequent events in the jargon of the era:

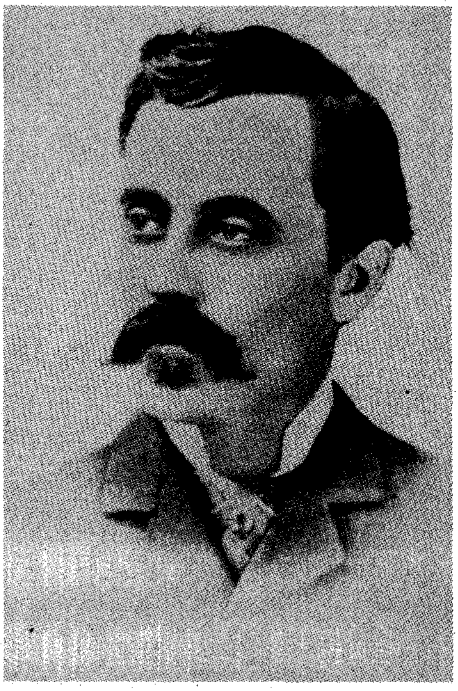
"The gentlemen in the bank remained there quietly conversing together until about eleven o'clock, when they began to hear very distinctly the noise made by the workmen below. Having removed their boots, the men on guard who were now thoroughly aroused to the work before them, moved noiselessly to a front window and gave the signal to the men on the outside. . .

"After remaining in the bank for about an hour and being satisfied that the time for action had come, Messrs. Raynolds, Pishon and Smith quietly slipped out of the building and into the open air, where they were joined by Captain A. G. Austin, John and Henry Dold and J. P. Stoneroad, all well-armed and ready to defend the treasure boxes.

"Returning to the bank the party purposely made quite a noise and shot through the door in the direction whence the sound came, whereupon work immediately ceased. Upon going to the vacant room, the doors and windows, which had been left opened, were found to be securely fastened. However, a forcible entrance was effected and then it was determined to await the egress of the man, or men, at work under the vault in the tunnel. Other sentinels were stationed at convenient distances, so as to prevent the escape of robbers at any event. This occurred about one o'clock this morning and up to the hour of 5:30 not a sound was heard—indeed, it was

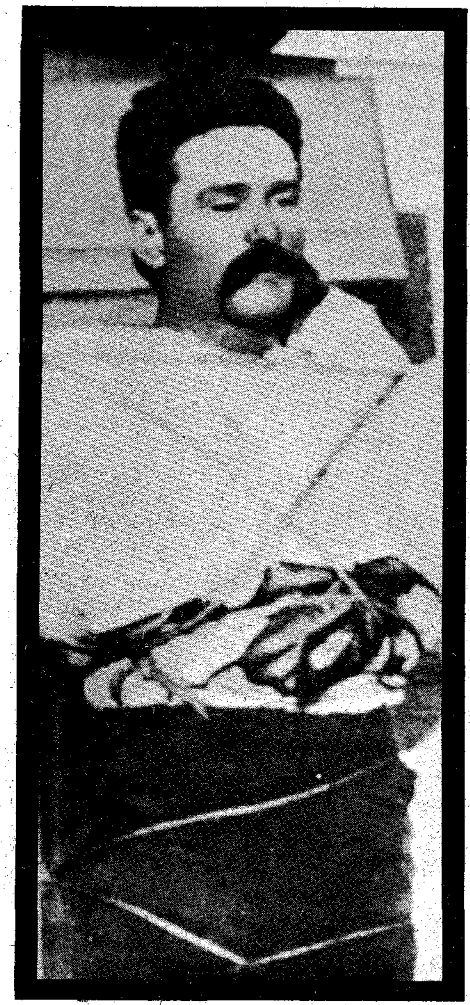
(Continued on page 66)

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Robert Ford, left, and Dick Liddel, proprietors of a saloon on Bridge Street, were thought by many to be at the root of the attempted bank robbery.

END OF THE



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

George "Red Buck" Waightman in death, photographed shortly after he was killed by lawmen in 1895.

By SANFORD BOREN

as told to

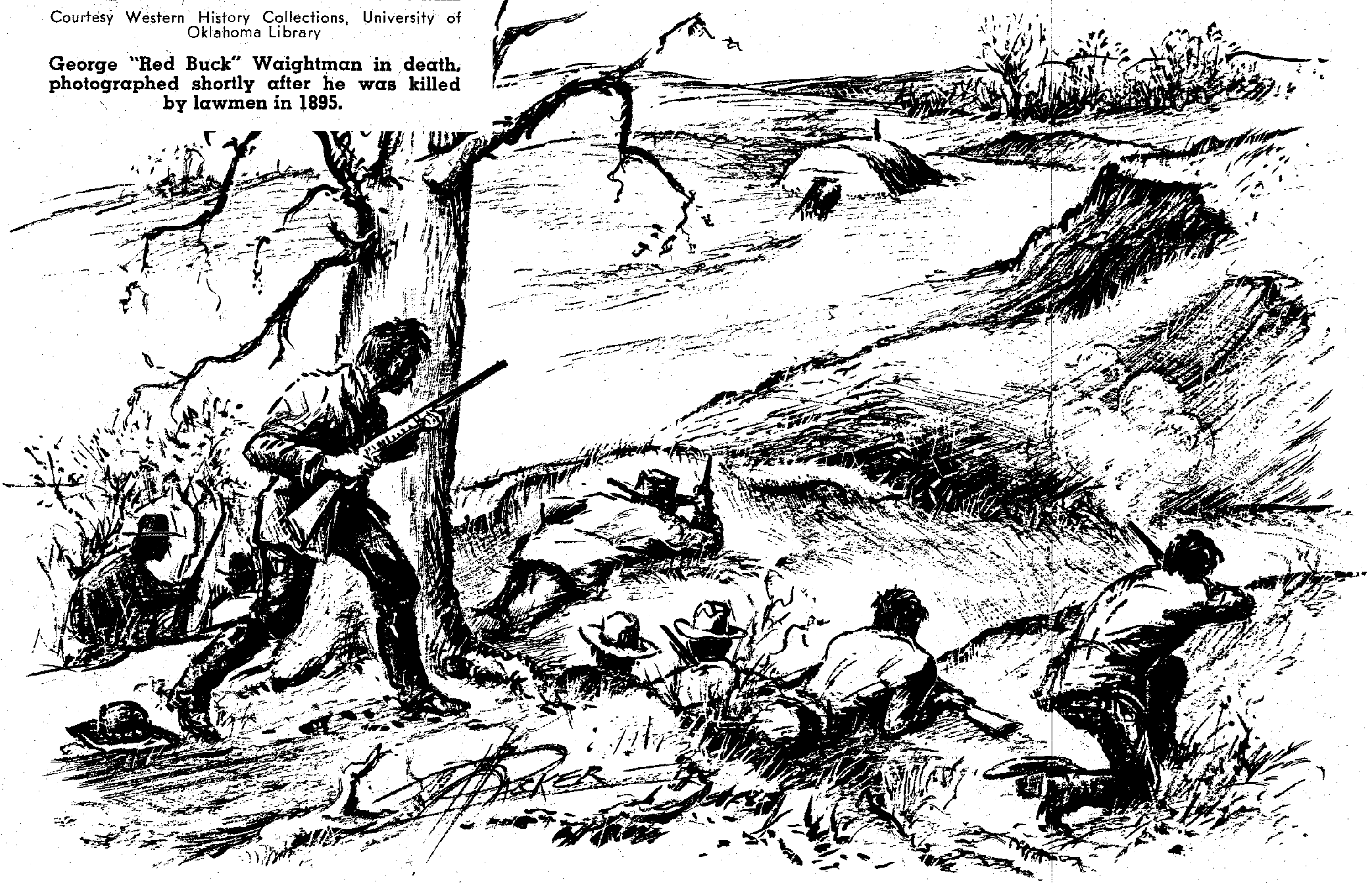
C. L. PACKER

Illustrated by C. L. Packer

SANFORD BOREN, an early settler in Indian Territory who drove freight wagons through Cheyenne-Arapaho country between El Reno and the Texas Panhandle, died in his mid-nineties in Tulsa on December 5, 1963. He had seen many characters cross the Oklahoma scene. He had his own opinion about Red Buck's last days and it may not agree with other stories that have been told. No one has any sure information as to Red Buck's beginning (real name George Waightman), so it may be fitting that his death is just as much a matter of conjecture. But Sanford Boren said it happened like this:

RED BUCK was shot to death right here in Oklahoma in 1895. George Miller, who was at Red Buck's side when the end came, told me all about it himself. Miller was well-liked as a farmer near Arapaho in Oklahoma Territory at the time, and one particular season George had raised a good corn crop. Since ranchers round about had a lot of cattle on the range, Miller had built a taut fence to protect his crops.

George and his partner, a man named Glover, lived in a half-dugout or "storm house," like so many folks did then on account of the cyclones. One morning Miller came out of his dugout and glanced over his field to see a bunch of cattle tromping around in his cornfield. George hightailed it out there and drove 'em out. The fence was down in several places. He wondered about this because



TRAIL FOR RED BUCK

Like many another outlaw, he wound up cornered and counting his cartridges...

he had put up a real tight fence. He fixed the break, but the next morning the cattle were in his field again helping themselves to his corn.

A second time he repaired his fence and then notified the rancher who owned the cattle of what had happened. But sure as blazes, on the third morning the cattle were back in his cornfield. Miller sure enough was hot under the collar by then, especially because when he set about repairing the fence this time, he noticed the wire had been cut. Directly he rode straight over to the rancher's place and told him the next time cattle found their way into his cornfield they would be shot.

Like so many ranchers of the day, this one didn't care for "nesters" who strung up fences all over the place, sometimes fencing off a needed waterhole. He didn't cotton to Miller's threat to slaughter his cattle, and some hot words were tossed around between the two. Finally George Miller swung into his saddle and galloped back to his dugout.

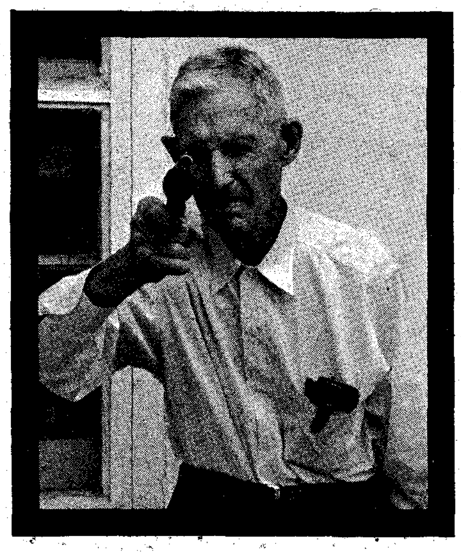
When he awakened the next morning, sure enough, the first thing George saw was a bunch of cows eatin' their way through his corn. Then George saw red. He ran back into his dugout and fetched his Winchester and unlimbered on the cows, killing a couple.

The rancher must have heard the shots for in jig time he and a cowboy came tearing up on horseback, both of 'em armed. An argument flared up. Miller, who was a crack shot with a rifle, held his Winchester cradled in his arm, sorta pointing the barrel in the general direction of the rancher. When the cattleman made a move toward his six-shooter, Miller drilled him dead on the spot. The cowboy put spurs to his horse, and Miller let him go.

George knew he was in for trouble since Glover claimed he hadn't seen the shooting and the cowboy probably wouldn't tell the straight of things. So George decided to clear out for awhile. Glover promised to take care of the farm and livestock while his partner was on the dodge.

Figuring a posse soon would be on his tail, Miller headed for rough country. Riding down a wooded canyon, he spotted a horseman, armed, and Miller thought at first he might be a lawman. At any rate, he figured his best chance was to lay low. As the stranger moved his way, Miller hid in a thick growth of bushes. He had dismounted and was standing with one hand clutching his horse's nose so any nicker could be cut off if the horse was so minded. His other hand held his rifle which was resting with the hammer cocked in the fork of a bush.

Sanford Boren in June 1963. Boren was acquainted with George Miller who claimed to have been with Red Buck when the outlaw was killed.



George Miller was doin' some mighty fast thinking about then. If the fellow was a lawman, he planned on letting him go right past. If he was an outlaw, his know-how might be of some use in helpin' dodge posses.

As the rider drew closer George studied him over the sights of his Winchester. The feller looked rough as a corncob and not like any lawman he'd ever met, and George decided to take a long chance. When the rider was about fifty yards past George's hiding place, George gave a sharp whistle and let go his horse's nose. The rider whirled in his saddle and leveled his own rifle at a spot near where George was hiding.

"Don't shoot! I'm dodgin' th' law!" George yelled.

The rider must have been in doubt as to exactly where the whistle had originated, but the shout made him dead certain of the location, for the gun barrel shifted square at the place George stood.

"Come out an' don't try anything!" the man hollered.

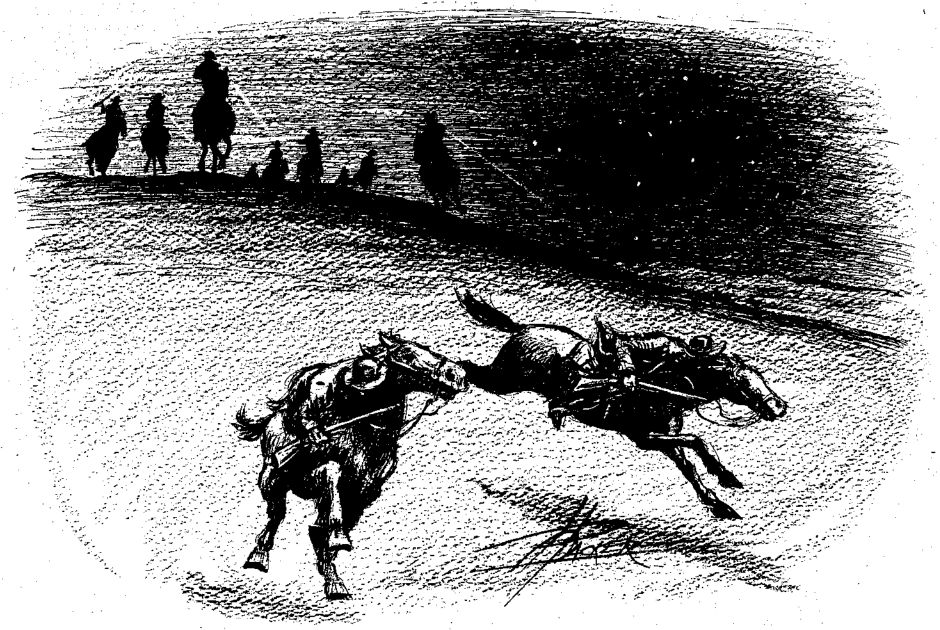
George Miller walked out leading his horse, keeping his rifle pointed at the ground.

"Walk over here and keep that gun pointin' just like it is!" the stranger commanded.

Miller walked out and every step of the way the fellow's rifle was trained on him. When he reached the man Miller told him about shooting the rancher, and all the time he was talking the stranger kept his rifle pointed at Miller's chest and studied him with hostile eyes.

When Miller had finished his story, the other fellow seemed about half convinced it was true. He told George to put his rifle in its scabbard and be right careful while he was doin' so. George carried no pistol and did as he was told and only then did the stranger seem to relax a bit. But even as they rode along together the fellow kept his rifle resting across his saddle, his finger on the trigger of the cocked weapon—and George was afraid the jarring of the horse might set it off, but he was scared to say anything about it. He saw too that the fellow's left hand hovered over the butt of his pistol as the horse was left to walk free-rein. The stranger was takin' no chances.

Finally George Miller could no longer stand the strain of the cocked rifle and said. "Don't you trust me any? I don't have a six-shooter and you made me scabbard my rifle and you've still got that cocked rifle pointing at me!"



The man replied, "I don't trust *anybody!* That's a quick way to get yerself kilt!"

Everytime they reached a place where they had to ride single file Miller's companion got real courteous and always reined up and told George to go ahead. Each time this happened, George wondered if he'd get shot in the back and left for the coyotes, and it gave him a creepy feeling.

After several miles the fellow must have felt certain George had told the truth for he uncocked the Winchester and began to talk a little—but one hand always was right at his pistol butt. Something he said gave Miller the first clue who the man might be, and that sure put George to thinking, for the outlaw George had in mind had a reputation of being as bloodthirsty as any in the whole Southwest.

It was brisk October weather, but when they made camp that night no fire was built. After eating some groceries the outlaw told George to bed down. Then the man took both horses and led them off to one side where he tied them up before he disappeared with his bedroll. Each night he did the same thing, and George wasn't about to go checkin' to see where he slept.

After the first night George slept without too much trouble, for he figured if the bandit had planned on killing him he would have done so by now. The fellow must have slept like a cat, for each morning when Miller awoke he was right close by, watching with flinty eyes.

Gradually the stranger warmed up a little and one day he told George, "My name's Red Buck; maybe you've heard of me," and proceeded to describe some of the killings he'd done.

This shore didn't ease George Miller's feelings any. If he had known at the time they met up that this was Red Buck, the renegade, he would have let him ride on out of his life and would have taken his chances alone with the law. But what was done was done, and George knew he'd have to make the best of it.

After a few days the scanty supplies the fugitives had pooled were about petered out. Red Buck wanted to rob a store but George objected. The outlaw was pretty surly about it until George suggested they go back to his farm at night and send Glover to fetch them supplies.

Finally Red Buck agreed. Miller had never known what caution was till he watched the outlaw as they drew near the dugout—he acted like a hunted animal, almost like he was scenting danger with his nose. He lagged behind with pistols cocked as George tapped on the door. Glover opened it slightly and George told him it was all right and that he had a friend with him (though he never did say who the friend was). Glover said something about lighting a lantern, but an outburst from Red Buck changed his mind.

George asked Glover to go after supplies and to keep quiet about the whole deal. His partner consented and saddled his horse and rode away.

"I don't like yore podner!" Red Buck said. "He's gonna doublecross us!" But George allowed he didn't think Glover would do that.

It was a bright night under a full moon. Red Buck was sitting on a box just inside the door where he had been while he watched Glover ride out of sight. He talked very little and when he did it was in a low tone, like he was trying to catch every sound from the prairie.

Glover had been gone about three hours and the moon had reached the top of its swing through the sky when Red Buck whispered, "Somebody's comin' and there's more than one!"

Miller moved closer to his side and listened. At first he didn't hear anything, but soon he heard hoofbeats, and riders began to take shape in the distance. They stopped, and then one came on in. He dismounted and Red Buck eased the door shut. There was a light tap on the door. Red Buck opened it just enough to let the man in, then closed it.

Glover said, "George, if you'll light the lantern, I'll show you . . ." At that instant a .45 exploded. Without saying a word Red Buck had shot Glover, who collapsed on the floor. Later Red Buck told George he had aimed his pistol at the back of Glover's head the minute the farmer stepped into the dark dugout. It was still aimed at the same spot when he pulled the trigger.

George Miller and the desperado made a run for their horses and took off across the moonlit prairie with bullets flying all around them. But even with the whole posse throwing lead not even a horse was hit. Miller and Red Buck were lying flat over their saddles and were so busy whipping their mounts that they never tried to fire back. Finally they eluded the posse and rode all night. Next day they holed up in some breaks. Their ammunition was low and they had to get some food, so Red Buck said he was going to rob a store and there was nothing George could do about it but come along or get shot right then. Miller went along.

They rode over near Arapaho and walked into a store run by a man and his wife. When Red Buck pulled his guns on them and told them what he was after, the man got mad and gave the outlaw a good cussing.

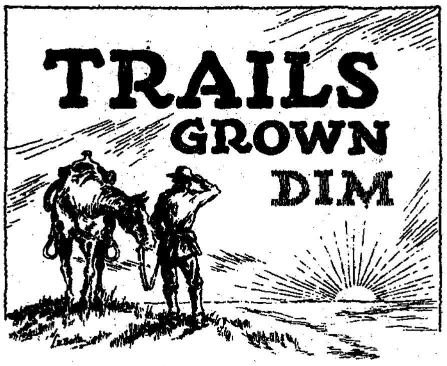
Red Buck then flew off the handle and shouted, "Why you old fool, I'm gonna kill you!"

And he would have, too, had not George Miller and the man's wife talked him out of it. Red Buck held his pistols on the couple while George dumped some groceries and ammunition into a couple of sacks. As they rode away the nervy storekeeper did some more cussing while his wife tugged on his arm begging him to hush. Red Buck in answer was doin' some tall cussin' himself.

The pair dodged lawmen for several days, sometimes being just ahead of them. But at last a posse caught up with them where they had holed up in a dugout out a-ways from Arapaho. Possemen hid behind rocks and trees and the battle began.

Bobbing their heads up and down like gophers in a hole, George and Red Buck would take stray shots at the lawmen. But the possemen stayed low and kept pouring lead into the dugout. This went on for quite a while. Then a bullet found Red Buck and he was done for. The day was October 2, 1895.

(Continued on page 63)



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Smith McMains

My husband's great-grandfather Smith McMains was born in Putnam County, Indiana in 1830. His father Andrew, a pioneer of Indiana, was from Pennsylvania. Smith had brothers Andrew Jr., William, Robert, James, John, Joseph, Charles Alexander (who died in Fort Scott, Kansas), and David who went to Indiana where he dropped the "s" from his name.

Smith reportedly was a sympathizer of the James boys and, under pressure from the law, left Kansas and then went West and never came back. His father died in 1868 and according to the probate court records, Smith's share of the inheritance was sent to him in California and that's as much as is known of him.

There was an Oscar P. McMains, a Methodist preacher from Indiana and a friend of a Reverend Tolby who was murdered near Cimarron, New Mexico in 1875. Could this be a relative or a descendant of Smith?

If you have any possible leads on "Smith" or any McMains who might lead us to more information on my husband's great-grandfather, please write.—Della and James D. McMains, 250 N.W. 45th Street, Seattle, Washington 98107

Hunter

Many years ago my mother's family became separated when the father and three little boys went to Montana. The boys' names were Don, Ray, and Percy. We know that Ray became a rodeo man and later died in California and that Percy died at the Twin Bridges Orphanage, but no trace has ever been found of Don Hunter. Don was born about 1881 which would make him a very old man today if he is living. His sister Arvilla would be in her eighties. There is some belief that she entered a Catholic convent. The mother, Flora Luse Hunter, died in Helena about 1936. She lived on Water Street in a red brick rooming house which she owned at that time. We also know of the death of the father, Joseph Carlysle Hunter. It would be greatly appreciated if anyone knowing about these persons would write me.—Mrs. E. C. Laughlin, 815 P Street, Gering, Nebraska 69341

George Mikalson

My Norwegian uncle, now about seventy-five years old, was about five feet, ten inches tall, exceptionally muscular and of rugged constitution. Though some efforts were made by the family to locate him, he completely disappeared from the farm he had managed about four miles northeast of Deer Park, Wisconsin. He was unmarried, had light wavy hair, was very friendly but often stammered among strangers. He has a twin brother, John, still living. He came from a large family of which about half still survive who would so much like to hear of him. His complete disappearance seems impossible. His stammering is all that kept him from enlisting with his brother John in World War II. It is felt that some "city slickers" who had moved in on him to take over his farm to make moonshine may have taken care of him when he resisted them. Can there be absolutely no trace of him?—F. W. Johnson, Gresham, Wisconsin 54128

Alfred E. Terrill (Terrell)

I will be very happy for any information regarding Alfred E. Terrill (Terrell) and ancestors. He was supposedly of Mount Vernon, Ohio, born October 1860. In 1887 he went to Hubbard or Marshalltown, Iowa and was married there in 1888. In 1893 they moved to Missouri, living in Olden, Brighton, Willow Springs, Siloam Springs, and near West Plains. In 1898 he moved his family back to Hubbard. They were living in Mount Ayr, Iowa when he disappeared in April 1906 and was never heard from. It was rumored later that he went West. His father's name supposedly was Benjeman, his mother's name was supposed to have been Ethel Valencia Ashhurst (maiden name). They were married in Pennsylvania in 1859.—L. E. Terrill Conley, 682 East Main, Apartment 3, El Cajon, California 92020

Parker-Smart

I would like to know something of my grandfathers who came from Georgia after the Civil War. My great-grandfather Elisha B. Smart is buried in or near Palmetto, Georgia. I do not know how many children he had but he had twin sons who came to Louisiana after the Civil War. Their names were Thomas (Tom) and Titus (Tite) Smart. Tom is my grandfather and married a Miss Minerva Hearne. They had several daughters and one son, my father, James Titus Smart, who married Nancy Aldora Driggers about 1892 or 1893. My grandmother also came from somewhere in Georgia; she was a Parker and had a brother named Felix Parker.

I would like to know more of each of the families before they came to Louisiana. Can anyone from in or near Palmetto, Georgia tell me anything of them?—Mrs. Bertha Hudnell, General Delivery, Dry Prong, Louisiana 71423

Lunds-Piltz

When I left New York City in January 1921, I left two old pals behind: Ralph Lund, who at one time was a clerk at the Martha Washington Hotel in New York City, and Charles A. Piltz Jr., a native of Maine. If they are still around they would be between sixty-five and seventy. I certainly would appreciate having someone write me that one or both have been located.—Ray C. Thomas, 4552 Sunnyview, N.E., Salem, Oregon 97303

Edwards

My father, Charles Emerson Edwards and his twin brother, Emory Edwards were born September 17, 1871 at Peru, Indiana. There was another brother William and a sister Kate. The last word he had, Kate was in Wichita, Kansas. Any information on ancestors or descendants will be appreciated. Dad claimed he was a descendant of an English sea captain, Robert Edwards.—Arthur L. Edwards, 3220 East 6th Avenue, Durango, Colorado 81301

Frank Tedford

I would like any information about my uncle Frank Tedford, born around 1876 in Plattsburgh, New York. His parents were Robert and Sarah Tedford. His brothers were: Robert Calvin Tedford, who lived in Little Falls, Minnesota and is now deceased; Samuel Tedford, Little Falls, Minnesota, deceased; Thomas Tedford, lived or living in Idaho; Sheridan Tedford and William Tedford, who lived or live in Plattsburgh, New York; and John Tedford, who lived or lives in Glenn Falls, New York. Frank was last seen in Little Falls, Minnesota in the summer of 1911 and then was unmarried. He was about thirty-five then and talked strongly about going West when he left Little Falls.—Cleneth Tedford, Route 4, Box 197, Little Falls, Minnesota 56345

Habel

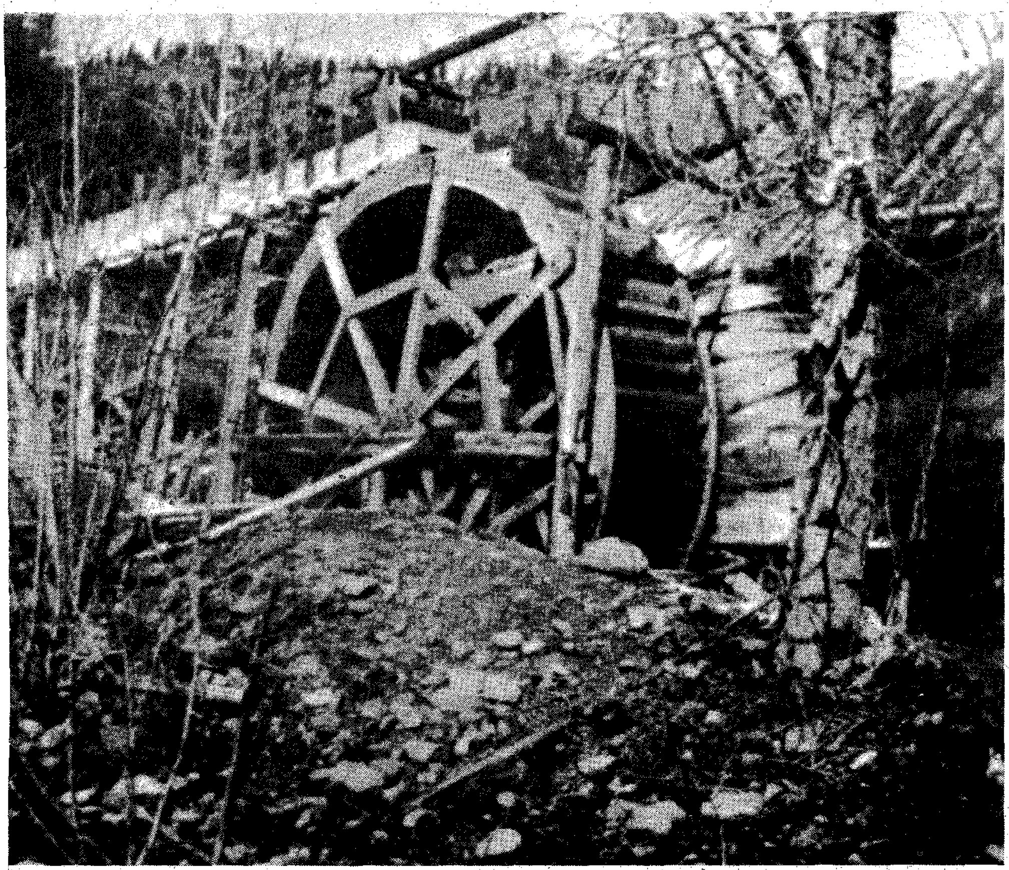
My great-grandfather Frank Habel was born at Three Oaks, Michigan and owned a large farm. His father's name was William. I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me about the Habel family.—Donald Glossinger, 511 Karwick Road, Michigan City, Indiana 46360

Reid

I need data on Joseph and Dorthy (Littlejohn) Reid and their twelve daughters, said to have lived in Sherman, Mississippi: Nancy Catherine, born 1847, married David P. Gentry; Josie, married Billy Rowan; Jane, married Rob Prichard; Mattie, married Mark Roberts; Mollie, married Rowan; Millie, married John Chapman; Dora, married Billy Allen; Harriet, married Liash Bowen; Caroline, married Jack Tucker; Cynthia, married Joe Caldwell; Ellen, married Jack Little-

(Continued on page 59)

THE BARKER SPREAD IN THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS



This 22-foot diameter, over-shot water wheel powered the Barker saw mill.

Elliott found he didn't sleep easy away from the mountains...

By ELLIOTT S. BARKER

Photos Courtesy Author

IN the spring of 1906 I went to Effingham, Illinois, where I attended Bissell College of Photography for six months. After that I went into business with my brother-in-law, John Phillips, at Texico, New Mexico, on the road, treeless Staked Plains. I soon found that living on the plains and working in a photographic dark room a lot didn't suit me at all. After a year of it I became so homesick that I gave up the deal and went back to my beloved mountains, horses and dogs.

Hunting and fishing were a big part of life on our ranch in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains where my father homesteaded in 1889 when I was a three-year-old nubbin. However, those pleasurable activities were secondary to the long hours of hard work every member of the family had to put in to eke out a living. Our farm-ranch combination was small, with limited revenue capacity, and outside range was available for only about a hundred head of cattle.

With a small, water-powered sawmill to supplement the meagre farm and livestock income we lived comfortably, and the seven youngest of eleven children got a fair to good education. When I was thirteen the annual three-month school term for the Barker and neighbor children was abandoned and Mother took us youngsters to Las Vegas, twenty-five miles away, where we attended school. We all loved the ranch and went back for holidays and week ends whenever possible. It was on such holidays that I bagged my first buck deer and mountain lions.

During the summers there was abundant work for all—farming, range riding after cattle, cutting and hauling saw logs and helping at the sawmill. Naturally, I liked the cowpuncher job the best. There was no hunting in summer except for bear. Both black and grizzly bears were classed as predators, and the state paid a $20.00 bounty. As time permitted, we hunted bear for sport and extra cash. We still-hunted them, used dogs and trapped them.

In addition to his 160-acre homestead Pa bought an adjoining 160 acres downstream. That helped but agricultural resources were still limited. The canyon was narrow and the tillable land was in patches along the winding creek bottom and lower slopes, most of which had been cleared of oak brush and aspens with grubbing hoes to make it arable. In the early years all hands had worked at this. My older sisters piled and burned the grubbed-out brush, and I got in their way.

Although money was scarce there were some hired hands—Spanish-Americans, who worked for fifty to seventy-five cents a day and board, or a dollar a day and board themselves. In our general area there were five times as many Spanish-Americans, then called Mexicans, as there were Anglos, or gringos as the Mexicans called us. But we got along well despite the language and ancestral nationality barrier.

Our best paying crop was potatoes, but we raised lots of vegetables, too, such as cabbage, turnips, carrots, beets and parsnips which we marketed in Las Vegas, a two-day round trip with wagon and team. For winter forage for livestock we raised timothy and clover and oats cut green for hay. The mountain land was very fertile and produced fine, heavy crops. My father's oats took first prize at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. His bundle of oats was seven feet three inches tall with heads eighteen inches long.

Our sawmill was a small one, mostly home-made, with a capacity of only 1,500 to 2,000 board feet of lumber a day. It was powered by a twenty-two-foot diameter, overshot water wheel. Since the creek did not supply enough water to operate it efficiently, Pa built a small reservoir which, when brim full, would supply power for a two-hour run. Then we would have to stop and wait a couple of hours for it to fill up again. While waiting we would go into the woods and cut a few saw logs or haul in a load to the mill. Water ouzels would build nests in niches under the leaky flume from pond to mill.

From the time I was fourteen on I made a hand at the sawmill, in the woods with ax, and on one end of a crosscut saw. I liked that work better than farming. By the time I was eighteen, in my own estimation, I was an expert lumberjack and teamster. Pa and my older brother, Charlie, didn't agree but encouraged me to keep on working at it.

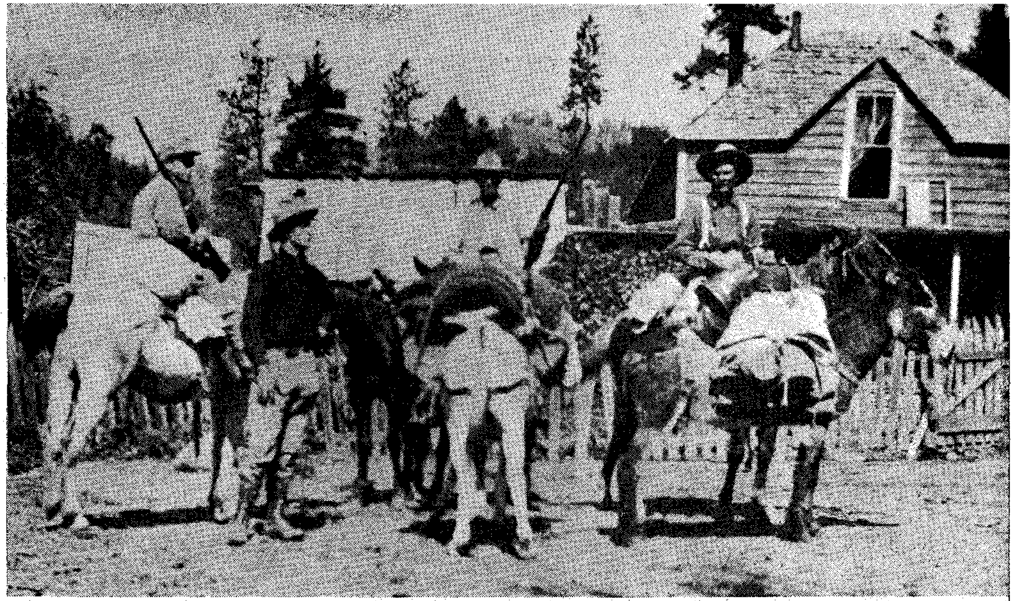
My ego got a jolt when I was driving a four-horse team with saw logs on the heavy wagon down the road on a steep hillside above the mill pond. The brake rope broke and the wheel team couldn't hold the heavily loaded wagon back and I couldn't keep it in the road. A wheel went over the bank and the wagon turned upside down. I jumped just in time and landed in a pile of rocks, but held onto the lines and kept the teams under control. The toggle chain broke and the logs rolled into the mill pond.

I finally got the horses untangled and loose from the wagon, with no harm done except that one of the horses and I had lost some skin off of our legs. That wreck put a kink in my teamster ego, but I said, "Everybody turns his wagon over sometimes." Figuratively, how true that is.

Moving our seventy-five to a hundred cattle in spring from the ranch to summer range on Lone Tree Mesa and Beaver Creek was a real chore for they would be poor and weak, and it was a 2,500-foot climb in a mile and a half. Pa and three or four of the boys and girls were required. Those gentle cows were stubborn and took advantage of every switchback in the steep, rocky trail to sneak off in the brush and hide. But with a lot of whoops, hurrahs and whistling we'd finally get them there.

The summer range was lush and once there the cattle loved it and were about as hard to drive down roly-poly fat in the fall as they were to drive up in the spring. Hopeful profits from the cattle operation were always reduced by losses. Once when a ditch from the creek to irrigate the meadows was cleaned, some water hemlock roots were left exposed. Three cows found and ate them and died within minutes. Larkspur, water hemlock and other poisonous plants on the range caused losses. Sometimes lightning killed one or more, and both grizzly and black bears took their toll. The worst

(Continued on page 44)



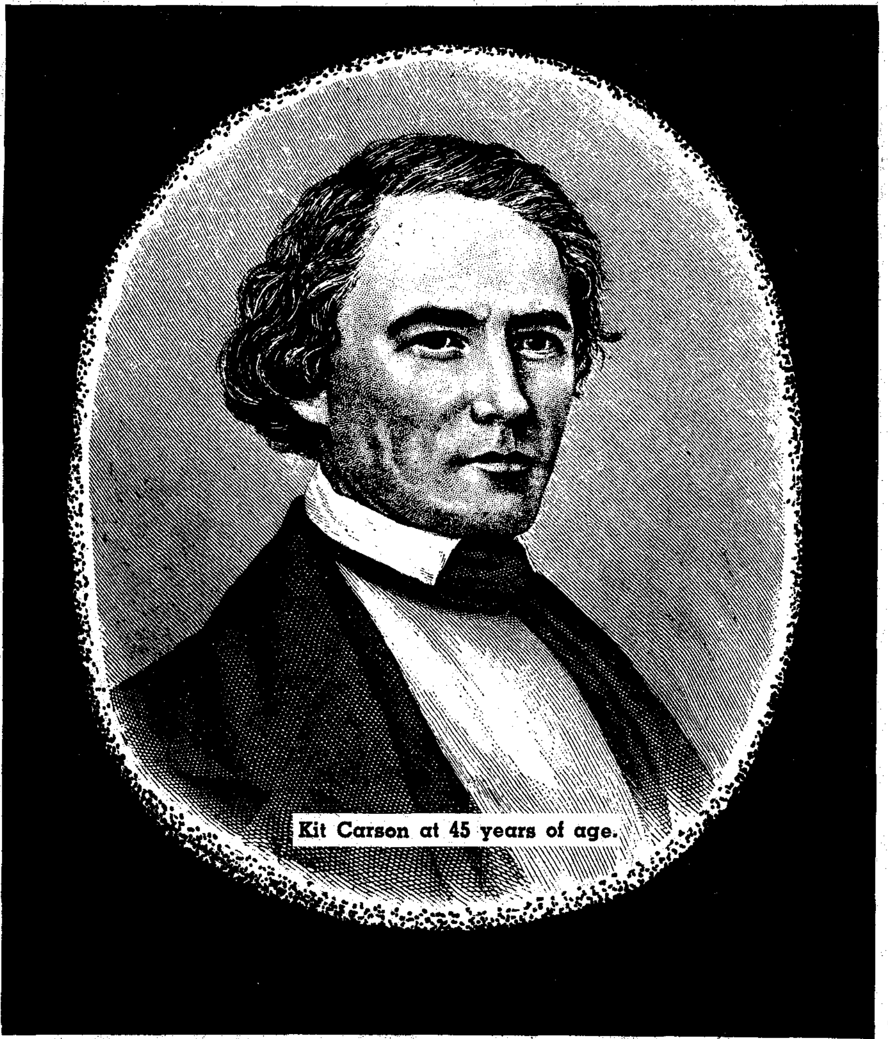
Above, Elliott Barker (standing) with three guest deer hunters. Below, S. L. and Pricilla J. Barker and eight of their children. The author, then 16, stands in back of his father.

Below, Elliott packing in a mule deer buck.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT Appraises CARSON

Story and Photos from **The Land of Sunshine**, Vol. VI, No. 3, February, 1897

Jessie Benton Fremont


Kit Carson at 45 years of age.

To her, Kit was quite a man!

"AS a frontiersman, his name and fame are everywhere known; but there are, perhaps, few who think of him except as the hero of wild adventures. That he was, but he was more. Nothing could be more mistaken than to think of him as a rough borderer." Mrs. Fremont sat a little forward in her chair, the fine old face lighting with that fire which will never be forgotten by any who have known the helpmeet and widow of our Pathfinder.

"Kit Carson was a man among men; a type of the real American pioneer, not only fearless but clear-headed, as gentle as he was strong. He had the true courtesy of the heart; and withal a quiet pride—much as Richard the Lion-Hearted and his knights, who thanked God they were not clerks. His nature was literally sweet—sweet by its wholesomeness—sweet as a clear-cut winter morning is sweet.

"When he was to come to our house for the first time (he had just ridden overland from California on his mission from General Fremont; and my father [Senator Thos. Benton of Missouri], then in St. Louis, charged him to visit us) my mother was a little uneasy. He was accompanied by Edward Beale, then a midshipman, afterward General Beale. Carson was shy and reserved, and his welcome as one who had been Fremont's companion and right-hand man overwhelmed him. Yet he was not awkward. A perfect gentleman, his dignity and delicacy completely disarmed my mother. He had been afraid the ladies might not care to have him there if they knew he had married a Sioux wife. 'But she was a good woman,' he declared. 'I never came in from hunting but she had water warm for my feet.' I have always remembered that—it was so like the simplicity of the Bible.

"Carson was perfectly Saxon, clear and fair, with light, thin 'baby-hair,' blue eyes, light eyebrows and lashes, and a fair skin. He was very short, and unmistakably bandy-legged; long-bodied and short-limbed, a man of great strength and vitality. On a horse he was superb—one of the most perfect riders of the frontier. And he was one of the best marksmen. He had a quick and gentle sense of humor. There was no self-consciousness in him, no bitterness.

"It used to delight him to go to the market (we were in Washington) and watch the crowds and talk with the market people. That it could be so easy to procure food was a revelation to him. As my mother said, he who had so often had to risk his life for a mouthful could appreciate this abundance.

"He was devoted to my daughter Lilly, then seven years old. She seemed wonderful to him, for the children he had known on the frontier had not had many advantages and he was surprised at her ideas. Sensitive to every generous and refined impulse, as he was, he was charming to children.

"One day, I remember, he bought a pair of turtle doves in the market and brought them home to Lil in a squirrel-cage. It was in Washington in the slave days but he brought the cage in his own hand—a thing no white person thought of doing there in those days. He told her how in the wilderness he used to hear the doves call, and that when he was in the market and heard these lamenting he wished to get them for her. The child was faithful in caring for them; but one hot September day, fagged and wilted, she forgot them and they were drooping. I was going to care for them, but he said: 'No, let her see what she has done. One lesson will be enough for her.'

"She attended to them; and then Carson took her on his knee and talked to her with the very feeling of the Hindus—that the life of the smallest creature should never be taken except at need. Next day in looking over Littell's *Living Age*, he found Andersen's 'The Lark and the Daisy,' and had me read it to him—Lil sobbing and Carson comforting her.

" 'I went to school in a log-cabin school-house,' he said. 'One day there came the cry of Injuns, and I ran with the men—and thar it lays! But I would give five thousand dollars if I could read as you can!'

"There was an illustrated edition of Byron in the parlor, and in it one day Carson came upon the steel engraving of Mazeppa and began to see what it meant.

" 'Read it to me!' he cried at last. 'You can read it so much faster.' So I read to him. He walked up and down, intensely stirred.

There never yet was human power
That could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong!

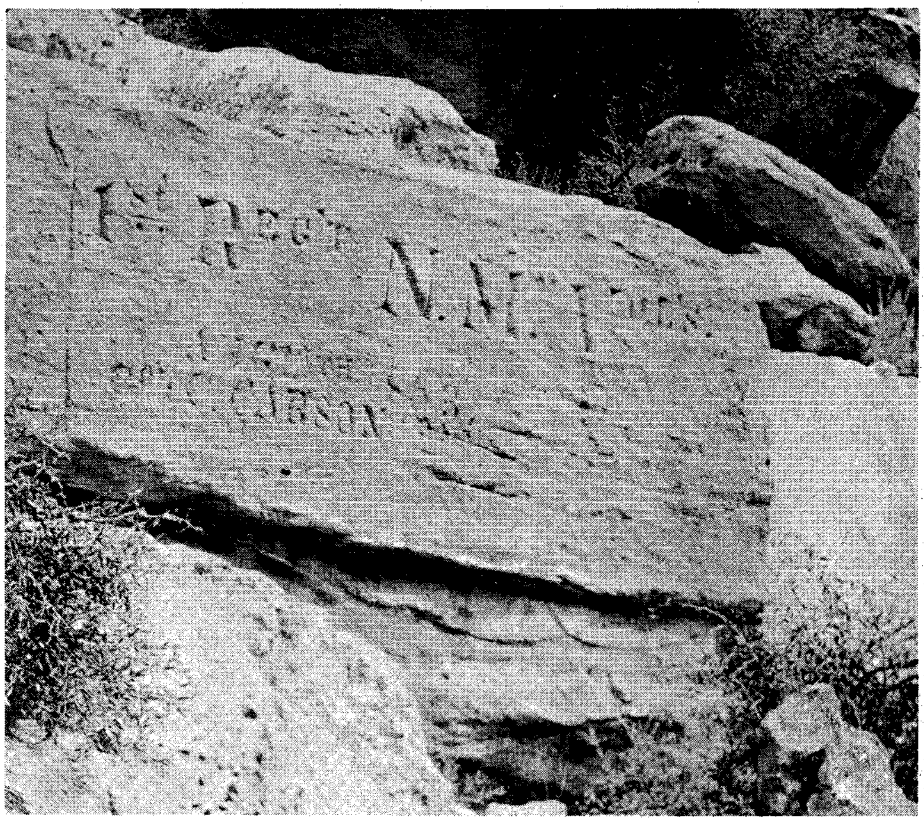


Photo by A. C. Vroman

An inscription in stone left by Carson. Its location is given as "Keam's Canon, Arizona Terr."

" 'That's it! That's the word!' he broke out. 'He knows how it is! It took me three years before I could go back and thank those Blackfeet for robbing my caches.' After this, I had to read *Mazeppa* to him nearly every day.

"CARSON was of Kentucky stock, transplanted to Missouri. His simplicity, like his courage, was of the old pioneer stamp. My mother said to him one day: 'You must have had a great many fights.'

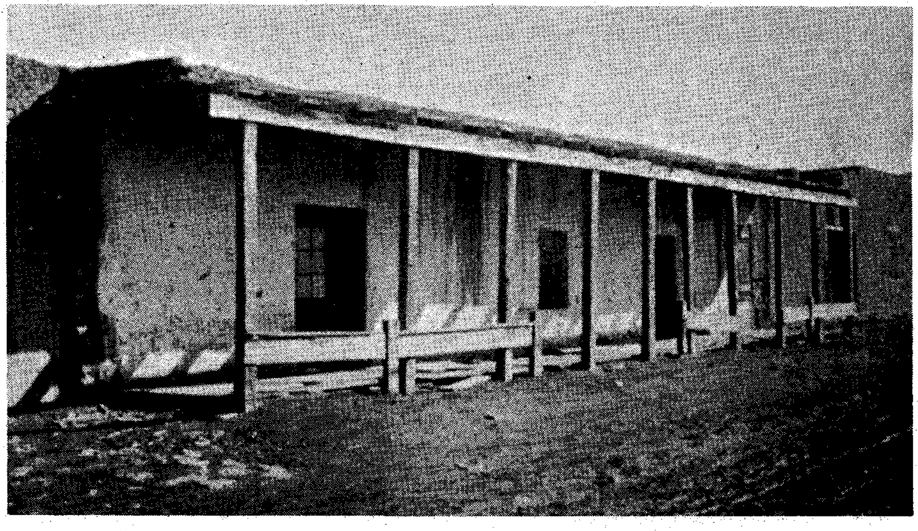
" 'I never had a fight of my own but one,' Carson answered. 'That was with a Frenchman. He said the Americans were cowards and darsn't fight. I told him that I was an American and that I was his man. And we fit.' He turned back his collar unconsciously and simply, and showed the wound by the collar-bone.

"This first visit of Carson to our home lasted three weeks and he enjoyed seeing and comprehending the life of cities. He never could get over his surprise and pleasure of seeing how easy it was to get food here without danger. But he was not dazzled.

" 'They are princes here in their fine houses,' he said, 'and with people to wait on them. But on the plains we are the

(Continued on page 64)

Kit Carson's house in Taos, New Mexico before restoration.



NUGGETS

LAST RIDE ON THE ROSEBUD

By Kathryn Wright

THE SMELL of coffee on the spring breeze made ranch foreman Robert Ferguson grin. Spring was early this year of 1890. The curly-haired, twenty-seven-year-old scrambled out of his bed in the Ramsey-Beeman ranch bunkhouse in southeastern Montana's Rosebud Valley. Quickly he pulled on his clothes, buckled on his gunbelt and strode to a sprawling log structure in a grove of trees.

A few hands were drinking coffee around the kitchen stove. The foreman poured himself a cup and told the boys he was going to ride out and check on stray horses. "Great day for a ride, anyway," he said. Ferguson, who'd come from Illinois just two years before and persuaded his brother, William, and sister, May, to follow him west, rode toward sandstone cliffs and pine-studded hills near a fork of Rosebud Valley's Tulloch Creek close to the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation. It was to be his last ride and his last day. Before sunset purpled the coulees and grasslands that May 6, Robert Ferguson lay murdered in a hidden grave.

The grave is no longer a secret. And Robert's body no longer lies there. The sons of Robert's brother, William, put a bronze plaque on a sandstone cliff to mark the murder site and a granite boulder on Robert's final resting place. "It's something we wanted to do for a long time," said the sons, the late George Ferguson of Billings, Montana, and Dwight Ferguson of Kirby, Montana, owner-manager of the Ferguson ranch in Rosebud Valley. Lettering on the plaque and boulder tells what happened.

ROBERT had ridden to a neighboring ranch, the OD, and talked with his brother, William, who was working there. He borrowed field glasses and rode on through stretches of native grassland, broken now and then with stands of pine and upthrust sandstone cliffs. Dismounting at the top of one, he sat down and scanned the country. The strayed horses were nowhere in sight. But back of him, below in a coulee, were five Cheyenne braves butchering white men's cattle.

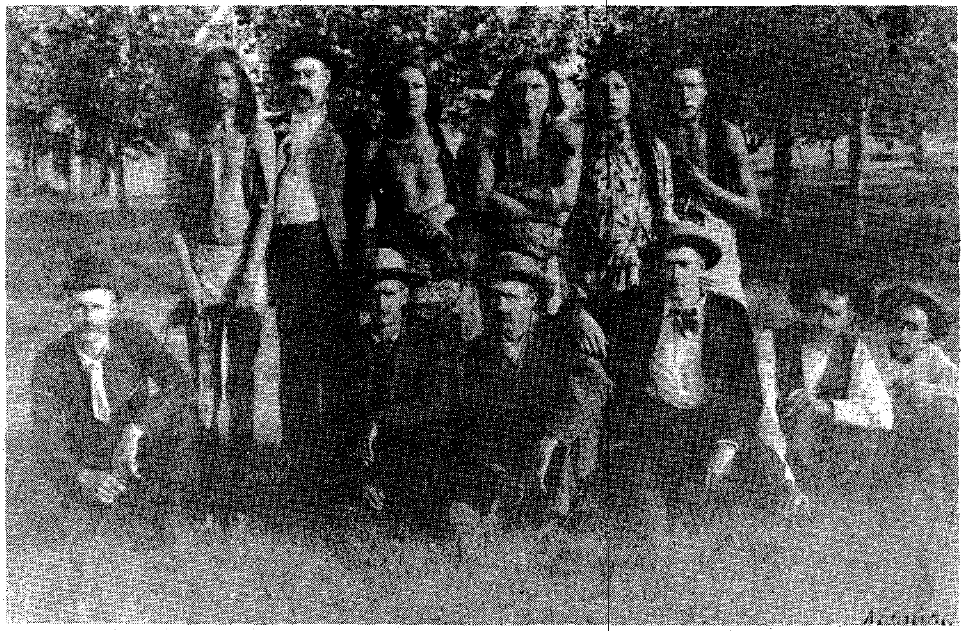
They looked up and saw Ferguson's back silhouetted on the bluff above. One naked, painted brave raised his gun. The bullet struck Ferguson's shoulder. He rose, returned the fire, and toppled into the coulee from another blast of gunfire from the Indians. The Cheyennes stood back, watching Ferguson struggle to his knees and crawl to the base of the cliff. Bleeding and near death, he frantically tried to climb up the sandstone. The Indians shouted obscenities, and fired again. Ferguson fell back in the dirt at their feet.

Two of the Indians went after Ferguson's horse, shot it, and stripped off the

Photos Courtesy Author

Below, Robert Ferguson sat for this photograph in Centralia, Illinois just two years before he came west to southeastern Montana's Rosebud Valley in May 1890.

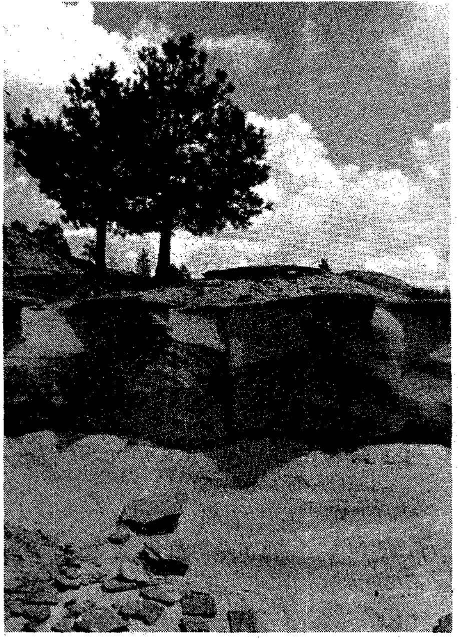
Below, Indians arrested for the murder of Robert Ferguson, and later released for lack of evidence. Standing, left to right, Bull Sheep, Ed J. Jones (Sheriff of Custer County, Montana in 1890), Scalp Cain, White Buffalo, Black Medicine. Front row, O. E. Jackson (ex-Miles City policeman), unidentified, Billy Smith (stock inspector), unidentified, Jack Hawkins and son William.



Among the Rosebud Valley ranchers who rode in search of Ferguson was his brother William (standing), Frank Lowry (also standing), Jim Hutton (sitting on left), and George Gallagher.

saddle and gear. The others dragged Ferguson's body to a narrow end of the coulee. Hurrying, lest other white men were in the area and they'd be caught, the Cheyennes hid the body in a shallow grave. Nearby they buried the saddle, bridle, Ferguson's slicker and the borrowed field glasses. Stealing beef to eat was fair game for reservation-bound Indians in those days of short rations from the government. Being caught with a dead white man's belongings was something to be avoided, what with soldiers a few miles to the north in Fort Keogh at Miles City, Montana, and cavalry even nearer at Fort Custer, a post on the site to become the present town of Hardin.

Below, the sandstone cliff where Robert Ferguson was killed while out looking for stray horses. The plaque set into the cliff was placed there by Robert's nephews, George and Dwight Ferguson.



WHEN Ferguson did not return, no concern was felt at first by those at the Ramsey-Beeman and OD ranches. The young foreman might have ridden to Miles City. But on May 15, William Ferguson began to worry. His brother wouldn't have stayed away this long, not with spring roundup going on.

It was an uneasy group riding the roundup. There'd been talk of Cheyenne trouble at the Indian agency on Upper Rosebud Creek; talk of uprisings by the young braves, and talk of the need to strengthen the force at Fort Custer and of bringing soldiers down from Fort Keogh. With news of Robert's long absence, spring roundup stopped. Armed ranchers, led by William, rode out in a search party.

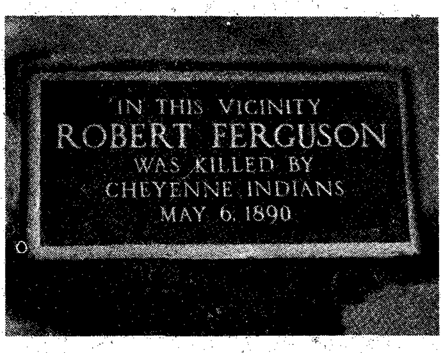
On the morning of May 24, the carcass of Robert's horse was found near the middle fork of Tulloch Creek. Later, the search party topped a sandstone cliff a few rods outside the Cheyenne Indian Reservation. One of the ranchers noticed what appeared to be fingernail scratches at the base of the cliff. Beneath was a mound of freshly dug soil. Buried nearby were the saddle, bridle, slicker and field glasses.

Robert Ferguson was carried home to the Ramsey-Beeman ranch that day with two bullet holes in his back and another in his left wrist. He was buried in the red soil of the Rosebud Valley on the ranch owned by his sister May and her husband, Tuman Fraser. (The ranch now belongs to Hugh Jones of Kirby, Montana.)

Troops from Fort Keogh came to the Cheyenne Reservation. Five braves were arrested: Bull Sheep, Little Eyes, Scalp Cain, White Buffalo and Black Medicine. The Indians were held in jail in Miles City, but in September 1890, a grand jury failed to find evidence enough to indict them and they were released.

The years since Ferguson's murder have made a lot of changes. Descendants of the Cheyennes are now friends and neighbors of Rosebud Valley's white settlers. A frequent visitor to the Ferguson ranch, started in 1893 by Robert's brother, William, is old David Morrison, half Cheyenne, half Sioux. David comes to visit Robert's nephew, Dwight, and show off his woodcarvings. While they talk, David's wife, Annie Teeth, sits in the Morrison car beading moccasins. Dwight's wife, Dorothy, sells them for her.

A close-up of the plaque.



"KEEP ME YOUNG"

By Dorothy Weir and Joe Bigham

REGINALD ARTHUR BRADLEY of Grass Valley, California, remembers how it was in the Indian Wars. He was really there—a member of the U.S. Army near the end of that romanticized and fictionalized era.

Bradley, who celebrated his 102nd birthday on October 25, 1969, is one of only two living veterans of the Indian Wars, according to the Office of Veterans Affairs in Washington, D.C. His memories of riding off in pursuit of Indians are among many recalled by this active and alert centenarian. And memories Bradley should have, because besides his experience as a cavalryman, he emigrated from England to America and worked as a cowboy— all while he was in his early twenties. In later life Bradley became a rancher and forest ranger, but retained three interests which began when he was a young man—a love of painting, a love of girl watching, and a love of whiskey.

Bradley's Indian fighting was fairly tame because most redmen had been banished to reservations by the time he joined the Army on November 23, 1889, at age twenty-two. Still, there were a few incidents to keep the men stationed at Fort Bowie, Arizona, ready for action.

"One morning at eleven o'clock," Bradley recalls, "a man came into the fort to say four white men had been killed by Apaches in a canyon. By two o'clock we were ready to ride."

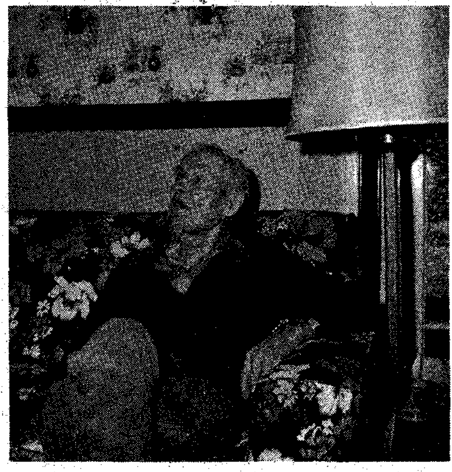
Unfortunately for a romantic version of history, the troops from Fort Bowie searched for the Indian marauders for a week but never caught sight of the Apaches. Bradley recalls that several times they did come across camps where the Indians had stayed.

On other occasions, contingents were sent in search of Indians who had burned farms owned by white men. But—at least, in Bradley's case—the Indians never were found. This lack of hand to hand combat did not keep Bradley from receiving the Indian Wars medal. And his longevity has made him well known at the Office of Veterans Affairs where

(Continued on page 62)

Reginald Arthur Bradley just recently celebrated his 102nd birthday!

Photo Courtesy Author



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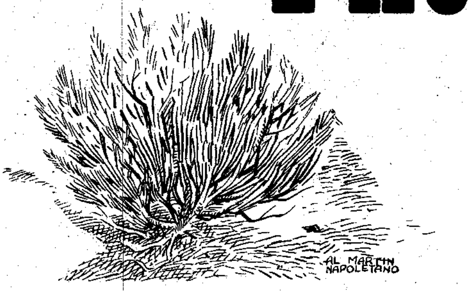
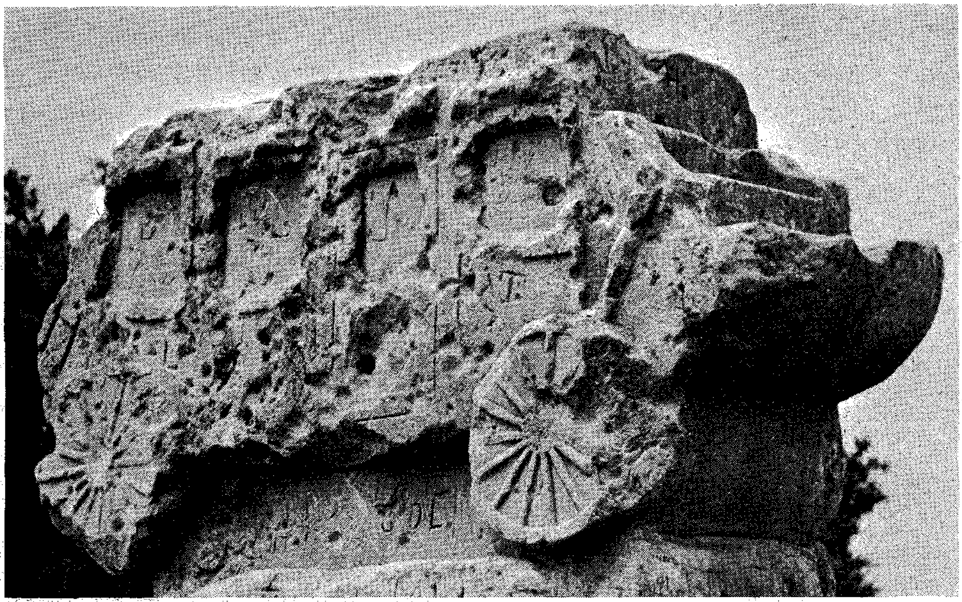
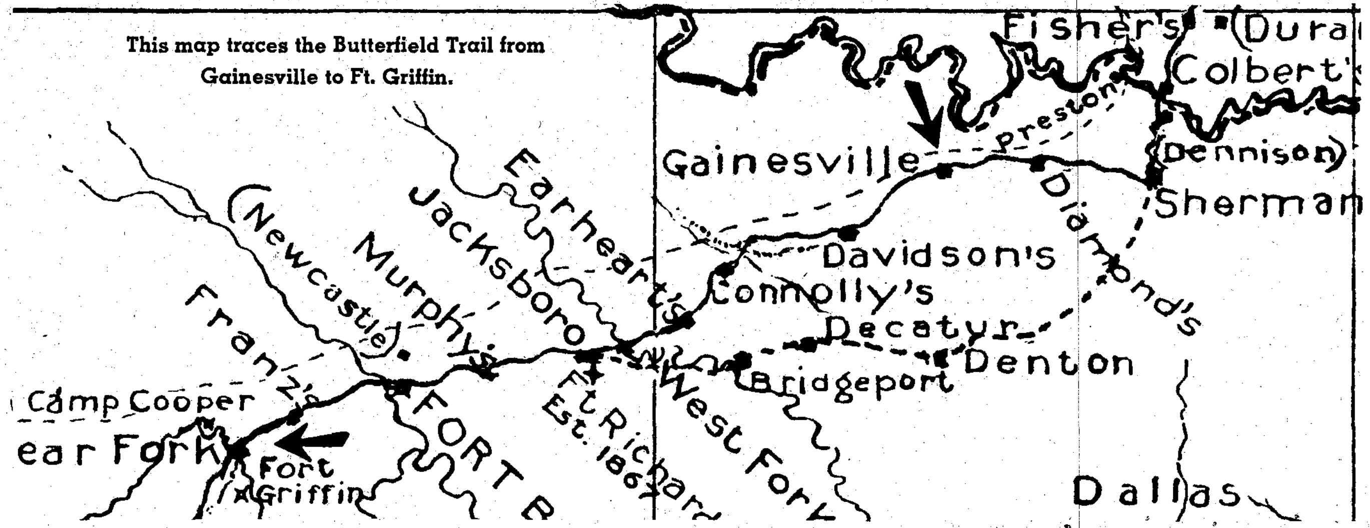

AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

By **RUSSEL JONES**
Photos Courtesy Author



Marker located near Ft. Belknap honoring the Butterfield Trail. Its poor condition is the result of vandalism over the years.



This map traces the Butterfield Trail from Gainesville to Ft. Griffin.

Fisher's
(Dura
Colbert'
Preston
Gainesville
(Dennison)
Sherman
Diamond's
Davidson's
Connolly's
Decatur
Denton
Bridgeport
Earheart's
Jacksboro
Murphy's
(Newcastle)
Franz's
Camp Cooper
ear Fork
Fort Griffin
FORT B
Ft Richard
Est. 1867
West Fork
Dallas

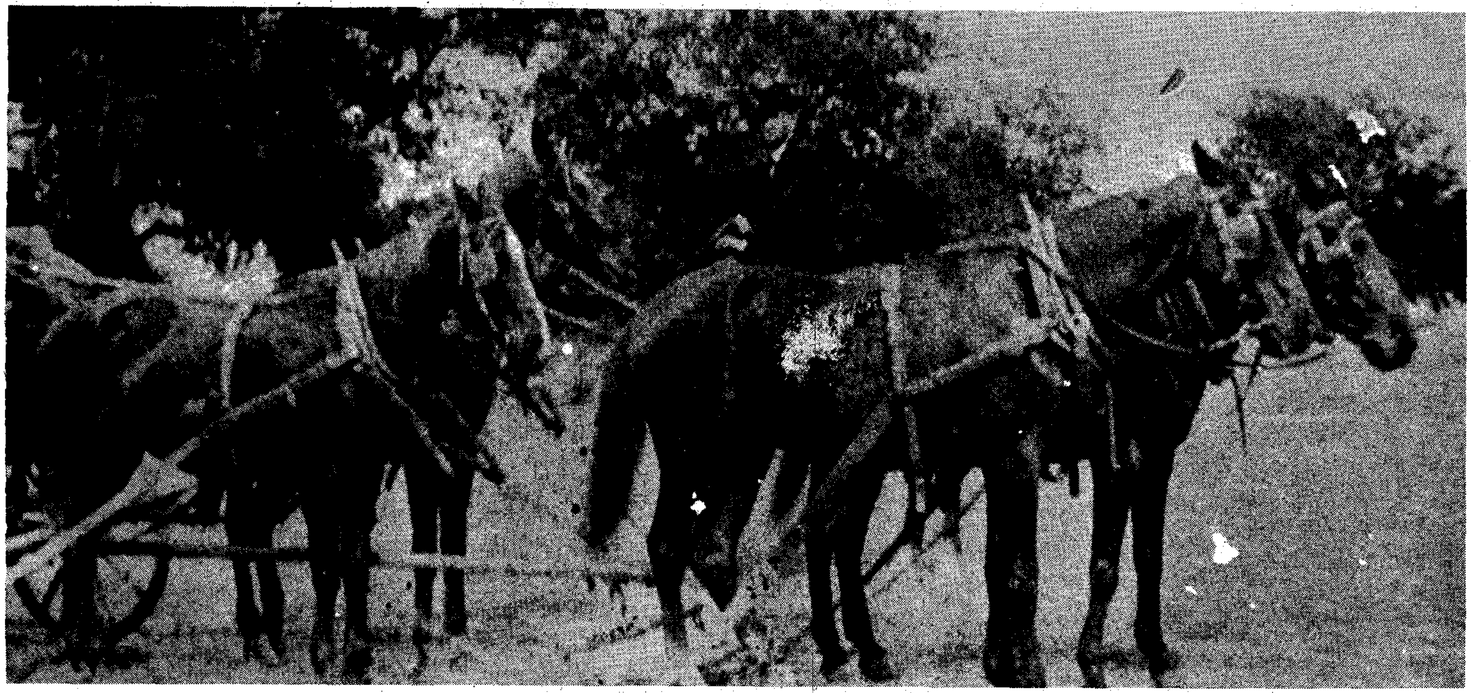
Map from **The Butterfield Overland Mail 1857-1869**, by Roscoe P. and Margaret B. Conkling, Volume iii, copyright 1947 by the Arthur H. Clark Company.

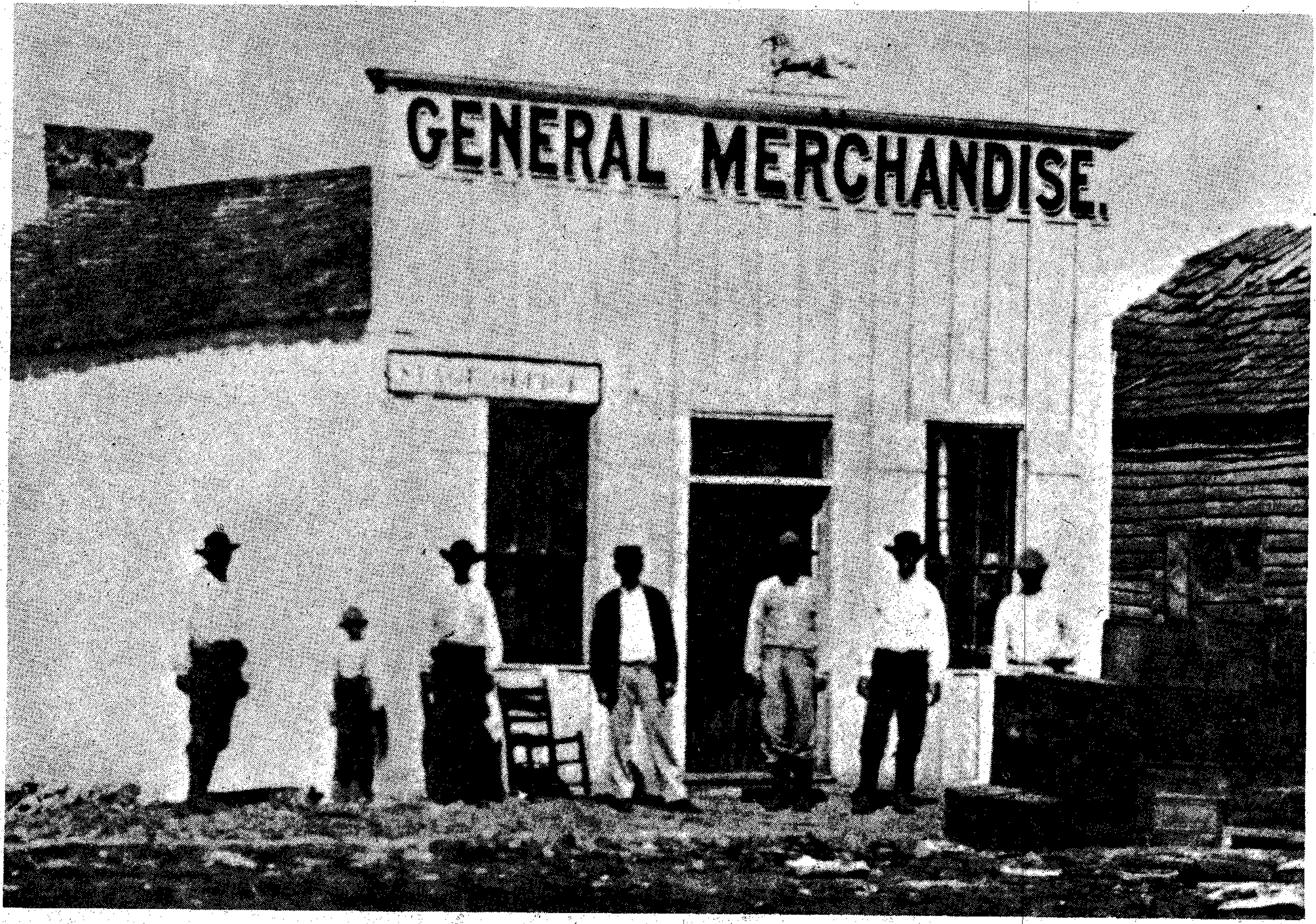
The spring at Earhart's Station on the east edge of Jack County.

BUTTERFIELD TRAIL

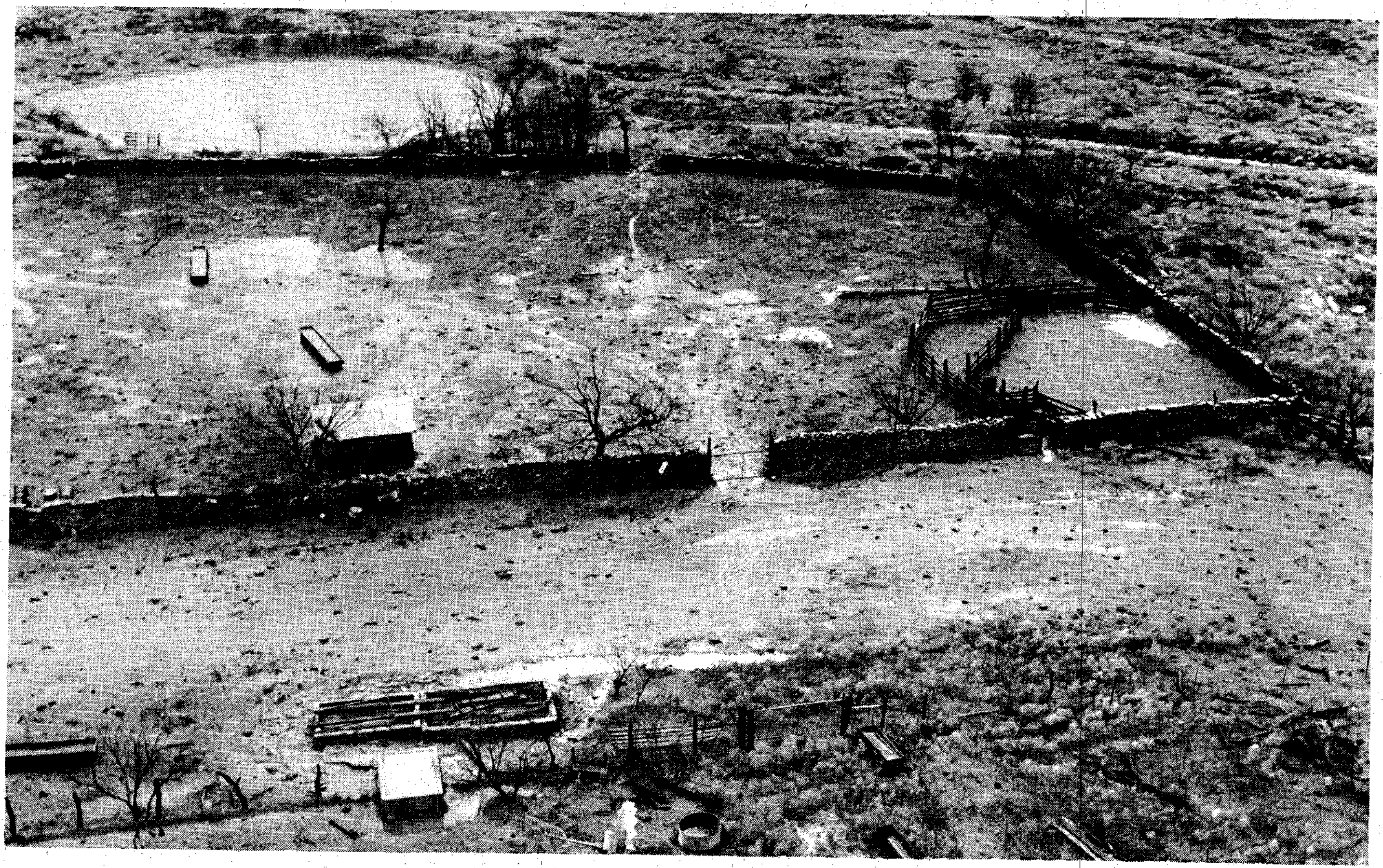
A few remnants in Texas

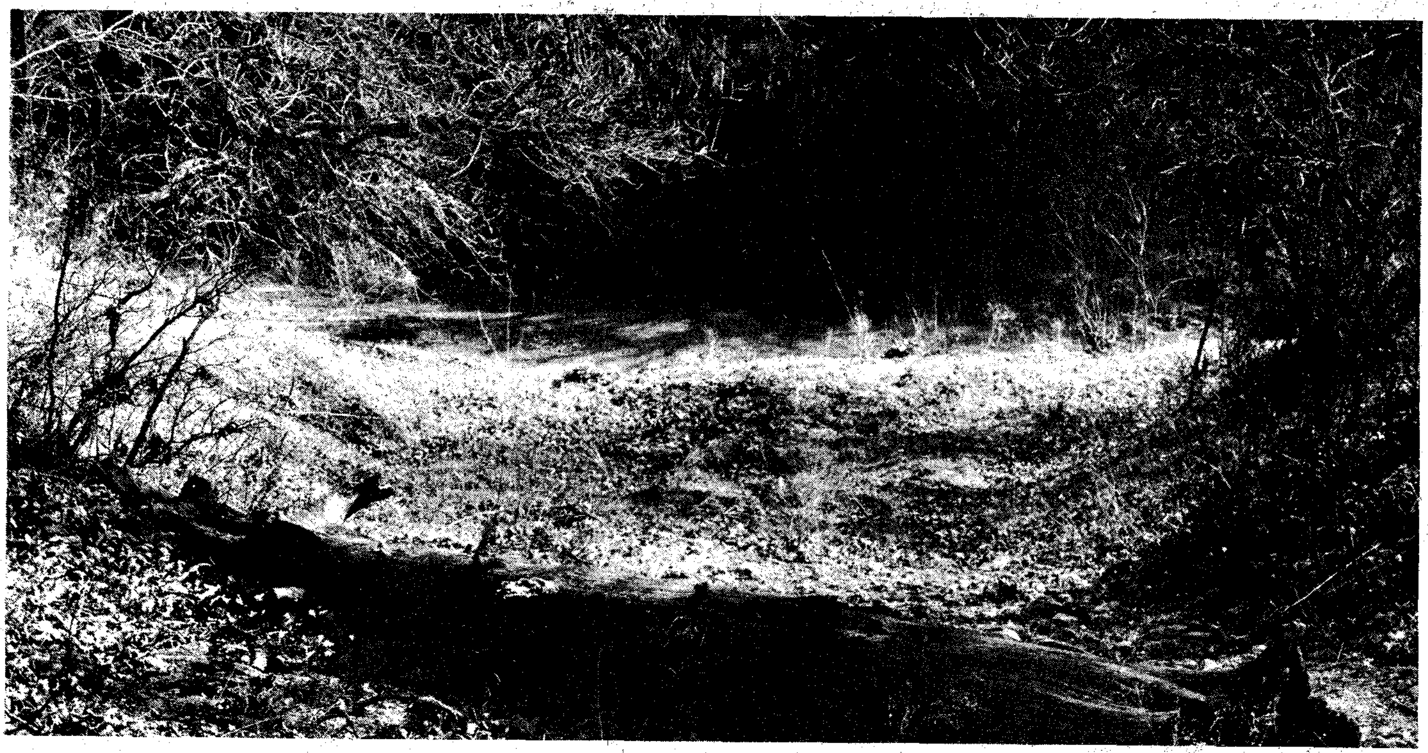
Above, an aerial view of the remains of Earhart's Station today. Below, the old Concord stage leaving Fort Belknap for Jacksboro, back in the 1860s.



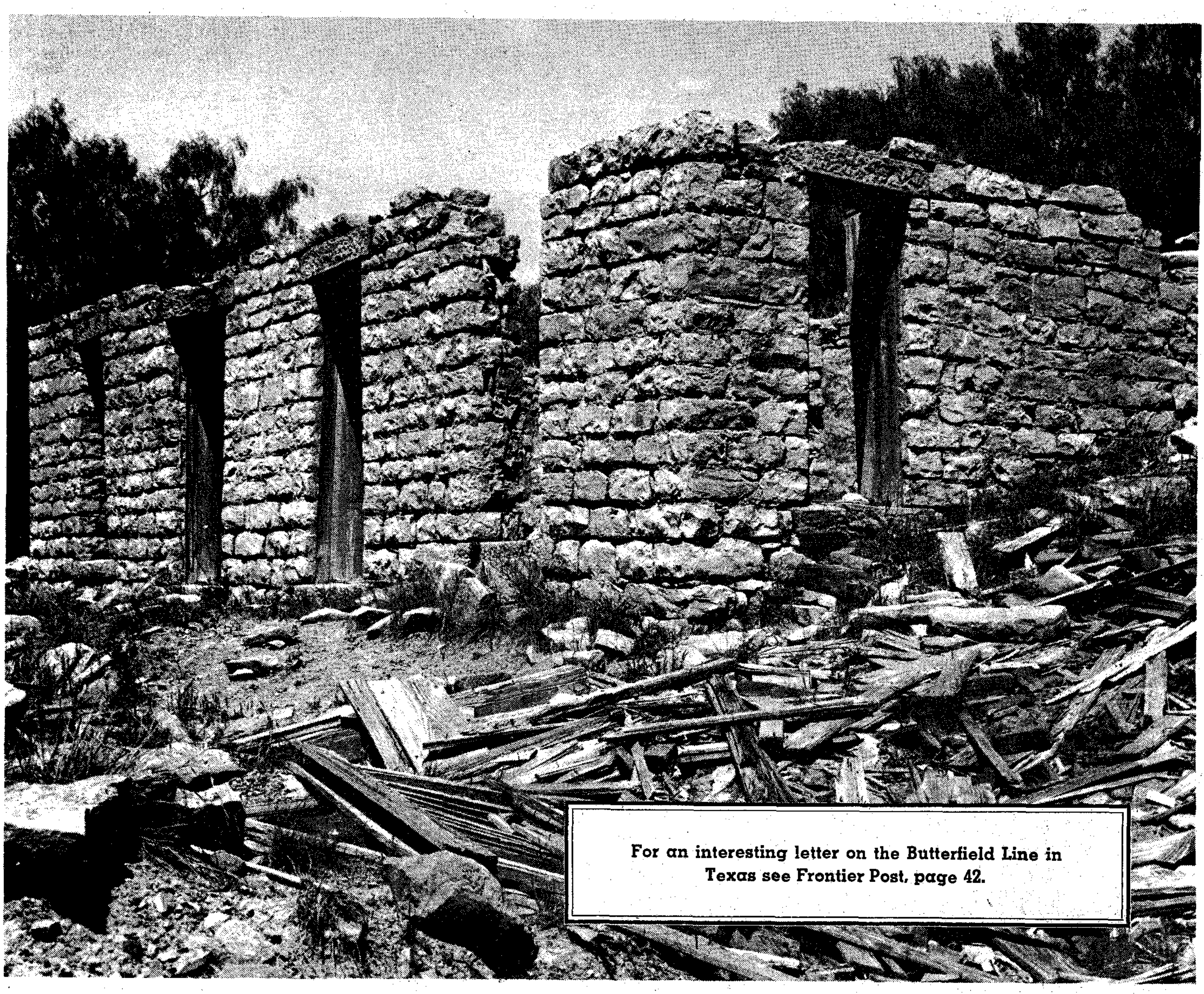

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Above, the stage stop in Jacksboro. Below, an aerial view of Harmon Springs in the west part of Jack County.





Above, the Trinity River crossing in Jack County. Below, the remains of the way-station in Young County.



For an interesting letter on the Butterfield Line in Texas see Frontier Post, page 42.

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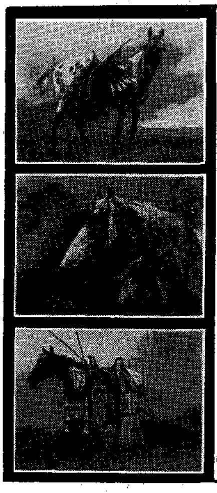

INDIAN PONY NOTES

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Cook's Peak

(Continued from page 15)

The other miners, convinced they had witnessed the direct wrath of God, scrambled out of the shaft, muttering prayers.

This extraordinary event only prompted the German to exhort and bully his workers all the harder. But like a character in nineteenth century fiction, he eventually got his reward. Worth half a million, he returned to Germany, where he lost everything playing the stock market and finally took his own life.

BY 1905, most of the better ore veins had pinched out, and the camp became virtually deserted. Among the few who lingered were Sing Lee, an emaciated old Chinaman, and two occasional gamblers who went by the aliases of Tom Terrible and Chatham Street Jim. When Sing Lee died, justice of the peace McKenna asked the two gamblers if they would bury Sing Lee, for which they would be paid four dollars by the county. Chatham Street Jim and Tom Terrible, stranded in a ghost camp without money, reduced to playing faro with each other for pack-rat bones, jumped at the chance.

Later, when the two came to McKenna for their fee, he asked them where they had planted the old Chinaman, since he knew Cook's Peak to be a barren, rocky place where "for miles there is not earth enough to bury a cat." But the two temporary undertakers were evasive, merely asserting that they had placed Sing Lee's body "out of the sight of man," as stipulated by the county.

Two years later, in Deming, McKenna was approached by bowing representatives of a Chinese burial society which had contracted to ship the bones of Sing Lee back to China. Cook's Peak was now completely abandoned, but McKenna located Chatham Street Jim on a nearby ranch. After a little priming from a whiskey jug, he admitted that Sing Lee's body had been dropped down a mine shaft. Justifying this unorthodox burial, he affirmed that some dirt from the mine dump had been tossed down after the corpse, giving it a decent covering. He also gave the opinion that the angel wings needed to convey Sing Lee to the Celestial Kingdom would have no trouble lifting him out of a ninety-foot shaft.

Sing Lee's countrymen were unimpressed. The bones would have to be exhumed and shipped to China. In due course an obliging rancher was lowered to the bottom of the shaft, where he shoveled bucketloads of bone-rich earth to be winched out. At the top of the shaft, McKenna and Chatham Street Jim dumped the buckets before the Chinamen, who sifted through the dirt for remains. Some coarse, black hair came up, and was solemnly laid aside. Then some small bones, followed by larger bones. The satisfaction of the burial society representatives turned to surprise and then dismay as still larger bones came to the surface.

"Sing Lee vella leetle man," one of them protested, staring in perplexity at the truly monstrous femur before him.

"Maybe lime in the shaft has acted on the bones," McKenna offered. The smooth gambler's face of Chatham Street Jim was singularly mobile.

Up came a large, yellow bone; in the next bucket was a pair of hoofs. One of the Chinamen was beside himself.

"Him no Sing's bones; him debble bones."

The mystery dissolved as a broad, flat skull sprouting horns came up into the sunlight. Chatham Street Jim allowed that the larger bones were that of an ox lost the year before by Old Man Glover. "I know it by the horns."

Separated on the basis of size, the sacred bones of Sing Lee were sorted into one pile, the remains of the ox tossed into another. When Sing Lee's skull emerged from the bucket, it and the stack of smaller bones were placed in a receptacle and the disinterment was finished. The bones of Sing Lee were shipped across the Pacific to be laid in a field or hillside of China.

As refining techniques improved, small-scale mining was revived sporadically on Cook's Peak until 1953, when falling prices caused the camp to be completely abandoned.

Twisting up the gullied wagon road to a town omitted on the maps, one passes a huddle of leaning buildings, a snaggle-toothed windmill—the remains of Graphic, satellite mining camp to Cook's Peak. A few miles beyond, the buildings of Cook's Peak sit quietly—a town so remote as to be almost forgotten.

Motion Pictures Vignettes

(Continued from page 13)

In pictures from 1909, Acord started his career with Fred Balshofer's Bison Company. The company went off to the wilds of Big Bear Lake in California's San Bernardino Mountains to avoid representatives of the Motion Picture Patents Company, the "Film Trust" which threatened independent companies such as Bison. Acord supplemented his acting income by writing stories for the company, for which he received $10.00 each. By 1911 Acord was riding with the Buffalo Bill show, but he soon returned to the movies to star in Charles E. Van Loan's Buck Parvin series for the Mutual Film Corporation.

During these years Art divided his time between the movies and live performances. He rode second at the Pendleton Roundup, and he also rode in the Cheyenne and Salt Lake roundups. He won the bronco riding championship at Klamath Falls in 1912. After the Buck Parvin series, Acord briefly left Westerns to co-star with Theda Bara in William Fox's production of "Cleopatra" in 1918; but in 1919 he returned to the Wild West shows, joining the Dick Stanley Company.

It was also in 1919 that Art Acord started on the road to fame when he joined Carl Laemmle's Universal Pictures. Universal's specialty was action pictures, serials, two-reelers, and short features, and Westerns were the mainstay of their production. The corral of

Universal Western stars reads like a Who's Who of Westerns. In addition to Acord, they had Hoot Gibson, Harry Carey, Pete Morrison, and Jack Hoxie under contract.

IF the Universal Westerns were not distinguished productions, they were certainly consistently well made and popular. Generally slower-paced than the Westerns of other producers, for which they were much criticized at the time, the Universal Westerns were dependent upon the personalities of their stars. Though Hoot Gibson and Harry Carey are the best remembered of the Universal stars today, Acord was every bit as skilled a performer as these two. He was equally at home in action and comedy. An excellent horseman, he was also an accomplished trick and fancy roper.

It is interesting that Acord and Hoot Gibson were rivals off-screen as well as rivals for popularity in the theatres. The reasons for their feud have never been recorded, but they were known to fight at the drop of a hat whenever they saw each other. Cowboy-actor Art Manning remembers that he and a group of cowboys "locked them in a box stall at the old Ascot Speedway in 1922 or '23 and let them fight it out." Mr. Manning discreetly fails to mention which of the two stars emerged the victor in this "battle."

By the late twenties, however, Universal's Westerns were no longer graced with the exploits of these cowboy personalities. Morrison had drifted to lesser parts. Hoot Gibson had left to form his own production company. Hoxie, Carey, and Art Acord all went with other lesser producers.

Mystery again enters the story of Art Acord. The story goes that Acord's voice was unsuitable for the talkies, and it is true that he made no films with sound. However, Acord's associates recall that he had a good voice, and he continued to work until just before his death, his last picture being released in 1930. It must be remembered that there was a brief moratorium on the production of Westerns in the first years of sound, since it was thought to be impossible to record successfully out of doors. The independents, for which Acord made his pictures at this time, had no access to the expensive sound equipment. It is almost certain that, had he lived, Art Acord would have made some talking pictures.

Most accounts of Acord's later years state that his inability to work in the talkies led him to a life of crime, though it seems that the extent of this "crime" were violations of the Volstead Act. Alcohol was the one *fact* of Acord's later life and the official death certificate for Chihuahua State, Republic of Mexico, dated January 6, 1931 reads in part: "I request you to order to be buried the body of the North American who had in life the name of Art Acord; according to the certifying doctor of this city, the death on the fourth of the present month was due to alcohol poisoning. . . .

(signed) Agusto Cesas Dominguez (seal)."

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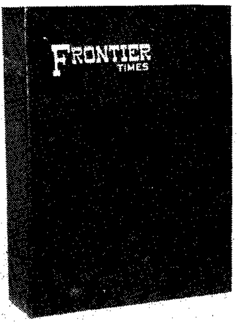

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Perils of Pioneer Hitch-hiking

This is one of the stories told me by my husband, who was born near Big Spring, Texas on January 12, 1897. He moved to Midland at the age of five and later worked on ranches all over this country. As you say, some of the best stories of these times and people, often anything but glamorous, are being lost with the passing of the old-time cowboys.

Most of us think hitch-hiking came with the automobile. Actually, it started long before the car, and even then sometimes resulted in tragedy.

In 1908, a man and his wife started out in a wagon, passing south of Midland. No one remembers where they came from, but somewhere along the way, they picked up a man. The three of them spent the night at the Lee Brandon ranch. In those days, every ranch was considered an oasis for the traveler.

However, they committed an unforgivable sin—they stole Mr. Brandon's saddle. Brandon called Sheriff Bradford at Midland, an ex-cowboy who knew the country. He followed the trail left by the wagon on into Upton County until somewhere near King Mountain he found a new grave. He caught up with them, the woman and the hitch-hiker, near Fort Stockton, and they were returned to Midland. If they'd left Brandon's saddle alone, they might never have been caught. —Mrs. Frank Parr, Box 417, Rankin, Texas 79778

J. J. Ballard

Long-time FRONTIER TIMES readers will be sorry to hear that J. J. Ballard died in Reno, Nevada January 15 on his 98th birthday. A few of his stories which you ran were "When the Law Hit the Strip," "Hazing the Wild Mustangs," and "Lost in the Fog." If he had written an article every day, he couldn't have got around to all of his experiences.

He was the last of the Texas trail drivers. All that came to an end in 1891. He worked on ranches in Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Oklahoma and Montana. The last forty-two years of his life were spent in Nevada where he had extensive holdings in Pershing County, and in Malheur County, Oregon.

Mr. Ballard was born in Missouri in 1872 and moved with his parents to Granbury, Texas when he was eleven. His first trail drive was to Quanah and he never quit trailing north until the railroads completely took over. Although he married a Texas girl he was never back in the state after 1900.

He was trim and tough and independent as long as he lived. Several months before he died he went to live with his son Joaquin in Reno.

He was truly an old-time Westerner and a gentleman in every sense.—John Draper, 8800 Silverwood Court, Austin, Texas 78759

J. J. Ballard

Building Western Towns

Dear Mr. Small:

Your magazines have been a great help to me in putting together my western town display. I started this display as a hobby while recuperating from several operations. Since I knew so little about the authentic West, I had to do some researching, and your magazines have been the biggest source of information. It's no wonder I used one of your stories from FRONTIER TIMES ("Bayhorse Treasure" in May 1968) as the basis for the town I reconstructed. Thank you again.—Ralph E. Machnik, 170 North Pershing Avenue, Mundelein, Illinois 60060

Mr. Machnik's model "town."

Russell's Home Again in Danger

In 1966 you ran an article about Charlie Russell's home being in danger of demolition because it was getting rundown. Lately I have seen a newspaper article stating that the house has become a fire trap and will be razed unless several thousand dollars can be found to repair it.

I felt a tremendous disappointment to read what might happen to Charlie Russell's home in Great Falls. His western paintings, for so many years famous throughout the United States, have become famous throughout the world. He will go down in history among the true and famous *real* painters. So for the lack of a few dollars, they must demolish the home!

Would interested readers please write the City Park Board, Great Falls, Montana as it seems this is the department lacking the funds to preserve the home. —C. E. Pedersen, 8049 Jones Avenue, N. W., Seattle, Washington 98107

We snitched this letter from our TRUE WEST files because it followed right along with the Butterfield Line story on page 36 of this issue. Hope y'all enjoy it!

Butterfield Stage in Texas

Dear Editor:

I read with much interest your October 1968 TRUE WEST regarding the famous Butterfield Stage route in Arizona and I wish to follow it through the Lone Star State.

This overland route ran from San Francisco, California to St. Louis, Missouri. The route was changed slightly from time to time to meet local conditions, especially through this part of the country due to changes of population and creek and river crossings.

One change was made in Cook, Wise and Denton counties, Texas. It first went to Jacksboro to Gainesville, through Alvord and Crafton, later was changed via Denton west to Decatur, Bridgeport and Jacksboro. There are still signs of this trail ten miles northwest of Bridgeport near Crafton; also the faint remains of the old station foundation stones are there.

Please note that the caption of this article refers to Jacksboro which it was called just after being changed from Mesquiteville. Mesquiteville was organized in 1856 or 1857 and was changed to Jacksboro October 22, 1889.

Following is an outline of the route which tells also the source of this information.

The equipment required 100 stage coaches, 1,000 horses, 500 mules, 150 drivers and 500 employees. It was estimated that Butterfield's outlay was near $1,000,000. Mr. Butterfield's loss the first year was $572,770.

The information given was taken from the report of G. Bailey, special agent for the Post Office Department who accompanied the first mail from San Fran-

(Continued on page 69)

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The Barker Spread

(Continued from page 31)

bear loss we ever had was in 1913. A big, lone grizzly killed fifteen head of our cattle, including a Hereford bull, on Beaver Creek in a period of two weeks.

Mountain lions rarely killed cattle—once in a while a calf or yearling—but they considered sheep, horses and especially colts fair game. A neighbor, Frank Blake, attempted to summer a hundred head of sheep on Beaver Creek and a lioness with two kittens got in the sheep corral one night and killed twenty head. He abandoned the project.

When I was fourteen a country merchant, J. Y. Lujan, six miles down Sapello Canyon from the ranch, paid me $5.00 to take two mules to Lone Tree Mesa to pasture for the summer. They were huge Army mules he had bought when Fort Union was abandoned. A week later while riding after our cattle, I found that a lion had killed one of the mules and had been eating on it. The carcass was too heavy to drag to cover but the lion had made a show of covering it by raking grass and dirt up against it.

Ten days later he killed the other mule nearby out in the open and followed the same procedure as with the first one. After finding it I rode to the edge of the mesa overlooking an open cove in the middle of which, a hundred yards below, was a truck-sized rock. There on the rock the big lion was lying sunning himself. I had only my .22 single shot rifle, but I got off to take a shot at him anyway. The lion saw me and bounded for cover like a scared house cat, his long, black-tipped tail carried high and waving.

My brother, Charlie, had a good stout saddle horse named John. He was smart, and to avoid work he would wander off and hide out so we would miss him when we wrangled the other horses. One day after that happened we heard him whinnying as he came bolting down the brushy hillside to the corral like the devil was after him.

We went to see what was wrong and found that a lion had left his four claw marks on each side of his back from withers to hips, and a piece of flesh the size of one's hand was hanging loose from his ham where the lion had bit him. John had been lucky and bucked the lion off. He had learned his lesson and never again strayed from the other horses.

After finishing high school in Las Vegas in 1905, I spent a year at the ranch working at whatever there was to do which was always plenty. I hunted and trapped and got started guiding and packing parties on hunting and fishing trips into the high country which is now known as the Pecos Wilderness Area. It was at this point that my brother-in-law talked me into going into the photographic business with him.

WHILE I had been gone my mother had passed away and I was needed at the ranch more than ever. During the winter of 1907-08 Pa and I batched and I worked at the sawmill, logging and looking after the cattle. But I found time to do some hunting for deer, mountain lions and trapping for coyotes and bobcats—and I had a humiliating experience with three novice lion hunters from out of state.

When we mounted our horses at sunup to start out, my dependable mongrel lion dogs were excited, romping around, barking and making a lot of fuss, for they loved to hunt. One hunter said, "Barker, we'll never find a lion with those dogs making all that racket. Leave them home."

I said, "We just can't hunt lions without dogs. They strike a track, follow it and eventually tree the lion for us."

"No, they'll just scare them away," he insisted, and refused to go with us. "You tell me where there is a good place to hunt," he said. "I'll go there and you folks go somewhere else."

"All right," I said, "but you will never get a lion that way."

I directed him to a ridge leading to rugged Hermit's Peak where I had often found lion sign. He went there and we went our way. We rode far and wide and hunted hard all day without even finding a track. Shortly after we got back at dusk, here came the dogless hunter with a lion skin draped across the back of his saddle.

"Where in hell did you get that?" I asked, astounded no end.

"I went where you told me," he said, "and at noon climbed up on a house-size boulder in a patch of scrubby aspens and ate my lunch. Then I stretched out in the sun and went to sleep. When I woke up half an hour later I stood up and looked around trying to decide where to go next. On another boulder like mine a hundred yards away I saw a lion lying there asleep. So I just up and shot him. It's easy without dogs."

What could I say? Now sixty-two years later, having hunted lions off and on all my life and having taken a hundred twenty-five of them, I have seen only two without use of dogs. His was a one in ten thousand chance, I'd say.

I'd been unable to see any way to get a college education, so at twenty-one it was high time I decided what I wanted to do and get with it. The U.S. Forest Service was in its infancy and after careful consideration and conferences with some Forest Rangers, I decided it would be a good field of endeavor for which I might qualify. A college degree was not required then as it is now.

When a Civil Service examination for the position of Forest Ranger was held in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on April 23 and 24, 1908, I rode two days across the mountains and, along with about twenty others, took the test. It was a one-day written exam on a variety of questions and a one-day field test on compass surveying, timber cruising, log scaling, riding, packing a horse with camp outfit and fire fighting tools, and so on. I knew I'd have to wait till November to learn whether or not I had passed, so I stayed at the ranch and continued my activities as a professional guide and hunter.

When bear come out of hibernation in the spring their fur is prime and stays so for a while and that is a good time to hunt them successfully. Then again in the fall when they have fattened up preparatory for hibernation the fur gets good and they may be successfully still-hunted in areas where they are feeding on berries, acorns or piñon nuts. When they are real fat in the fall is the best time to hunt them with dogs for they can't run far like they do when thin. Midsummer from every angle is a bad time to hunt bear and we left them alone then except when they got to killing livestock.

THAT SUMMER I packed several parties into what is now the Pecos Wilderness Area to camp, fish and take scenic side trips. One party of eight men, mostly doctors from St. Louis, Missouri, I remember well. They were nice guys with plenty of money, but hard to control. It was early August and grouse were just not big enough yet to be fair game, but they insisted on killing them anyway. They caught and kept a lot more fish than we could eat and that was against the rules my mother had instilled in me.

One man wanted to kill a doe in summer red coat, probably suckling fawns, and I almost had to use force to prevent his doing so. I laid down the law to them that evening that no deer were to be killed in summer, and they agreed. Imagine my amazement and chagrin the next evening when that same fellow came into camp toting the hind quarters and loins of a two-months-old calf he had killed for camp meat! I made him take me back the next morning to where he had killed it to find the mother. She was there and by her brand I found out whom she belonged to. I made him give me forty dollars, which was four times what the calf was worth then, which I later paid the owner for it. Right or wrong we couldn't waste that fine veal.

The day to go home came but they had had such a good time they decided to stay one more day. That was all right with me for it meant more money in my pocket. Then about one o'clock they changed their minds and wanted to go in. They took down the tents while I wrangled the horses. It was twelve miles on a steep, rugged trail over the high range to the ranch. To keep them from being caught on that bad trail after dark I decided to send them on ahead and I'd bring the camp stuff later. Horses were quickly saddled and I got them started. They were doubtful about finding the trail, but I assured them the horses would follow it straight home, and they made it by sundown.

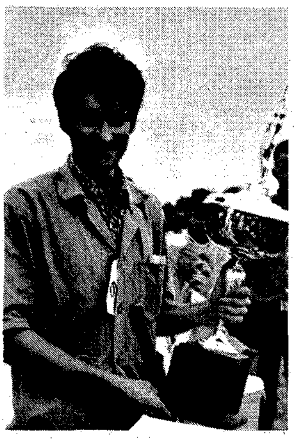
It was two o'clock when I got started collecting the duffel, bedrolls and elaborate camp equipment they had insisted upon bringing. Then I was delayed by a hard rain, and it was dark before I got the five horses and two burros packed. I led one horse and strung the others out with lead ropes tied to the tail of the horse ahead, making a string of five to lead. The burros would follow. I had fun getting over the range in the pitch dark, but by midnight I made it.

That was by far the best paying party I ever took care of, and they had more duffel and equipment and fancy food than I had ever seen. Also they were undoubtedly the most reckless and hard to keep in bounds. It seems that when they got out in the wild they discarded all restraint and thought the world was theirs to do with as they pleased. We still have folks like that today.

In early November 1908, a Dr. Graham, Jay Hilliard and Walter Walker, all of Indiana, employed me to pack them in on a deer hunt. We went horseback with three pack burros to the head of Bear Creek eight miles from the ranch. There was snow on the ground and it was very cold at the elevation there of 11,500 feet, but the big bucks ranged high.

We pitched camp by a spring in a sunny park, and then discovered a sorry camp in the timber nearby. It turned out to belong to an old, gray-bearded, hermit-like prospector named Coleman. He was not dressed for winter—overalls, cotton shirt and jacket and a ragged overcoat—but he did have good overshoes. His shelter was a spruce brush lean-to, his bed an old tarp and three sheep skins. Kitchen equipment was a water can, skillet, coffeepot, cup, tin plate, big spoon, fork and butcher knife—a pitiful outfit.

When he came in from his diggin's he came straight to our fire where I was getting supper. He looked hungry and we asked him to eat with us even though he was as grimy as a human can get. I'd brought along a pot of chili and beans and prepared plenty of other food, too, and it was fortunate I did for he ate ravenously. He said that he had been



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living on venison and coffee for a week.

"I stayed on," he said, "because I'm just about to hit it rich down there." He pointed into the head of Bear Creek.

Coleman became a regular boarder and our food supply dwindled. I offered him a blanket from my bedroll but he refused. How he kept from freezing is a mystery, and why any human would choose such a life is imponderable, yet he was voluble and happy.

One night Walter became worried that the elevation was too much for him, and so decided to give up hunting. "I'll tend camp," he said, "and I'll enjoy looking over these wonderful mountains as much as I would getting a buck."

Sleeping bags were the lace-up type —before zippers. Hilliard ate more chili and beans than was good for him. Suddenly in the middle of the night he had to get up right quick. His sleeping bag was laced up tight and the laces tied. He pulled the strings wrong and got a hard knot that he couldn't get loose in the dark. He called for help and Doc Graham and I crawled out of bed and tried to help *him* get out, but we were not in time. You can well imagine the mess he was in. Oh my, Oh my!

Come morning Doc and I were the only ones fit to go hunting. We very soon found the tracks of a very large mule deer buck leading into the forest. We followed it carefully. It was the most accommodating buck I ever saw. He soon stopped and we could see his antlers but he presented only his rear end as a target. I told Doc he could break the pelvis bone and get him down, but he wouldn't shoot, and the buck went on out of sight.

To my surprise in a hundred yards we caught up again, and again only his white rump could be seen. Despite my urging, Doc wouldn't shoot. The buck trotted on and I was sure we'd lose him. As a guide I liked to get my hunter a shot, but I didn't like to have him pass up a sure shot at an exceptional trophy buck. We'd been within forty yards. I warned Doc that he'd never get another chance like that. But he did. Entirely out of character the huge buck stopped again, headed away, and let us get close Again I said, "Shoot!" Doc reluctantly brought him down with his .30-06 Winchester and I rushed up and finished him off with my six-shooter.

I congratulated the doctor for taking as fine a trophy as anyone could ask for. "The only thing wrong is that it was too damned easy," he said.

Hilliard was feeling all right when we got back to camp and had his gear washed and hanging on limbs to dry. Walter had lunch ready and after we ate, I took Hilliard out hunting. We right away found an eight point buck and Hilliard downed him with one shot. That being his very first hunting trip, he was delighted. The hunt was over with the least effort and fewest shots of any hunt where game was bagged that I had ever been on. After packing the bucks to camp the next day, we skinned and quartered them, and packed out the next.

We agreed to leave all the left over grub for Coleman. When we gave it to him he said, "No, I won't take it unless you let me pay you for it."

"Pay with what?" I asked.

"I'm about to strike it rich and when I do I'll pay you double," he said. With that understanding we took off. Optimism and a bit of pride!

When we arrived at the ranch there was a letter from the U. S. Civil Service Commission telling me that I had passed the Ranger examination with a grade of 86.4 to put me well up on the list. In a couple of weeks I had offers of an Assistant Forest Ranger job, the starting classification, from three different supervisors. I chose the Jemez National Forest. Thus ended my ranch work and guiding for a while, but a lot of hunting and fishing continued to be a part of my life.

The Border Jumpers

(Continued from page 17)

tom apparently had appeared at the York house earlier that day, asking for something to eat and a place to sleep. To turn down such a request was unheard of in that hospitable age, and the stranger was warmly welcomed. Some believed afterward that he was a spy of the vigilantes, leaving the door unlocked that they might burst in on the constables. This seems to be the only reference to such a character.

Newspaper editorials lashed the provincial government for laxity in protesting the outrage, but officials were on the job. Detectives had been sent into Washington Territory to learn the identities of the culprits. The undercover agents found that the mob was formed of Hogg's Prairie, Nooksack and Lynden settlers. One foul old man proudly boasted to all that his sons had been the leaders.

None was more upset by the lynching than members of Louie Sam's tribe. To an Indian, who had been taught more than once that he would pay dearly for killing a white, justice and vengeance were one and the same. Said *The Colonist*, "They feel, as every right-minded white person must feel, that an outrage upon the laws, and through them the people, has been committed. Their blood is up, and a revengeful blood it is when aroused and they are determined to effect a retaliation as fearful as the wrong that has been inflicted. Revenge, whatever purists may say to the contrary, is sweet to all; but to none more so than the Indian with whom it forms a part of his religion."

The tribal war council met and made a decision—they would cross the border en masse and lynch the first white man they encountered! Word of this chilling development swept the Northwest overnight. Canadian and American authorities met in emergency sessions to discuss the new emergency. But it remained to one determined man, local Indian agent Patrick McTiernan, to handle the crisis.

As armed warriors poured onto the Sumas reserve from every direction, the courageous agent demanded an audience with the chiefs. Somehow he convinced them that justice would prevail, that the white queen's law would see the murderers caught and punished. The chiefs also gave McTiernan an assurance that if the lynchers were not apprehended soon the Sumas would storm the Washington border.

The Colonist reminded the governments of both countries that "acts of violence, if allowed to pass unnoticed, but encourage their repetition; and the pressing need to suppress the vendetta that it seems is being inaugurated, is the first desideratum. How this will be done remains to be seen, but whatever action is taken, it is very certain that, to be effectual, promptness will have to be its chief characteristic."

THEN—anticlimax. Tempers cooled and the incident simply faded into history. Nothing came of the Indian threat; the American murderers were never punished.

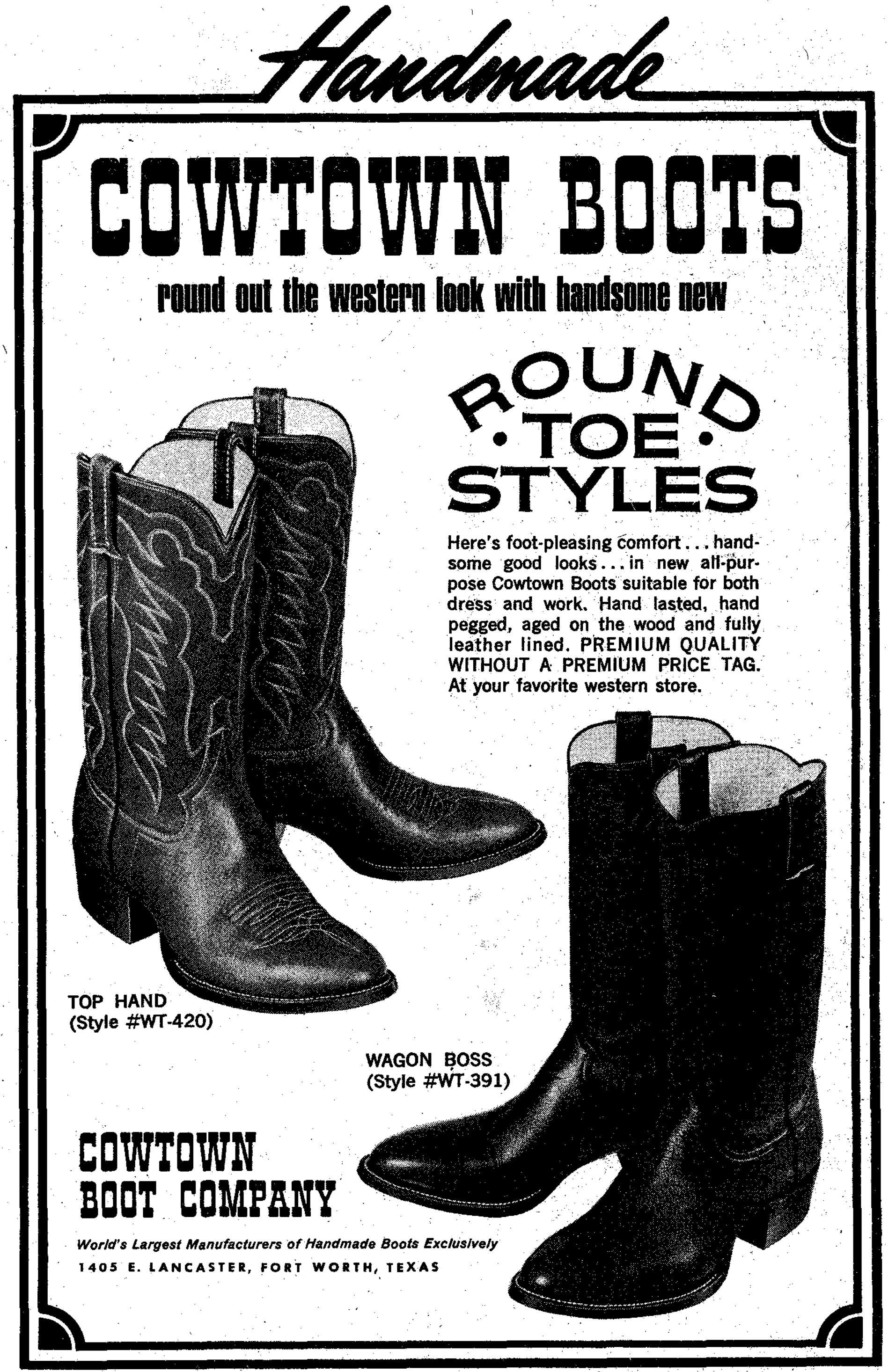
At least one historian regarded the lynching as the culmination of years of fear. Apparently, Washington settlers were forever apprehensive of attack by British Columbia Indians. To remove the threat, the more violent American element approved a war of extermination on B. C. soil. Perhaps poor Louie Sam's lynching was a calculated attempt on their part to force the whites and natives into open hostilities.

Ironically, during the three weeks of international turmoil, one important factor seems to have been overlooked by many. This was the question of Louie Sam's guilt. It would be bitter irony if the lynchers had risked international repercussions to hang an innocent man. Sadly, like so many details of "one of the grossest outrages ever perpetrated in the province," this intriguing question will remain forever unanswered.

According to one report, the only evidence against Sam was the fact he had "been seen on the road about a mile from Bell's farm and store"! Another report states "the boots worn by the Indian when captured exactly corresponded with the boot marks around Mr. Bell's house and that on him were found a knife and other articles which were recognized as having been in the store previous to the murder."

The Sumas tribe had another theory. It was an American telegraph linesman, they maintained, who did in Mr. Bell. The repairman had been observed galloping from the murder scene. More important, they said, was the fact that horseshoe prints surrounded the store—the linesman "was the only man who rode a shod horse in the vicinity." Both whites and natives testified that Bell had not been popular with either race.

Years later, one-time Constable Thomas Fraser York had become customs and immigration officer at Huntingdon, near where he had faced the lynch mob that black night in 1884. While clearing a lot for his new office, he uncovered a rusted gun barrel. By incredible coincidence, the old weapon turned out to be none other than that of Louie Sam. In the early 1940s, Mrs. York gave the corroded barrel to the Vancouver City Archives. Also donated to the archives were the handcuffs Louie Sam wore to his death, kept sixty years by another pioneer family.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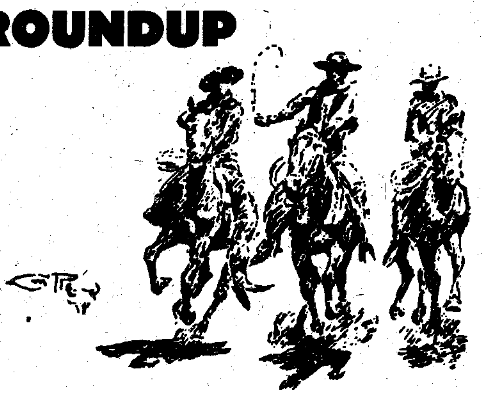

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STERLING—COWMAN AND RANGER

Trails and Trials of a Texas Ranger (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.50) is by William Warren (Bill) Sterling who served at all levels of the organization—ranger to adjutant-general. The book was privately printed in 1959, shortly before Sterling's death, and copies of the first printing have become increasingly hard to find and more expensive in recent years. This is a big book of over 500 pages, and those pages devoted to the personal experiences of Bill Sterling as cowman and ranger are highly entertaining and quite informative. However, to this reviewer the chapters devoted to the exploits of a number of other rangers and prominent Texans could have been eliminated—they do not deal with the subject at hand—one Bill Sterling. The book is illustrated with drawings by Bob Schoenke and with a number of good photos. There is a brief bibliography plus an index. Despite a certain amount of "padding" this is a definite contribution to lower border and ranger history and it is good to have it back in print.

DESERT CHARMS

A Light Hearted Look at the Desert (The University of Arizona Press, $1.95) by Chuck Waggin is a charming mixture of ecological information, cartoon animal illustrations, and clever verse. It is a blend of natural resource information that is refreshing at a time when the environmental crisis is ever presented in a constant cloud of gloom. Many desert plants and animals are briefly but informatively described, including their relationship to each other. This humorous but accurate approach to natural history might well serve to stimulate more interest for natural surroundings than the usual ponderous fare. About the coyote, Waggin says, "He preys on weak and diseased creatures; he is a scavenger and carrion eater; and he is an important check on rabbits and rodents:

"Gee, we wish you'd stop that yapping!
Don't you know that we are napping
His howl is famous in the West,
But prairie dogs think he's a pest."

Excellent.

INDIAN BELIEFS

Indians Masks & Myths of the West (Funk & Wagnalls, $10.00) by Joseph H. Wherry is a timely thoughtful book on western Indian religious beliefs and customs handed down through the ages by word of mouth from medicine men, chiefs and other leaders influential in perpetuating tribal traditions. Caucasian pioneers were so obsessed with the business of subjugating natives and forcing their religious and cultural beliefs on them they never realized that Indians had their own religious beliefs that often somewhat paralleled that which whites were trying to push upon them. The Navajo concept of creation is not too far afield from the Book of Genesis. A West Coast tribe has a legend that closely resembles the story of Samson and a belief that the world was once submerged in a great flood is common among some groups. A novel feature is the exhibit of numerous masks used by Indians to symbolize many of their supernatural beings, leading characters in religious ceremonies. These ingenious masks compose a singular contribution to the folk art of western North America.

GRAND CANYON PLUS

"The whole river is literally here, as I think it has been in no single book heretofore, not to make propaganda for a specific conservationist or resource-development position, but to illustrate the complexity—and I insist it is a human complexity—of a great river." So writes Wallace Stegner in the foreword to *The Grand Colorado, The Story of a River and its Canyons* (American West Publishing Co., $15.00) by T. H. Watkins and other distinguished contributors. This book covers all facets of the Colorado in relation to the men who have lived, loved, fought, painted and photographed its beauty, challenges and problems. From the original canyon dwellers who made their homes in the walls and cliffs along the great river, to the modern industrialists and conservationists vying for power over portions of the river, the story is told with detail and feeling. Over 200 photos, many in color, maps, an appendix of geologic history, and an index add to the text. The chapter entitled "Images of the Colorado: V, The Accessible Wilderness" presents a series of short statements from writers of the Colorado together with magnificent photos in full color. Daniel B. Luten said in this chapter, "So long as Americans continue to value both the useful and beautiful qualities of the landscape, so long as they cherish both fields and wilderness, so long as they are beset by both nostalgia and wanderlust, for so long will the problems of conflicting demands arise." The problems of conflicting demands for the Colorado and its lands, and for all America will be with us a long time. *The Grand Colorado* helps us to understand why conflicting demands are real, honest, and must somehow be solved to permit use of the land and waters for both present and future "useful and beautiful qualities."

COWBOY LIFE

How the cowhand worked and played comes realistically to life in forty-three convincing sketches, oils and bronzes in *The Life of a Cowboy* (University of Arizona Press, $15.00) by George Phippen. The book is a fitting memorial to amiable George Phippen in his role as a cowboy artist. His wife, Louise Phippen, selected the illustrations and wrote the brief introductory statement. George presented the life of the working cowhand beginning with the comical antics of bright-eyed buttons who practiced roping chickens and the milk-pen calves. It also includes cattle roundups, bronc breaking, trail driving, rodeo competition, riding bog and rescuing baby calves in snowstorms. He portrayed the twentieth century cowpuncher with his Hereford cattle, muscular Quarterhorses, rat-tailed Appaloosas and showy buckskin and pintos, and swell-fork saddles. The underlying comedy will appeal to both young and old.

PASS OF THE NORTH

The El Paso Writers League should be complimented for its pleasant volume of prose and poetry called *Southwestern Mosaics* (Boots & Saddle Press, $5.95) edited by Jo Gwyn Baldwin. Founded in 1935, the members write about their surroundings along both sides of the Mexican border and emphasize the historical past flavored with tales of Indians, Spaniards and Anglos. Authors have written about pioneers, ghost towns, badmen, climate, livestock operators and lawmen. A few old-timers present some little-known tattle about Pancho Villa and his border raiders. This hard cover first edition consists of 1,000 copies.

FORT SILL CENTENNIAL

Carbine & Lance—the Story of Old Fort Sill (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.50) by Colonel W. S. Nye has been a popular self-seller since first printed in 1937. Reprinted several times and updated three times, it is again available in a revised centennial edition. Established in 1869, Fort Sill has been in continuous active use serving first as an operating base for troops engaged in controlling fierce Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors. Presently a U.S. Army Field Artillery Center, it served as a training post for thousands of soldiers during World Wars I and II. Famous Comanche Chief Quanah Parker once had a ranch adjacent to Fort Sill; and Geronimo, chief of the renegade Apaches, spent his last years at the fort as a ward of the U. S. Government. This is a basic book in southern Great Plains military activities that will have continued interest for buyers as long as there are readers with a love of western history.

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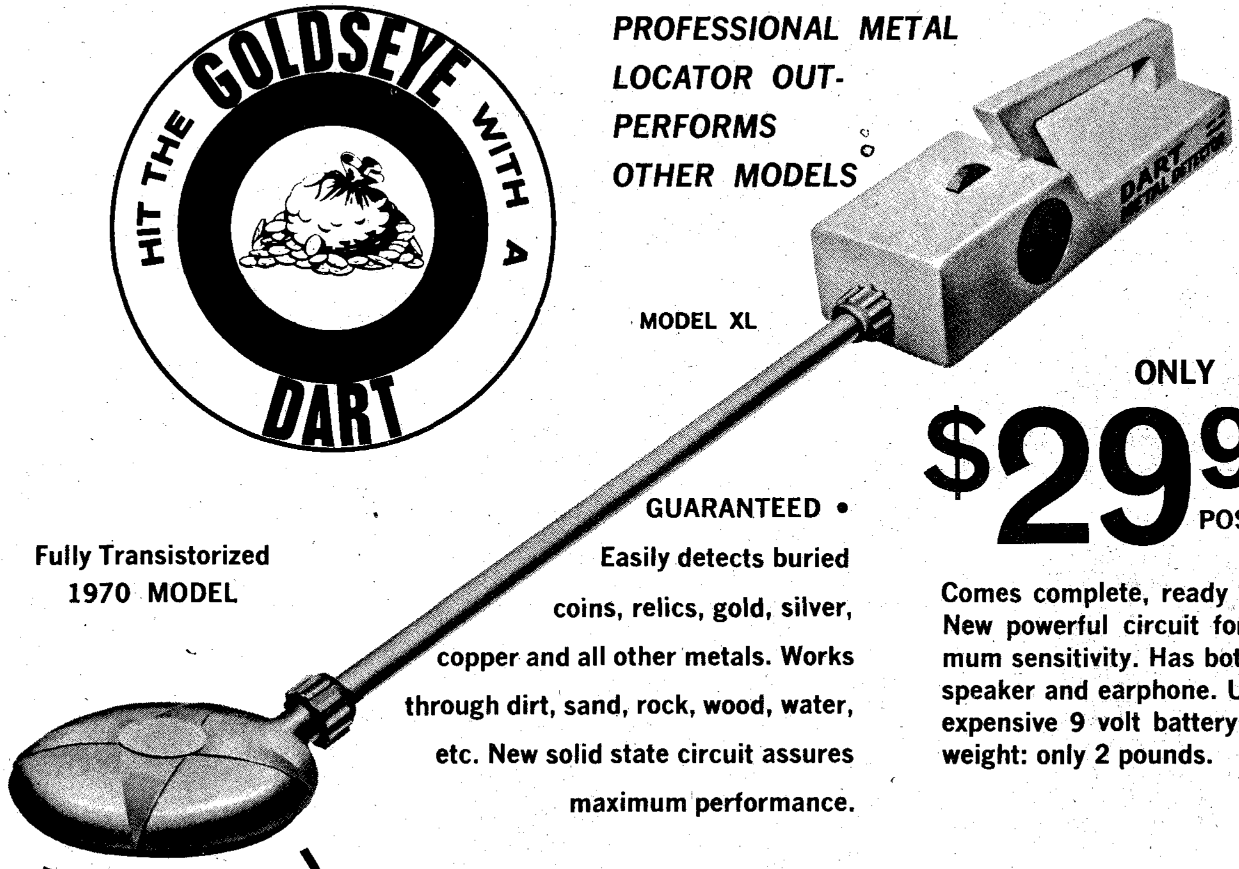

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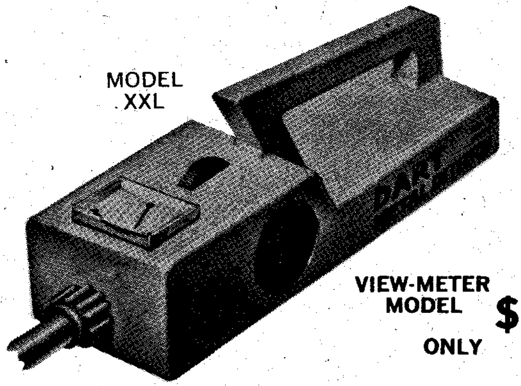

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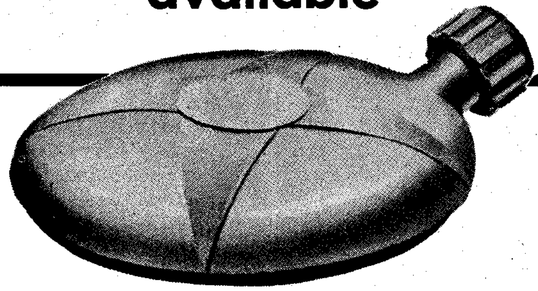

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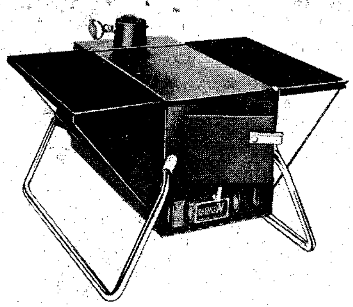

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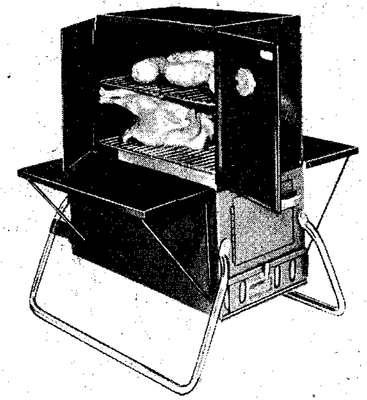

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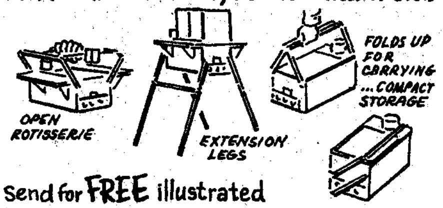
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Baptiste Charbonneau

(Continued from page 12)

in science, literature, and philosophy. Resigning his commission he studied botany and zoology under prominent teachers in Germany before visiting the Far West, which held a powerful sway over him. He returned to the United States in 1829 and again journeyed from St. Louis up the Missouri River to the Mandan villages. The American government was suspicious of the royal visitor's true motives in visiting this country, suspecting him of a design to found a German colony in North America, "or of seeking to develop an extensive foreign fur-trade by establishing new companies in the fur territory," Dr. Hebard explains in her book *Sacajawea, a Guide and Interpreter of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.*

Despite his five trips to the frontier West "neither of these purposes," she continues, ". . . was in any way revealed by the prince's activities."

The prince once declared that his heart never ceased to "hunger for the vast silent places and the simple life among free unaffected children of nature." Presumably enjoyment of the frontier rather than its exploitation motivated the nobleman's repeated journeys. So, too, it is likely he sensed a kindred spirit in Baptiste and the latter's nomadic way of life because they shared a mutual fondness for the outdoors.

With Governor Clark's consent Prince Paul and the half-Indian youth began their voyage to Europe on November 3, 1823, by sailing from St. Louis down to New Orleans on the Mississippi River. What a revelation in sophisticated society the old French city must have been to the backwoods boy. It was the prince's favorite of American cities. The odd pair—the royal traveler and the fur trader's son—took passage on the three-masted brig *Smyrna* from New Orleans on December 21 for Havre de Grace. After a stormy voyage across the Atlantic the vessel docked in the French port on St. Valentine's Day, 1824.

FOR the next six years Baptiste lived in a castle near Stuttgart, Germany, in a woodland setting which must have constantly reminded him of the verdant country around St. Louis, which he claimed as his residence. Here he studied languages—German, English, French, Spanish—to qualify him for the excellent interpreter he became, as well as classical book learning. No doubt the prince also instructed him in the arts and graces of social life at court. The two of them hunted in the forest together and Baptiste was his royal benefactor's companion on his travels to France, England, other parts of Germany and Africa.

Prince Paul had connections with all the crowned heads of Europe, being distantly related to the King of England, William II; a nephew of King Friedrich of Würtemberg and also of Paul I of Russia; and a cousin of Nicholas I and Alexander I. According to Möllhausen, companion to the prince on his later journeys, who wrote that despite his royal lineage and although Paul was brought up "at one of the most exclusive royal courts in Christendom he is utterly democratic and considerate in all his dealings with others." Möllhausen further described him as impulsive, courageous, and intellectual. Prince Paul himself declared that pomp and circumstance made him feel caged. This maladjustment to the social obligations and environment of his birthright helps to explain his empathy with the French-Indian boy. Together they returned to America in late 1829.

Again the prince secured Clark's permission to ascend the Missouri River to visit the Indian agencies. He set out from St. Louis two days before Christmas with two servants, a clerk, and two hired men of the American Fur Company. Presumably Baptiste was one of them.

Since the Indian heritage of his mother dominated Baptiste's nature he parted from his royal sponsor, probably never to see him again. What the circumstances of the separation were is another blank page in the historical record. Nor do the published writings of Prince Paul shed any light on the matter.

For the next fifteen years Baptiste lived the life of a mountain man, roaming through the Western wilderness as a trapper of beaver. He traveled the Rockies from New Mexico to Oregon. Perhaps his life at court had made him, also, feel like a caged wild animal. As no letters or diaries written by him have ever been found, information about his career has to be gleaned from journals of explorers and early travelers, fur company records, government files, family records and reminiscences. Thus we know he was an employe of the American Fur Company, westward bound with the fur brigades in 1829.

W. A. Ferris in *Life in the Rocky Mountains* mentions him as a member of the Robidoux Fur Brigade trapping in the Idaho-Utah area in 1830 who got lost from the main party for eleven days on the Malad River in Cache Valley, finally rejoining his companions at Porteneuf. He is reported as traveling with Joe Meek in 1831 and with Jim Bridger the next year. He was present at the fur trade rendezvous on Green River the following year (1833). Captain Wyeth refers to him several times in "The Correspondence and Journals of Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 1831-6."

Although not mentioned by name Baptiste could well be the educated Indian decribed by T. J. Farnham whom he met at Fort El Pueblo, five miles from Bent's Fort in 1839. E. Willard Smith's journal tells of Baptiste's activities in 1839-40 when he was a member of the party led by Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette. They built Fort Vasquez on the South Platte River near Platteville, Colorado. Here Sacagawea's son served as a hunter. Thus it is evident that he ranged widely throughout the Far West and met and mingled with all the well-known figures of the fur trade era.

Baptiste also made several voyages boating furs down the Platte to the Missouri River and thence to St. Louis. On one trip in 1842, the water being too low to float the boats, the trappers put ashore on an island in the river near present Fort Morgan, Colorado. John C. Fremont visited their camp while on his first tour of western exploration. He described his hospitable reception by "Mr. Chabonard" who "concocted" a very good mint julep, served with boiled buffalo tongue and coffee including "the luxury of sugar."

Another traveler, Rufus B. Sage, has given an illuminating personality sketch of the Indian youth. On August 30, 1842, the Sage party found a "camp of whites, in the employ of Bent and St. Vrain" still marooned on the island guarding the "robes."

"The camp," noted Sage, "was under the direction of a half-breed, named Chabonard, who proved to be a gentleman of superior information. He had acquired a classic education and could converse quite fluently in German, Spanish, French, and English, as well as several Indian languages. His mind also was well stored with choice reading, and enriched by extensive travel and observation. Having visited most of the important places, both in England, France, and Germany, he knew how to turn his experience to good advantage.

"There was a quaint humor and shrewdness in his conversation, so garbed with intelligence and perspicuity, that he at once insinuated himself into the good graces of listeners, and commanded their admiration and respect."

THE following spring Baptiste joined a party of sportsmen led by Sir William Drummond Stewart, a Scotsman, as cart driver and guide. Among the eighty men was a nephew of Captain William Clark, named for his famous uncle, William Clark Kennerly, who wrote an account of the tour to the Rocky Mountains. He, too, referred to Baptiste, now aged thirty-eight: "To each six men was allotted one two-wheeled cart, or charette, the covers of which, I remember, were painted red; each cart was drawn by two mules driven tandem.

"One of the drivers, Baptiste Charbonneau, was the son of the old trapper Charbonneau and Sacajawea, the brave Indian woman who had guided Lewis and Clark on their perilous journey through the wilderness. . . ."

The cavalcade of hunters followed the Oregon Trail over South Pass, then swung north to the upper Green River and the Yellowstone country. An incident of the trip, as reported by Kennerly, gives a characterizing sidelight on Baptiste: "There was a fight between Walker and Smith, and the whole cavalcade stopped to witness it, while Charbonneau ran excitedly about, keeping a ring around the combatants with his heavy whip and shouting for no one to interfere." Apparently the son had inherited some of his father's excitable Gallic temperament.

Meanwhile, the father, Toussaint Charbonneau, divided his time between trading, interpreting and pursuing romance. He acted as an interpreter from 1828-34 for the Mandan and Gros Ventre tribes when a sub-agency was established there, and he served in a like capacity in 1833 for Maximilian, Prince of Wied. Evidently Charbonneau's penchant for young women involved him in marital troubles, for Francis A. Chardon in his "Fort Clark Journal" entry of October 22, 1834, remarks: "Charbonneau and his lady start-

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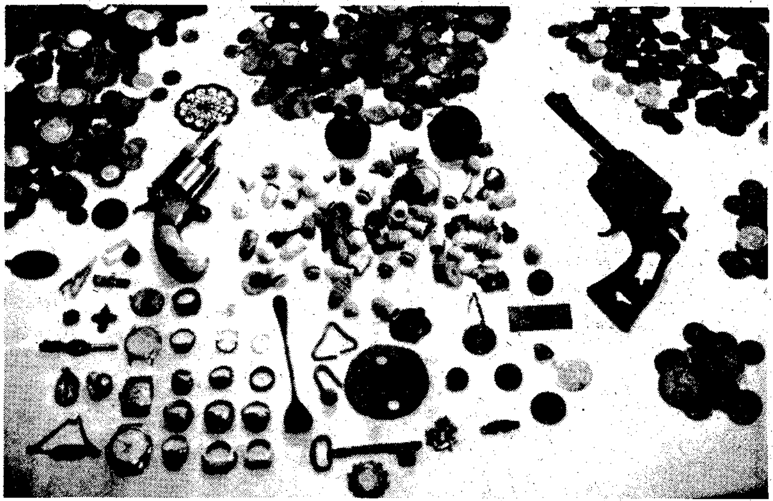

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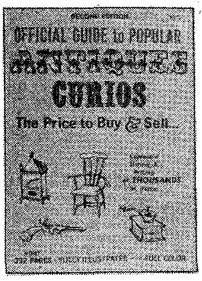

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ed for the Gros Ventres on a visit (or to tell the truth) in quest of one of his runaway wives—for I must inform you he had two lively ones. Poor old man." Toussaint was then seventy-six. Fort Clark was an American Fur Company stockade located downriver on the Missouri from Fort Union. It had been founded in 1831 to engage in the Mandan trade about fifty-five miles upriver from the present site of Bismarck, North Dakota.

The terrible scourge of smallpox which decimated so many Indian tribes on the Missouri, especially the Mandans, did not spare Charbonneau's family. Chardon recorded on September 10, 1837: "Charbonneau arrived last night from the Gros Ventres—all well in that quarter, the disease [a steamer had recently arrived with smallpox aboard] had not yet broke out among them, except his squaw, who died four days ago." Although the word "squaw" definitely suggests a wife, it possibly could be an error and refer to Baptiste's sister Lizette, who was six months old when Sacagawea died at Fort Lisa in 1812. Stella Drumm, editor of the Luttig journal, offers this bit of news: "The daughter or granddaughter of Charbonneau is mentioned by Lean Wolf, an old Hidatsa Indian, as having died in 1837 during the smallpox epidemic." Lizette would then have been about twenty-five years old.

AT any rate, in the fall of 1838 at age eighty, Charbonneau acquired his last wife, a fourteen-year-old Assinniboine girl taken prisoner by the Rees (according to Chardon). It is known that Charbonneau was employed by every U. S. Indian agent or subagent of the Mandan and Upper Missouri Indian tribes as an interpreter from 1819-39, and the last official reference to him was in August 1839. On that date after a 1,600-mile boat trip downriver he appeared, penniless and showing the infirmities of his eighty-one years, at the Indian Affairs Office in St. Louis to ask Superintendent Joshua Pilcher for payment of salary due him for his services as interpreter. He was paid, and then vanished from the historical record, and apparently died soon after.

The exact year of his death and place of burial has never been ascertained, but we do know that Baptiste inherited land belonging to his father which sold in 1843 for $320. This information has been preserved in a promissory note dated August 17, 1843, in the Sublette Papers at the Missouri Historical Society.

William Boggs, son of Governor L. W. Boggs of Missouri, met Baptiste in 1844 at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River in southeastern Colorado where he was employed by Bent and St. Vrain. Boggs left this account of the meeting:

"I also learned considerable from the hunters of Bent's Fort, particularly from Charbenau, an educated half-breed. His father was a French-Canadian, his mother said to be a Blackfoot Indian squaw. . . . This Baptiste Charbenau, the hunter of Bent's Fort, was the small Indian papoose, or half-breed of the elder Charbenau that was employed by the Lewis and Clark Expedition as guide when they descended the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. He had been educated to some extent; he wore his hair long—that hung down to his shoulders. It was said that Charbenau was the best man on foot on the plains or in the Rocky Mountains."

Boggs also made a rare allusion to Baptiste's half-brother, Toussaint Jr. who was at Fort Bent in 1844-45:

"Another half-breed at the Fort was 'Tessou.' His father was French and his mother an Indian, but the writer was not informed of what tribe. "Tessou" was in some way related to Charbenau. Both of them were very high-strung, but Tessou was quick and passionate. He fired a rifle across the court of the Fort at the head of a large negro blacksmith, only missing his skull about a quarter of an inch, because the negro had been in a party that chivaried Tessou the evening before, and being a dangerous man, Captain Vrain gave him an outfit and sent him away from the Fort."

No further mention of Toussaint Jr. is found in the early records. Perhaps he, too, died soon after.

Baptiste, though, continued to be publicized in the news of the day. He made a hunting excursion into the mountains with Solomon Sublette, M. St. Vrain, and others for what was then the unique purpose of catching antelope and Big Horn sheep alive. That they were successful is confirmed by the fact that some of the animals were shipped to Sir William Drummond Stewart's estate in Scotland.

A dynamo of energy, Baptiste next accompanied Lieut. J. W. Abert on his exploring expedition from Bent's Fort southward and down the Canadian River through Comanche country, thence circling on to St. Louis. Also a member of this party was the mountain man, Thomas "Broken-Hand" Fitzpatrick who expressed his approval of the useful guide, "Mr. Chabonard."

As for the kind of recreation which appealed to this famous mountain man, we have the word of George Frederick Ruxton, a young English traveler, who tells in his "Life in the 'Far West,'" which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, June 1848, of Baptiste being absorbed with Bill Gary "in camp for twenty hours at a deck of Euker." It must have been an endurance contest!

WHEN the Mormon Battalion, commanded by Lieut. Col. Philip St. George Cooke, marched from Santa Fé to San Diego in 1846 our adventurous, peripatetic Jean Baptiste Charbonneau went along as a guide. This military expedition had been organized by the United States Government in Omaha. Some of Brigham Young's followers were inducted into the so-called "Mormon Battalion" to aid in the conquest of California during the Mexican War, hence the name. Baptiste and other guides led the wagontrain across the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. They had to break a road in order to take the wagons through the entire distance of 700 miles.

Dressed in a red shirt and riding a tough army mule, Baptiste is mentioned in diaries of the journey as preceding the caravan searching for water, or for passes through the rugged mountains encountered, in which he was especially adept, or looking for a suitable crossing of the arroyos. In addition, Col. Cooke tells in his journal of Baptiste's skill in selecting routes, trapping beaver, establishing camps, scouting, estimating distances, locating smoke signals, hunting bears, fighting Indians, and many other valuable services.

The colonel also recorded several incidents revealing other sides of Baptiste's nature:

"November 22, 1846. Since dark Charbonneaux has come in; his mule gave out, he says, and he stopped for it to rest and feed a half an hour; when going to saddle it, it kicked at him and ran off; he followed it a number of miles and finally shot it; partly I suppose from anger, and partly, he says, to get his saddle and pistols, which he brought to camp."

Several days later on November 25, while the wagons were ascending a pass, an exciting episode took place. Cooke reported:

"Charboneaux . . . I found near the summit . . . in pursuit of grizzly bears. I saw three of them far up among the rocks, standing conspicuously and looking quite white in the sun, whilst the bold hunter was gradually approaching them. Soon after he fired, and in ten seconds again; then there was a confused action and we could see one fall, and the others rushing about with loud and fierce cries that made the mountain ring. The firing having ceased, whilst the young bears were close by, I was much alarmed for the guide's safety; and then we heard him crying out in Spanish, but it was for more balls, and so the cubs escaped. The bear was rolled down and butchered before the wagons had passed."

Another version of the above, published in 1878, is somewhat different in wording and adds the colorful detail that the hunter "soon, in his red shirt. . . . appeared on a rock. . . ."

After the Mormon Battalion arrived at its headquarters, January 30, 1847, at the old mission in San Diego, Baptiste was discharged, and the last nineteen years of his life were spent in California. A military government took over the newly conquered Alta California following the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo near Mexico City on February 2, 1848. Although the historical record becomes a blank again, Baptiste must have been gainfully employed in the old Spanish pueblo between February and November of 1847 when "Jean B. Charbonneau" was appointed *alcalde* for the Mission San Luis Rey, a few miles north of San Diego.

Meanwhile, Gen. Stephen Kearny had appointed Captain Hunter of the Battalion as sub-Indian agent "for the southern district, with headquarters" at the same mission. Duties of the new American officials included "care and protection of Indian servants and ex-neophytes, as well as the keeping in check of gentile bands." Baptiste's office combined the functions of mayor and judge.

The Indians were disturbed by the new order, and soon *Alcalde* Charbonneau was reported involved in planning an insurrection among them. During the investigation which followed he stated that he, "John B. Charbonneau of St. Louis, State of Missouri," did not give the orders sworn to by the Indians implicated in the plot. "I am prepared," his statement continued, "to prove that the Indian Paulino is guilty of what he has sworn to my charge, and I will prove in the trial that he has taken a false oath."

The finale of the affair as reported in the Bandini Documents, San Diego Archives, is as follows:

1848, July 24th, Los Angeles

J. D. Stevenson, Col. Command. South Military District. To Gov. Mason:

Alcaldes.

Encloses the resignation of J. B. Charboneau as Alcalde for San Luis Rey, and says that he has done his duty to the best of his ability but being "a half-breed Indian of the U. S. is regarded by the people as favoring the Indians more than he should do, and hence there is much complaint against him."

Since the *alcaldes* served without pay one wonders how Jean-Baptiste was able to make a living.

Anyhow, the adventurous hunter-trader-trapper, guide and interpreter next turned up in the Sacramento Valley in 1848 or '49 after the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill. Jim Beckwourth, a well-known mountain man and former trapping partner of Jim Bridger, tells of finding his "old friend Chapineau housekeeping, and staid with him until the rainy season set in," which would be in November. Beckwourth, usually termed a mulatto, was in fact an octoroon because his father was a white Southern planter and his mother a quadroon. Due to a case of mistaken identity he was adopted as a chief into the Crow tribe while trapping in the Northwest.

The meeting of the old friends took place at Murderer's Bar on the Middle Fork of the American River. Perhaps because of its gruesome name another Forty-niner at the same place refers to "J. B. Charbonneau, Jim Beckwourth, and Sam Mayers, all noted mountaineers" and tells how his heart was gladdened by the presence at his camp of these white men who were not hostile.

ALTHOUGH Prince Paul was in California in August 1850, visiting Captain John Sutter at his fort, it is unknown whether he ran across his protégé or whether he was even aware that Baptiste was also in the mining region. However, his old friend and traveling companion was in the prince's thoughts. Observing Indian laborers, some of whom were Shoshones, driving horses over the floor threshing wheat, Prince Paul noted in his journal: "One of these Snakes was a fine young lad, quite intelligent, who reminded me strangely and with certain sadness of B. Charbonneau, who had followed me in 1823 to Europe, and whose mother was of the tribe of the Sho-sho-nis." From this it may be inferred that Sacagawea's papoose had developed into a good-looking as well as an engaging man.

The exact course of Baptiste's wanderings during the 1850s has never been determined, but the U. S. Census of Placer County, California for 1860 lists "J. B. Charbonneau," aged fifty-seven (he was fifty-five), born in Missouri, and with his address given as Secret Ravine

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Post Office, a mining camp several miles from Auburn, California. He must not have struck pay dirt for a year later in 1861 in the Placer County Directory he was listed as a clerk at the Orleans Hotel in Auburn.

The final entries about this educated, much traveled French-Indian son of Sacagawea are found as obituary notices in the newspapers. Under the date of July 7, 1866 the most detailed one appeared in the *Placer Herald*, Auburn, California:

J. B. CHARBONNEAU

"Death of a California Pioneer.—We are informed by Mr. Dana Perkins, that he has received a letter announcing the death of J. B. Charbonneau, who left this country some weeks ago, with two companions, for Montana Territory. The letter is from one of the party, who says Mr. C. was taken sick with mountain fever, on the Owyhee, and died after a short illness.

"Mr. Charbonneau was known to most of the pioneer citizens of this region of country, being himself one of the first adventurers (into the territory now known as Placer county) upon the discovery of gold; where he has remained with little intermission until his recent departure for the new gold field, Montana, which strangely enough, was the land of his birth, whither he was returning in the evening of life, to spend the few remaining days that he felt was in store for him.

"Mr. Charbonneau was born in the western wilds, and grew up a hunter, trapper, and pioneer, among that class of men of which Bridger, Beckwourth, and other noted trappers of the woods were the representatives. He was born in the country of the Crow Indians—his father being a Canadian Frenchman, and his mother a half breed of the Crow tribe. He had, however, better opportunities than most of the rough spirits, who followed the calling of trapper, as when a young man he went to Europe and spent several years, where he learned to speak, as well as write several languages. At the breaking out of the Mexican War he was on the frontier, and upon the organization of the Mormon Battalion he was engaged as a guide and came with them to California.

"Subsequently upon the discovery of gold, he, in company with Jim Beckwourth, came upon the North Fork of the American river, and for a time it is said were mining partners.

"Our acquaintance with Charbonneau dates back to '52, when we found him a resident of this county, where he has continued to reside almost continuously since—having given up frontier life. The reported discoveries of gold in Montana, and the rapid peopling of the Territory, excited the imagination of the old trapper, and he determined to return to the scenes of his youth. Though strong of purpose, the weight of years was too much for the hardships of the trip undertaken, and he now sleeps alone by the bright waters of the Owyhee.

"Our information is very meager of the history of the deceased—a fact we much regret, as he was of a class that for years lived among stirring and eventful scenes.

"The old man, on departing for Montana, gave us a call, and said he was going to leave California, probably for good, as he was about returning to familiar scenes. We felt then as if we met him for the last time.

"Mr. Charbonneau was of pleasant manners, intelligent, well read in the topics of the day, and was generally esteemed in the community in which he lived, as a good meaning and inoffensive man."

Baptiste Charbonneau's death at age sixty-one was confirmed by two other mining newspapers. The *Butte Record*, Oroville, California, on July 14, 1866 ran a brief item which was apparently copied from the *Placer Herald*. Preceding the Auburn paper's obituary, the *Owyhee Avalanche*, Ruby City, Idaho, on June 2, 1866 published a death notice based on a note the editor received, dated May 16. This account gave the place as Inskip's Ranch on Cow Creek in the Jordan Valley and the cause of Charbonneau's demise as pneumonia. Inskip's was a stage station on the old military road between Sacramento and Boise in the Owyhee Valley on the Oregon-Idaho line at present Danner, Oregon. Between the old ranch and the road are three unidentified graves. One of these is presumably the burial site of Sacagawea's papoose. Prince Paul at sixty-three had preceded his friend in death in November 1860.

All recorded references to Baptiste are commendatory, which indicates that among his contemporaries he was as popular throughout his life as he was with Captain Clark while a baby in his cradleboard on the expedition. Oddly enough nowhere is there any mention as to whether he ever married or raised a family. Like William Shakespeare, Baptiste's life still presents many enigmas. Why did he never engage in correspondence with his benefactor, Prince Paul, or being literate, never keep any journals or diaries of his eventful life? Perhaps some day a German scholar delving into the archives and unpublished papers of Prince Paul in Stuttgart will discover the answers and solve the mystery.

Sheep Camp Murders

(Continued from page 9)

murdering riders swung around to Tonto Spring Creek and Gisela. As they approached the village Chilson suddenly started and reined up. Pyeatt came close alongside, watching his face without speaking.

"You know that chestnut gelding the sheepherder described—one hind leg and both forefeet stockinged?" Chilson began, "He said it had a slashed face with a curve to the off side, seventeen hands high and a ragged tail. Well, Zack Booth sometimes rides a horse exactly like that. I just remembered!"

"I declare!" returned Pyeatt. "But could it be possible they're the killers?"

"That I don't savvy. They're crooked but are they cold-blooded murderers? I don't figure John to be, at least. Zack's got the mean temper."

The trail led them down through a narrow canyon into Gisela. The tracks there had been blotted out by many others, but at the beginning the imprints had been measured, certain defects of worn shoes noted, and the stride of each horse ascertained. Unless the shoes were pulled, the killer's mounts could be identified.

Cautious inquiry in the village elicited the information that Zack and John Booth worked that day on a community road project with several other men. When information was sought as to who had been seen riding with Zack on December 22, the officers drew blanks. On that day no one could recall seeing either of the Booth brothers. Further information proved disappointing. At the several cowmen's indignation meetings that developed to plan how to combat a sheep invasion, neither Booth had been present.

Returning to their saddles, the officers set out for Zack's bachelor ranch. It occupied a piece of ground a short distance from the home of John and his large family.

"I just can't figure John in on the killings," Pyeatt declared again. "Except for the description of Zack's horse, we haven't got him tied in either."

"Depends on the shoe marks," Chilson opined. "That we'll find out pretty soon."

"John puzzles me," Pyeatt commented sadly. "On account of his family, would he take part in a sheep camp murder raid?"

"I hope not," Chilson answered. "Don't seem likely but maybe he was led into it by Zack."

"Yeah. Zack's a mighty persuasive man when fired up. I'm wondering how come they didn't kill old man Vigil too? Then there wouldn't have been a living witness."

That question was never answered, even after the arrest and trial of the accused killers.

At Zack's place two horses stood in the small pole corral. Both answered the description given by Vigil. Chilson easily identified the gelding he had seen Zack riding several times. Obtaining a search warrant would entail too much delay, so the officers went through the three-room log house. No incriminating evidence was found.

At the saddle shed in a corner of the barn they hit the jackpot. A bullet-scarred saddle was found. In a scabbard on the marked one was a rifle. A holstered .38 caliber six-gun and cartridge belt hung on the wall. Both weapons had been fired recently and not cleaned afterwards. Weapons and saddle were seized as evidence, and later proved very important.

The two horses were roped and led around in soft dirt. Shoe impressions were examined, measured and the stride of each at a walk and a gallop also determined. These were the horses they had followed from Brushy Basin. There could exist no doubt about it, making both officers grim-faced with the certainty of bitter knowledge.

"Them's the ones for sure," Pyeatt declared woodenly.

The horses were saddled and led over to John's house. Two of his older sons met them at the barn lot.

One exclaimed, "The horses got out of Uncle Zack's corral?"

"Well, maybe," Chilson hedged. "Who owns them?"

"They belong to Uncle Zack. Father rides one of them. But why are they saddled?"

Evading a direct answer, the deputies led the horses away, ostensibly back to Zack's place. But once out of sight of the curious boys, they circled around to where the road crew labored. Sundown was approaching, and the men were quitting work. Zack and John Booth were immediately taken into custody, supposedly for questioning. The brothers were locked up in the Payson jail the day after Christmas.

AS SOON AS they were jailed, the brothers sent for Wentworth, and he appeared as their defense lawyer at the hearing on the 28th. The justice of the peace had held them solely on Chilson's and Pyeatt's evidence. But they were not immediately charged with murder. On this technicality Wentworth very nearly sprang them from custody.

Sheriff Rogers, who considered himself a natural-born detective, was out to make a record. He was coming up for re-election. The arrest of the Booths caused considerable angry muttering among county citizens, which a politician would have heeded, for in that region sheep and sheepmen were thoroughly hated. There were cattlemen who declared that all sheep owners should be run out of Arizona.

Rogers concluded to confront the Booth brothers with Vigil. He arranged a rather weird and most unorthodox method of identifying the accused. The owner of the 16 To 1 saloon was persuaded into giving a belated Christmas party. More than eighty citizens, happy to accept free drinks and food, attended that night. Unfettered and appearing as part of the merrymakers, Zack and John Booth were seated at different tables. At the height of the festivities Vigil was brought in. Taken to the bar first, he and Rogers dallied over a couple of drinks. On the wall behind the bar, the saddles, the suspected murder weapons, and Wiley Berry's .30-30 carbine were prominently displayed. Asked if he had seen any of the saddles and firearms before, Vigil pointed at the carbine. Since it had been recovered from the murder camp by Chilson and Pyeatt, Sheriff Rogers was merely making a grandstand play before showing his trump card.

A handful of cartridge cases was also produced, which Vigil declared had been picked up by officers in the sheep camp. But he couldn't possibly have known them to be the same ones.

Sheriff Rogers surveyed the long room, then told Vigil to do the same. "Take a good look at every man in here," Sheriff Rogers insisted.

After he had done so, Vigil was asked if he recognized anyone he had ever seen before.

"That one is him!" Vigil declared, pointing at Zack Booth. "I never forget his eyes."

"You are sure?"

"I never forget the tiger eyes!"

After considerable hesitation Vigil identified John Booth as the second rider who had accosted him. Since the herder did not appear too certain, Sheriff Rogers sent him through the crowd to the table where John sat. There Vigil placed a trembling hand on the man's shoulder.

"This one of them who kill my son!" he cried.

The Booth brothers were manacled and padlocked in jail overnight. The next day they were removed to Globe by the triumphant Sheriff Rogers, to be charged and tried for murder.

As hard as he tried, Wentworth could uncover practically no evidence in the Booths' favor. No one wanted to step forward as a witness, or become involved in a bloody murder case which by then was gaining wide condemnation. The brothers had money, so Wentworth persuaded them to hire two Globe lawyers, George J. Stoneman and E. J. Edwards, after which he deliberately bowed out of the case.

The Booths were indicted by a grand jury and held for trial in the Globe jail.

MEANWHILE, down at Thatcher, the Berry family was deeply disappointed when Christmas day arrived and Wiley did not come home. Two days later they concluded that due to a bad storm the sheep had been held up and this circumstance occasioned his delay. The family did not worry because they were confi-

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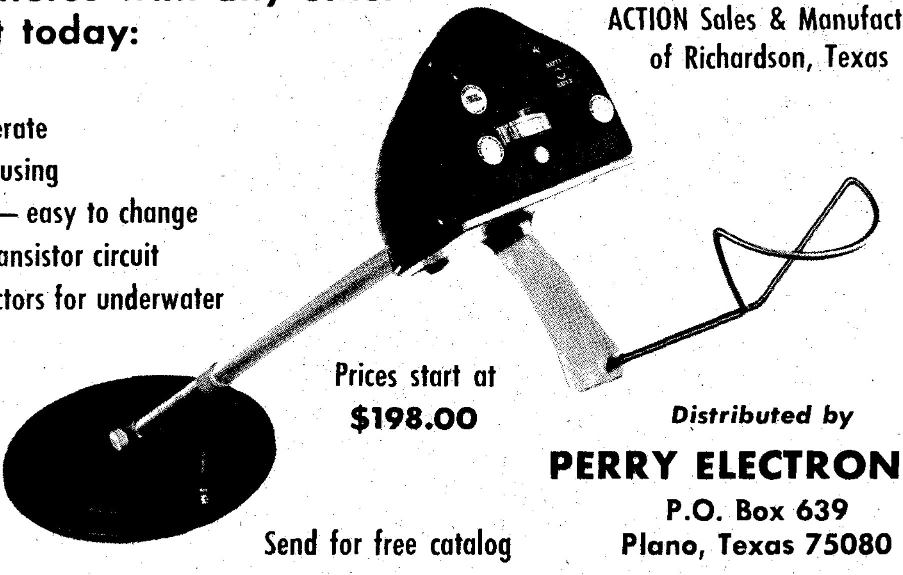

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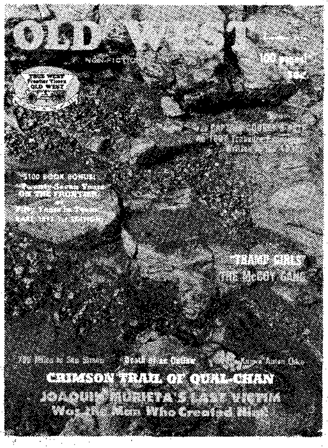

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dent that with Santiago Vigil's experienced help the band of sheep would be safe.

Knowing that Wiley would likely go into Gisela for supplies, Mrs. Berry wrote him a letter there. The postmaster recognized the name on the return address, and returned it in another letter notifying the family of the terrible tragedy. This message reached the Berrys on the last day of December, 1903. Stricken with grief, the family prepared to bring Wiley's body home for burial.

Accompanied by a friend, Dave Lee, Berry set out for Gisela. About half-way there they met the stagecoach carrying the accused men to the Globe jail. When Berry and Lee reached Gisela the bodies of the slain youths had just been exhumed for a belated autopsy. Convicting the Booth brothers was going to be a tough job for the territorial prosecutors.

Claiming his son's body, Berry had it shipped to Thatcher for interment. Juan Vigil was reburied in the same grave at Gisela. To this day a small red sandstone, crudely cut and placed there by Curtis Neal, marks the teen-ager's final resting place, containing merely his name and "1886-1903." The pioneer cemetery is a windswept spot on a bench overlooking the valley of Tonto Spring Creek.

The Booth brothers on June 13, 1904, pled not guilty to the charges of murder. The territorial prosecutors decided to try both of the brothers for the murder of Juan Vigil first. The saddle was certain to be used as evidence of self-defense in the case of Wiley's death. During the trial four witnesses from Gisela gave an account of the angry cattlemen's meetings concerning a suspected invasion of sheep. One of them swore that Zack claimed he would personally take care of any sheepmen daring to enter Brushy Basin.

It was not the evidence against him—for practically none existed—but Zack who convicted himself by his proneness to verbosity on the witness stand. He seemed determined to save his brother because of John's family.

Declaring that John was not with him on that murderous day, he yet refused to say who was. He related how they returned to the sheep camp, finding Juan still breathing. Zack said that he personally finished the poor Mexican boy. These callously given details caused the jury to quickly find him guilty of murder and fix the penalty as death. John Booth was found not guilty.

On June 18, 1904, District Judge Edward Kent sentenced Zack to be executed August 1. Zack's attorneys appealed to the territorial supreme court. Thereupon Judge Kent ordered Sheriff Rogers to confine the Booth brothers in the Maricopa County jail at Phoenix. "For," he declared, "the Globe jail is too filthy rotten to keep any man in long!"

In privately expressed opinions the judge declared that the death penalty was by no means warranted. He believed that the supreme court would reverse the conviction and mandatory sentence. But the court did uphold the verdict, March 30, 1905. An appeal was then made to the territorial governor who granted a thirty-day stay of execution pending a second appeal. Based on new evidence that did not materialize, it was never made. Zack was hanged on a temporary Globe gallows, August 16, 1905.

John Booth, still held for the murder of Wiley, was released on bail after a few weeks in jail. At his trial in June 1905, the jury disagreed. The evidence would not stand up and the murder charge against him was dismissed.

DESPITE ZACK'S dubious reputation and his bald admission in court that he killed Juan Vigil, his death sentence was most unpopular in the cattle country around Gisela and Payson. When Sheriff Rogers came up for re-election he lost heavily. Judge Kent left the bench, being replaced by a new Washington administration-appointed territorial governor.

The sheep camp murders were actually shrouded in considerable mystery and confusion, this despite the evidence gathered on the scene by Chilson and Pyeatt. There are old pioneers still living at Globe and Payson who do not now and never did believe the Booth brothers attacked the sheep camp.

It is claimed that on withdrawing from defending the Booths, Wentworth warned them the Berry family were members of a church that would see they were hanged regardless of the evidence. Vengeance would be had for Wiley's murder, and the victims might not necessarily be the actual killers. Whether valid or not, many old-timers were certain that it was to save John from a death penalty or a long prison sentence that Zack at the last minute switched from claiming complete innocence of the murder to admitting it. Furnished with one victim, perhaps the blood-vengeance seekers would let his brother John go free. Which was exactly what did happen.

All of those who were directly concerned in the case of the sheep camp murders are gone, but a few pioneers still living remember the incidents as though they happened yesterday. One of them is Mrs. Dollie Hale, who came to Gisela with her family in 1891. A widow now in her eighties, she turned to painting and has become a noted artist.

Today Gisela is a ghost. The original buildings and the territorial schoolhouse are gone. But Dollie Hale has put them all on canvas, just as they appeared when she was a girl growing up in the community.

Trained for Trouble!

(Continued from page 22)

Ed Shields, noted the dog and made some comment to a worker around the station. Asked Shields, "Whose sheep dog is that?"

"A sheepherder who died. They shipped his body away and the dog has been hanging around ever since."

Shields spread the story. Permanent employes around the station adopted the dog. They called him "Shep," whatever his original name had been. They furnished him food and a home, although a door's closing at first made him almost frantic—obviously he had never been accustomed to the inside of a room.

In the third year of his vigil, Shep

became famous. He was subject of newspaper articles, and Ripley's "Believe It or Not" featured him. Ministers used him as an example of faithfulness. Letters became so numerous that the late T. F. Dixon, division superintendent and later a vice-president of the Great Northern Railway, assigned his secretary to handle the mail, which came especially from schoolchildren. Thus Shep became one of the few dogs of all time to have a private secretary.

Dozens of persons offered the dog a home. Some fifty sheepherders sought him; many of them came to see him. But he would have nothing to do with anybody. Steadfastly he met each train that pulled into the station, his ears up and his tail a-wag, and an expression of hope that diminished to sadness when no master appeared. One day in January 1942 Shep, grown old and hard of hearing, slipped when he crossed the snowy track in front of an oncoming locomotive. He was buried atop the butte where his monument and marker stand today. Hundreds of people attended the funeral. Later, Ed Shields, who had become mayor of Great Falls, Montana, and some associates published and sold on trains crossing northern Montana a small booklet, *Man's Best Friend*, the story of Shep. Proceeds from the considerable sale went to furnish recreational equipment for the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind, a children's institution.

SHEEP DOGS on vacation at the home ranch grow impatient for the sheep again after a few weeks' rest. A band traveling past the ranch headed for summer range in the mountains or winter range in the valleys may tempt them, and they must be watched or they may run off to join the other dogs responsible for the band. Since a good sheep dog is worth possibly a thousand dollars, the flockmaster must watch his "resting" animals carefully. In the sheep country you may see a dozen of them around the big house on the home ranch.

They quarrel among themselves, not viciously but incessantly, and at intervals as a pack take out over the hills after a jackrabbit or coyote—and. occasionally, after porcupines. Sheep dogs do not have an intuitive respect for the spiny animals. Sooner or later, as a pup or half-grown dog, the sheep dog will encounter his porcupine. He will come yelping to the ranchhouse, or if he is out on the range, to his herder, with nose and face literally furred with quills. And then the flockmaster or herder or an assistant will curse frightfully and get out a pair of pliers and go to work, removing the quills one by one by main strength.

The operation is painful for all concerned, but the dog senses what is taking place and seldom makes an effort to break from the arms of the man performing the operation. Porcupine quills are slender as a small needle, with tiny barbs for much of their length. If they are not removed at once, they may work back into the dog's face and eventually into his eyes, destroying his sight. Dogs never attack a porcupine a second time.

The dog Ring got his porcupine experience over early. He was only a small,

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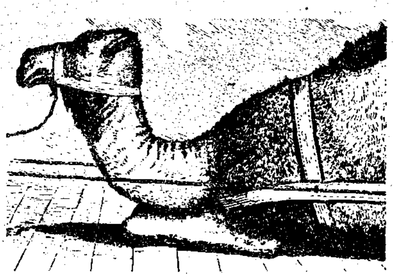

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woolly pup when he bumbled into the office of the flockmaster on the home ranch. The flockmaster did not believe in pampering his dogs; he knew a pampered pup did not make a good sheep dog. So he howled at the cook, "Get that damn critter out of here before I get fond of him and let him stay!" and the cook scooped up Ring and put him outside. Almost at once the pup went exploring, tangled with a porcupine, and the flockmaster and the cook had a rough time extracting the cruel, tiny needles.

Ring—and no man can say how he came by his name—was two years old when the crisis came in his life. He and his master, a "Bosko"—Basque herders originally from the Pyrenees Mountains between Spain and France are the elite of the sheepherder world—were herding a band on winter range on the prairie. The herder was, unlike most of his countrymen, not a good sheep man; it was whispered he had once abandoned his sheep during a blizzard, but help was hard to get at that particular time and the flockmaster took a chance on him.

February came and the weather was bitterly cold as only the northern prairies of the United States can be. There were some 800 bred ewes in the band, worth many thousands of dollars. Herders sometimes use two dogs, especially when one is younger and learning the art of herding; this is mostly true during the summer on mountain range. Ring, now a veteran, handled the sheep alone, but he must have worried. The herder was slipshod and often had the smell of whiskey on his breath.

The range was some thirty miles from the home ranch, and the herder lived in a sheep wagon, a covered arrangement fitted with stove, bunk and food bins. Such a wagon can be drawn by truck or horses from place to place as the sheep are shoved to fresh range.

One thirty-below-zero night the herder took a drink too many. His stove gleamed red hot. The herder slept uneasily, and in his thrashing he probably kicked a blanket from the bunk onto the stove, only a few inches away. The camp wagon caught fire and burned him to death. Ring, if he were inside the wagon, escaped. Probably he first tried to alert the master in the flaming wagon and failing that, turned his attention to his sheep.

They were corralled under a series of cut-banks in a coulee, steam lifting from them like a fog. Ring kept the band compactly huddled, not too compactly since there was danger of suffocation in that. When at dawn hunger manifested itself, Ring drove them out of the coulee to a patch of prairie grass. There was not too much snow; on the prairie, snow blows into hard drifts and leaves much of the grass uncovered. That day and for a number of days thereafter Ring kept the sheep moving from grass patch to grass patch and at night corralled them in the coulee.

When men from the home ranch finally appeared, rattling over the prairie in a puddle-jump, the sheep were in good condition but Ring was lean and gaunt. He moved mainly by instinct. If he hesitated, he went to sleep on his feet. His reward for his faithfulness was a vacation at the home ranch, and a hot stove to lie by.

But he was a marked dog. He was a hero. In whatever manner these things are communicated among sheep dogs, the word went out about him, and thereafter other dogs treated him with respect. For there appears to be among the clan of sheep dogs such a thing as prestige, faint but definite—seldom does a sheep dog snarl at another that has been faithful beyond the call of duty.

VERSED in the ways of this particular world, the sheep dog is lost when he comes in contact with civilization. "There's nothing lost-er than a sheep dog in town," as Joe Zoga attempted to express it, quoting an adage of the sheep land. Sometimes the dog accompanies his master on the man's periodic binge in the towns and cities of the sheep country of the West, especially when the dog is the master's personal property.

The master may stray along those streets with the red lights and lose his dog, and then the dog is indeed lost. He runs up and down the street, seldom howling but moving aimlessly and nervously, unafraid of cars the lethal impact of which he has in all probability never learned to respect; and sometimes in our small western settlements as you drive along you'll see such an animal, disrupting traffic, and if you are kind you will see to it that the police or settlement marshal is called. Eventually, there'll be a reunion, probably highly alcoholic on the part of the herder, but sincere.

Bob's master was a good herder with the first name of Pete. A Roumanian from the old country, his last name was so difficult that they called him, because it sounded remotely like his name, "Merrygoround." Pete herded along the Musselshell River in Montana during the days of the open range, not too many decades past, when flockmasters and cattlemen warred for the grass.

Bob, in spite of the name, was female. The name came from the fact that the dog had a short tail; occasionally sheep dogs are born without tails or with only a short one. She was a big dog, strong and alert, and had littered two or three times and raised her pups into sheep dogs.

She and her master were watching a band one summer near a tiny settlement called Two Dot. One afternoon Pete considered the loneliness of the past weeks, became disgusted with the universal sheepherder activity of piling rocks into cairns to pass the time—"sheepherder monuments"—and decided that a shot of red-eye would make life more tolerable. He corralled the band near his tent and went into town—two or three saloons, a couple of sod-roofed residences, a store and post office. Bob tagged along. She did not approve, manifestly, but there was little she could do.

In one of the saloons Pete had just begun to warm his insides when a group of cowboys appeared. They were simple and direct. They set upon Pete and beat him into semi-consciousness; they hauled him outside, slipped a lariat loop around his waist, dallied the end over a saddle horn, and dragged him for a quarter of a mile.

Bob knew better than to intervene; a young dog might have attacked the cattlemen and been shot for her pains. She hovered in the background, and when the horsemen rode off she rushed to Pete and licked his face, attempting to revive her master. Her sense of scent told her he lived, and eventually he regained consciousness. He failed to force his body upright, but by supporting himself with one arm over Bob's back, he was able to move along slowly and painfully.

Thus it was that at dawn they came into Pete's camp. He managed to reach the tent, where he passed out. Bob, her master safe, went directly to the sheep. They were stirring hungrily and uneasily; she got them into motion, guided them to good grass. Luckily, the wind was not too strong, the days not too hot—weather "to handle the sheep in" as the herders say—and she was not forced to buck the elements.

It was days before Pete could get around again. Bob kept the animals on good grass, chased off marauding coyotes, corralled the sheep on suitable bed grounds at night, and between times returned to her master.

In those days a camp tender appeared only infrequently, and by the time someone from the home ranch checked on the band, Pete was in reasonably good physical condition again. The sheep were fat and the flockmaster complimented the herder.

Pete recently passed on. Bob, of course, had become only a memory. Sheep dogs do not ordinarily live out the normal span of life of the collie; they work too hard, even with vacations.

"W'en I meet dat ol' mengus-able de priest tells me about up dere," Joe whispered in his last hour. "I got meet my dog Bob. Him and mengus-able run big sheep band, you bet!"

The mengus-able—by which term, with variations, some of the old-time herders designate the flockmaster—of the sky calls more and more of the pioneer herders every year. The range-sheep industry is dying. Gone is the day when, for instance, a Montanan would say to an Easterner, "I'm from Monta-a-ana," in simulation of the blatting of a sheep.

But when the herder's day comes it is less his obituary which appears in the county newspaper of the sheep land than a tribute to his dog:

"White Knob, Idaho, Aug. 5, 1968—The body of Steve Yurkic, sheepherder, was last week discovered on a hillside above his band of sheep near here. Death was apparently due to a heart condition. Yurkic's body was found by a camp tender. He had evidently been dead for at least three days.

"Signs indicated that his dog had spent much of his time guarding the body from marauding coyotes. Yurkic's band was in excellent condition, and when the body was discovered, was being closely herded by the dog.

"Yurkic leaves no known relatives."

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 29)

john; and Clearcy, married Thomas King. Who were the parents of Sarah Ann Martin, born circa 1817 in South Carolina and married to Samuel Gentry? Who were the parents of Joicy Sullivan, married (1) William T. Cole in 1840 in Cooper County, Missouri; married (2) Mr. Smith and lived in Pilot Point, Texas and died there 1893? Need data on Ibsant Middlebrook who married Jane, and daughter, Burnetta Belle who married (1) Andrew J. Hayhurst who died in 1873; she then married (2) Buck Miller and lived in Grayson County, Texas. I would like to contact descendants of the children of Martimer Elliston, born 1830 in Kentucky. Children all born in Tarrant County, Texas: John, Jim, Andrew H., R. M., Kay, Wesley J., and Margurete who married John Shaffer. Need parents of A. M. (Tobe) and Annette E. (Alterman) Glover. He was born 1847 and died 1910 at Bowie, Texas. Will exchange data.—Leona Gentry Elliston, Route 5, Box 16, Coalgate, Oklahoma 74538

Fires

I would like to hear from anyone who knows or knows about L. J. or Barbara Ett Fires, the children of Merl Taylor and Freddy Fires. Freddy died in 1937 and was buried in Drake, Oklahoma. The last time we saw them my father took Merl and the children to her dad's in Ardmore, Oklahoma in 1937 after Barbara Ett was born. L. J. is about 34 and Barbara 32. Both were born at Sulphur, Oklahoma. If anyone knows of either one of them, please write me as they are my dad's only brother's children.—Robbie Stidham, 45532 North Elm Avenue, Lancaster, California 93534

McDonald

My great-grandmother Laura McDonald, born April 30, 1857, was the daughter of J. C. McDonald (born about 1823 in Louisiana) and Eliza McDonald (born about 1831 in Louisiana.) The 1870 census of Pleasanton, Atascosa County, Texas lists the following children: Richard H., born 1851 (San Antonio); Mary Elizabeth, born 1853 (Walker County and married (1) Tom McCullich and (2) William Clary); Charles L., born 1859; Laura, born 1857; Maria (or Mana), born 1860; James W., born 1862; Albert F., born 1865; Abram A., born 1867 and Bonina, born 1869 (married Yarbrough). Where were the parents born in Louisiana and what is the full name of J. C. McDonald? What was Eliza's maiden name?—Mrs. Beverly L. Despines, Rural Route #1, Box 53, Trivoli, Illinois 61569

Burleson

I am seeking information concerning my husband's great-great-grandfather, Owens Burleson, born in Vermont in 1789, and his wife, Mary Bedell Burleson, born in New York in 1806, and the descendants of their children, Ann E., Christiana, Asa, Moses, Darwin, and Emma M.

In 1850 the family was living in Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York.

(Continued on page 68)

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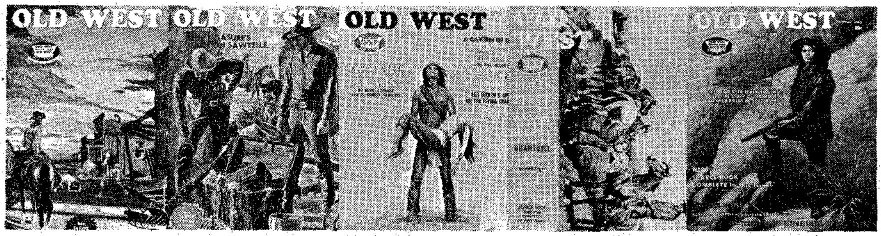

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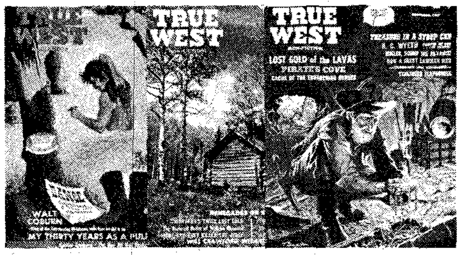

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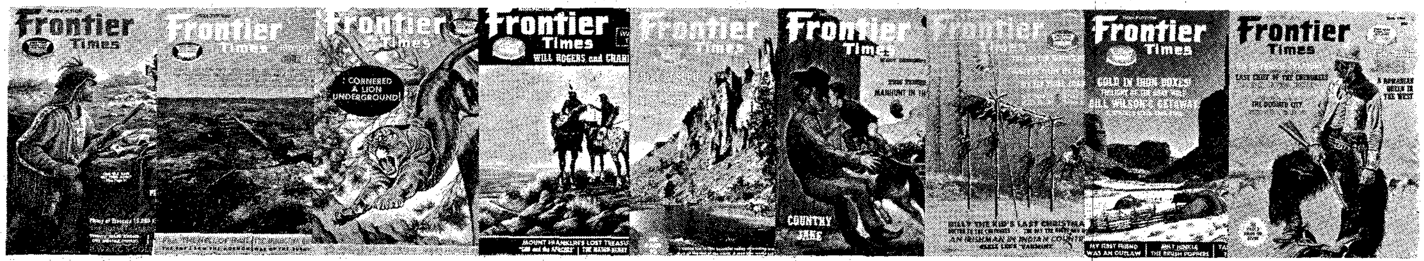

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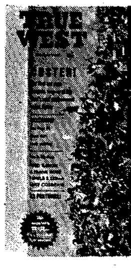
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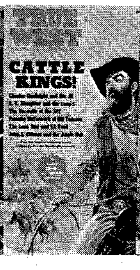
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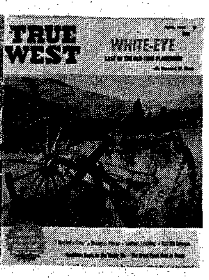
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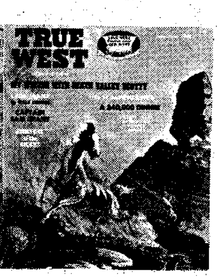
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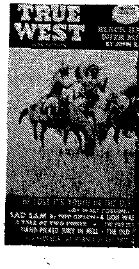
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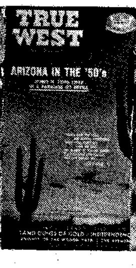
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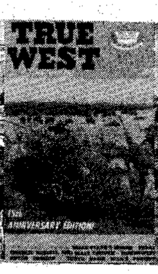
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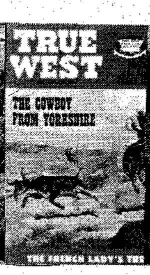
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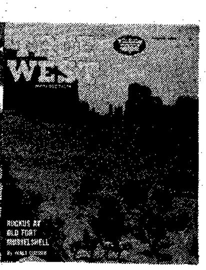
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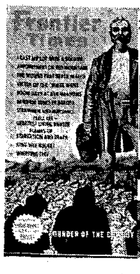
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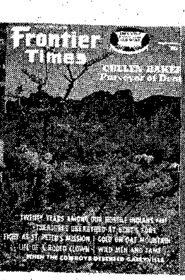
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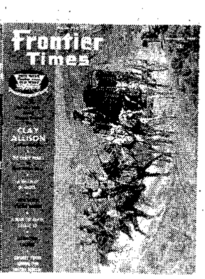
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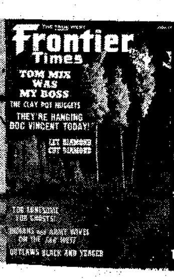
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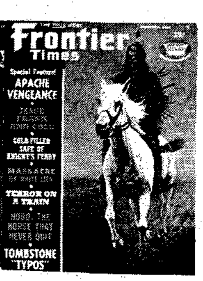
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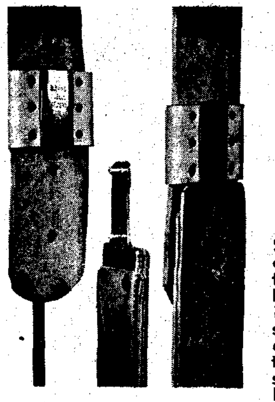

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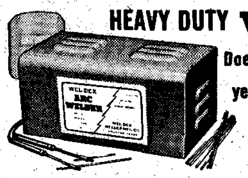

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Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

officials have asked his counsel in reconstructing a portion of famous Fort Bowie.

He is obviously an expert witness, being the only living person who knows where buildings were located and the use made of each of them. When the fort is restored as an historical monument, visitors will hear Bradley's tape-recorded voice describing life there when its soldiers fought Indians. He made the tape at the request of Veterans Office officials who visited him in 1968.

As with many servicemen, Bradley's later home turned out to be near a military base at which he had been stationed. During his last year in the army, he was transferred to Fort Bidwell in Modoc County, California, then was mustered out at the Presidio in San Francisco in 1894, a site to which he returned as the guest of honor at a ceremony commemorating his 100th birthday in 1967.

After being discharged, he returned to Modoc County to ranch, perhaps because he had met and married his wife there. She is now deceased and Bradley lives at the Grass Valley home of his daughter, Mrs. G. Earle Whitten.

In his later life, Bradley has become an excellent painter, a talent he may have inherited. His grandfather, Edward Bradley, produced works which were hung in the Royal Academy in London, and he gave his young grandson his first art lessons as a child.

Bradley also reportedly remains active in a second interest—keeping up his long habit of enjoying whiskey and wine each week, which may be why he still has his own teeth and hands as steady as those of a man half his age. And, despite having seen 102 birthdays, Bradley still likes to look at girls. It's part of the philosophy which keeps him thinking young, a philosophy perhaps understood best by this poem he wrote in his seventies:

When I cease to notice a woman's charms,
I am quite ready for an angel's arms.
Until that time may it never come,
God give me strength and keep me young.

THE IRATE HORSE WRANGLER

By Walter Gann

WE CAUGHT the cattle at break of day. They had hardly moved since we left them the night before. An early count established that none was missing. That eased John Trent's pain. He had been afraid that we'd lose the entire herd and it would take days to gather them again. Uncle Arthur wouldn't like that and neither would the local range men whose cattle we would have to work to get ours—and then maybe we wouldn't get them all. As it turned out nobody got hurt except Hugh Bryan who had a few bruises.

We all had a good night's sleep—if you discount John's worrying, but now he was in high good humor. It had all come about because of a dark night, a bunch of spooky cowhands and a wise old night horse that knew his way around.

In 1907 I was working for the Hat A, an outfit owned by A. G. Anderson who everybody called Uncle Arthur. The ranch lay about half-way between Fort Stockton, Texas and the Rio Grande. The entire country was suffering from a severe drouth. During the summer we trailed two herds of mixed steers and dry cows of about 1,800 head in each herd to grass on the plains along the New Mexico border.

Coming out of the rough breaks in the Big Canyon country, those cattle were almost as wild as the deer that inhabited the region. The first herd gave us a lot of trouble. They were thin in flesh, ill at ease, and stampeded at night at the least excuse. Sometimes it looked like they ran without cause—just for the hell of it to keep in practice. A cowboy would call them "ringy."

There were nine of us common, ordinary, run-of-the-mill cowhands in addition to John Trent the boss, Hugh Bryan the horse wrangler and a Mexican cook they called something that sounded like Coo Coo. The night guard was split into three shifts of three hours each with three men to the guard. The boss didn't stand any night guard but he always went out to the herd in case of trouble, which was quite often. Much to our discomfort, all of us were called out when things got too bad.

We didn't have a night horse wrangler. Hugh Bryan would look over the remuda before going to bed and the last guard would call him at three o'clock, along with the cook, so he could round up the horses and bring them in to camp for us to have a change. Hugh rode an old gotch-eared, frosty-faced night horse he called Brown Jug. In spite of his age the horse was clear footed with plenty of git-up-and-go. Coo Coo drove a four-horse team to the chuckwagon. When he made camp at night he always propped up the wagon tongue with the neckyoke to make a rack to hang his harness.

SHORTLY before suppertime one evening a heavy black cloud came up in the northwest. The closer it got the bigger and blacker it got, with streaks of lightning shooting through it. We didn't unload our beds from the wagon and we tied down the wagon sheet securely. The first guard was on the way out to relieve the bobtail watch when the storm hit. The wind was about as strong as it could get, short of a cyclone. It drove drops of rain that cut our faces and spattered against our slickers like gravel hitting rawhide. Then came rolls of heavy thunder with lightning flashing back and forth. John Trent got on his horse and ordered all of us to get out to the herd and stay until the storm was over.

The cattle didn't run. They just drifted along before that wind and rain in spite of everything we could do to hold them. In a short time it was all over. The thunder and lightning moved on to the southeast and that heavy black cloud came down on top of our heads. It was so dark that two men riding stirrup to stirrup couldn't see one another except during a distant lightning flash.

The dead calm and inky darkness, thick enough to cut, gave me a creepy feeling. It made a boy wonder what he would do in case that herd of 1,800 wild cattle should decide to go off on a wild run like they had done so many times already. There were ten of us, counting John Trent, scattered around the herd and knowing only where the cattle were standing when the last flash of lightning came. Now we didn't even have it to guide us. It had gone on with the wind and rain.

I found out that I was not the only one with a chilled backbone. Other fellers were talking to John also, trying to persuade him to turn the herd loose for the night. I certainly did my part. I didn't have any stomach to go ramming around in the dark trying to hold a bunch of cattle that we couldn't see. We were on the plains which took away some of the risk, but not all. There were prairie dog holes, spots where gophers had undermined the ground, and a few ant hills and mounds of bunch grass. Any of them might throw a horse if he hit one on the run.

Although he didn't like it a bit, John finally agreed with us. By relaying calls to each other we all got together in a group. About that time Hugh Bryan came riding up. The only way we could tell him was by his voice. We certainly couldn't see him.

“I got lost,” he said. “My horses drifted along with the storm. After it was over and I got them settled down, I didn't know which one of my ends was up. I'd still be that way—if I hadn't heard you fellers hollering around at each other.”

“You're still lost,” John said in those short-cut words that he used when he wasn't happy. Then of us in general he inquired, “Which one of you birds knows the way to camp?”

Some said this and some said that, but none of us knew what we were talking about.

NOW, this was a horse of a different color. It looked like we had waded out of a pool into a puddle. The prospect of having to bed down all night on wet ground didn't seem very pleasant. None of us had thought about being lost unless it was John. The way he picked it up so quick, maybe he knew it all the time. John never laughed, but I'll bet he was grinning, showing those big white front teeth. Then after a few minutes—just like he had an ace up his sleeve—he said to Hugh, “Give old Brown Jug his head. He'll take us to camp.”

Hugh started up, but his horse acted like he didn't want to leave ours. He just walked around and in among us.

“Ride out fifty or a hundred yards—and start from there,” John ordered. “You can call back now and then to let us know which direction you're going.”

“We're on our way,” Hugh called back. After following the sound of his voice for about half a mile, we caught up with him.

“He's stopped—and won't go any farther,” Hugh said.

“Make him go. Hit him. Spur him. Do anything—just so you make him move,” John said with a ring of impatience in his voice.

I heard the lash of the quirt as it struck old Brown Jug. Then I heard a lot of other things. There was a thump and a thud and something thrashing around and the rattle of hames and buckles and Hugh Bryan saying words that wouldn't look good in print or sound nice in polite society. His voice sounded like it was coming out of the ground. I dug under my slicker into my vest pocket for a match and struck it. By its flare we could all see what happened. Old Brown Jug had done something that none of us could do—not even John Trent. He had brought us into camp and then got hit with a quirt as a reward.

The old horse had been standing with his head over the propped-up wagon tongue. When Hugh hit him he jumped against it and knocked it off the neck-yoke prop. The horse tripped and fell over the tongue which pitched Hugh to the ground. Brown Jug had kicked himself loose from the harness and was standing quietly like he wondered what kind of damn fools we were.

Everybody had been keyed up to a high pitch, but now the tension was broken, and everybody laughed. Even John Trent had a grin on those solemn features. In fact, everyone appreciated the joke except our horse wrangler who was lying flat on his back trying to get up, with the wagon tongue across one leg and both spurs tangled in the harness.

End of the Trail for Red Buck

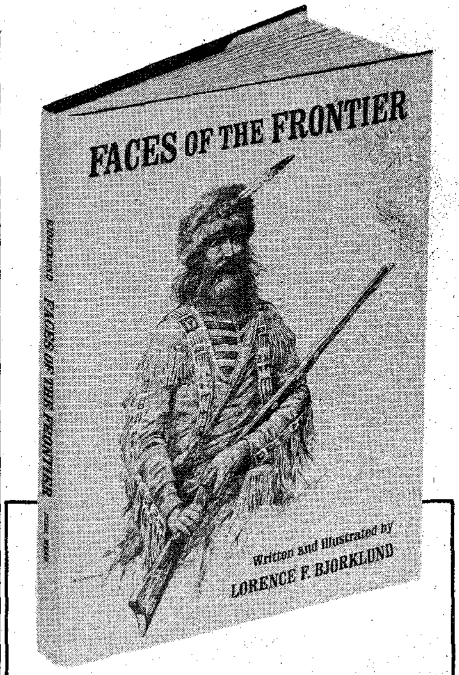
(*Continued from page 28*)

George kept up the fight until a bullet took three fingers off his left hand, leaving only the index finger and thumb. Bleeding badly and becoming sick, he shouted to the posse that he was wounded and Red Buck was dead, but they kept right on firing. Miller could do nothing but shoot back. Finally he got so weak he had to quit firing. The lawmen waited a spell and then came on in and captured Miller almost dead. They took him to Arapaho and a doctor patched him up.

After Miller got some of his strength back, the lawmen took him and the dead outlaw back to the store they had robbed for the storekeeper to identify. The man and his wife identified Red Buck, but refused to implicate Miller because they figured he had had a lot to do with their still being alive.

Miller was brought to trial for killing the rancher. A lot of the neighboring farmers and even some of the ranchers thought the killing had been justified, and Miller was released. He went back to farming and after a while the memory of his short outlaw career died down and he became a respected citizen again.

One day I saw him shoot that old Winchester. Losing those three fingers didn't seem to bother him a bit. He could shore hit what he aimed at!



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Jessie Benton Fremont Appraises Carson

(Continued from page 33)

princes, and their lives would be worth nothing without us.'

"Yet the hot days of waiting were long to him—waiting on the politicians of the State Department while his captain's interests called. They were trying to let California work out its own solution, that they might not have to compromise themselves between Fremont and some of the army people.

"Carson soon found out for himself that they were not to be depended upon. When he had an interview with Buchanan —who had grey hair, a white waistcoat and cravat and a most respectable air—Carson again felt that he had been trifled with. He told the Secretary the grass was failing, and unless he got away at once there would be no food for the horses on the long journey—and still he was put off. 'Who would have thought it?' he mused. 'And such a fair-looking gentleman, too! But he was deceitful!'

"Buchanan offered Carson an escort of soldiers—which alarmed the frontiersman. Said he: 'I don't want soldiers, I want men. Give me Andrew Sublette and one other—men that know the country. What use would soldiers be?'

"But at last he got away; and I accompanied him and Mr. Beale to St. Louis, whence Carson set out on his long return-ride to California—there to find the delay had accomplished its purpose His captain had been brought back under arrest by Gen. Kearney.

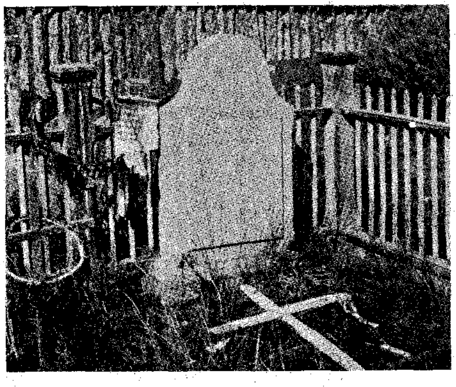
"It was nearly twenty years before his second and last visit. The winning of the West had been accomplished. The Civil War had come and gone. The famous pioneer and scout of the old days was now Colonel Carson. He had his heart's desire—to wear and honor the uniform of his country. He had achieved distinction for gallant and valuable service in the army, and honest and competent record as an Indian agent.

"But it was a sad visit. He was already stricken with death, and his face was drawn with suffering. A half 'broken' animal had dragged him, entangled in his reata, inflicting mortal injuries. Yet the indomitable will held him up; and the old sweetness and considerateness and simplicity still marked his nature. He must fulfill his mission, and he must get back to his single-hearted wife in Taos, New Mexico. After the death of his Indian wife he had married a sister-in-law of Maxwell, of the famous Maxwell landgrant. He reached home; but the end was near. His wife died of grief at his condition, leaving a young babe; and in a few months he followed her.

"Carson, Owens and Godey were Fremont's 'Three Musketeers.' Each was a specialist. All were singularly cool, brave, resourceful—and faithful, beyond chance of change or failure. It was not in them.

"Carson's adventurous life as hunter, trapper and scout is a part of our history. He was one of the finest types of the American backwoodsman. As Lieut. Walpole of H. M. S. *Collingwood*, who witnessed the arrival of Fremont and his men at Monterey, wrote in his *Four Years in the Pacific*: 'Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. . . . He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation on the prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the Duke [of Wellington] is in Europe.'

"He is known for what he did, but I have cared to speak to you rather of what he was—the heart he had, the clear, simple, large nature."



Carson's grave and headstone in Kit Carson Memorial State Park, Taos, New Mexico.

June 21, 1970

(Continued from page 5)

up his mind to take us back to Montezuma, Georgia to a widowed sister who had lost her husband at the Battle of the Wilderness during the Civil War.

My father had a few head of stock running out on the hills east of Kimball. He told my uncle to hitch up to our wagon, and take him and us children to Waco where the railroad had just arrived. There we boarded the train for Georgia, arriving at Montezuma about a week after we left Waco, Texas.

In southern Georgia Father continued to suffer from his old wound, so he decided to go up to my mother's old home at Tunnell Hill, and took us children with him, except my youngest sister who his widowed sister had adopted. So in 1883, Father again landed back in about ten miles of where he and Mother built their first home.

The old country was yet suffering from Sherman's raid through there during the Civil War. Again Father had pine logs cut and hauled to the sawmill and started to help build up the South. All through the winter of 1883 and 1884 he worked, when able, and supervised the building of our new home. In April 1884, my oldest sister, who was our housekeeper, came out to where I was nailing some palings on our yard fence, and told me Father wished me to come into the house, as he needed me. I immediately went to him, as he was then confined to his bed. As I walked into his room it dawned on me for the first time just how sick my father was, and had been for a long time.

As I went to his bedside he told me to have a seat beside him. He wished to talk to me. I told him not to worry himself. He taken my hand in his and said, "Son, this is the last visit we will ever have on this earth, and I would like to know what you have in mind for the future."

I told him I would like to go back to Texas, and go up the trail like my uncles had. Besides, I did not like Georgia, as there was too much hard work for me to do.

Father held my hand for quite a while, then he turned his eyes toward me and looked at me for a long while. He said, "Son, you have inherited from your mother's side some Cherokee Indian blood, but I hope this will never create in you a desire to rove from one place to another. Your father and all his people have always been for God and Country above all things, and when you get older I wish you to take for ideals of this life, the things that the men of the old Southern Confederacy stood for. Now we are a united nation, and I wish you to always be for the best interest of this, our United Country.

"But first of all I want you to trust God, and if I only knew you would place your trust in Him, I would have no fears for your future."

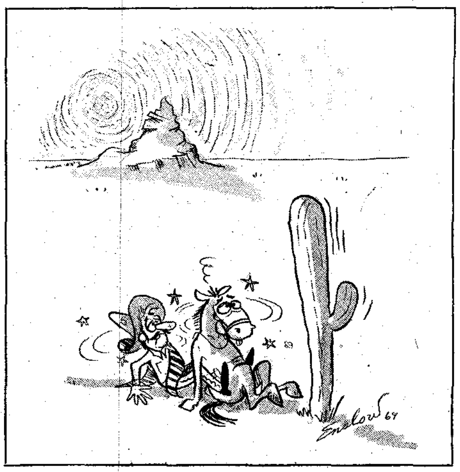
I said, "Father, I do not understand what you want to talk to me about. You will be with me to help me do things, and I know I can always rely on you in times of trouble."

My father said, "Son, I am going to die. You are now eleven years old, and your mother is already on the other side ready to join me. When I reach the other shore, we will be praying for you children to come on and join us.

"I followed Lee and Jackson and Johnson and Gordon on many battlefields during the Civil War, and have walked through the valley of the shadow of death, but I had no fear. God was with me. He comforted me all my life long, and I am sure He is ready to do the same for my little boy. I am going to leave you in His care, and I am going to trust you to try and make a man of yourself that will be true to God and every trust that is placed in your care. Stand for that which is right, and never fear to condemn that which is wrong."

In April, 1884, I saw the greatest man I ever knew placed in a grave under the shade of a large cedar tree that my mother had planted when a small girl, in the cemetery at Tunnell Hill, Georgia; and ever since, I have envied every boy his father.

—Bob Beverly



Lost Rhoades Mine

(Continued from page 19)

care of financially, but things were soon to change. Thomas Rhoades died in February 1869, leaving Caleb alone with the burden of the mine's hidden location. Secondly, with the death of Brigham Young in 1877, the Utes forbade Caleb to enter the Uintah-Ouray Indian Reservation for additional gold. So, wealth for the Church as well as for Caleb Rhoades appeared to be a thing of the past. Thirdly, Utah's mining activities were beginning to boom by the mid-1880s, particularly in the Park City area east of Salt Lake City, not too far from Caleb's old mine.

JUST when Caleb began to express a deep desire to work his rich properties openly is not known, but it was sometime after he made several successful trips to the reservation while under cover of darkness, taking what gold was needed for his family and returning to Price, Utah, unbeknownst to the Indians.

By 1890 there was much talk of the reservation's being opened to the white man for mining and homesteading, and Caleb grew even bolder. He set about forming a mining company in which several partners were involved and made immediate preparations to obtain a lease of the land from the Indians.

It was in 1897, while secret talks were in progress between Caleb's partners and the Utes, that Caleb told his friends and neighbors about the mine. Until that night no one had known the true story, and even then he gave only a portion of it. But with the fall of that year, the whole country knew—the story had hit the newspapers at last.

After considerable expense and bargaining, Rhoades and his company had obtained a ten-year lease from the Indians. This, of course, came as a great shock to many Mormons, as they feared that he was on the verge of breaking his sacred oath which had been taken upon the Book of Mormon while in the presence of Brigham Young and the Ute Chief—the oath that he would never reveal the location of the gold to any man as long as he lived—and they grew concerned for his soul.

More than one newspaper covered the story of the old gold mine but I have chosen to quote the Salt Lake *Herald*, October 1, 2, 3, 1897. "The ledge is well defined and the pay streak is from three inches to three feet in width. There is what we [Caleb's partners] call barren rock in the ledge, but even this assays 35 ounces in silver and $4.00 in gold, while the pay streak goes as high as $150,000.00 in gold and silver to the ton; the gold contents of the mineral predominating."

The news reporter was then shown some of the ore samples. Of them he wrote: "They are magnificent, the mineral being almost solid tellurium, and was covered and streaked through with wire silver and gold that was beautiful to look at. Mr. Hathenbruck [Caleb's partner] then produced an assay certificate of Rhoades' showing the results

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obtained from half an ounce of ore, the values of which were 1,800 ounces of silver and $17,000.00 in gold to the ton.

"It is stated that influential men of Denver, Salt Lake City and Washington are associated with Rhoades and Hathenbruck in their efforts, and that capital to work and build a railroad to the mine has been guaranteed. This mine, found and located by Mr. Rhoades is accounted as being one of the richest propositions in the state of Utah. And, while reports regarding its fabulous wealth have probably been added to with each succeeding year, there is no doubt that it is a bonanza, and better than a Klondike."

WHY, with such a rich and glorious gold mine, and after many years spent in obtaining a proper lease to the land from the Indians, of forming countless agreements and mining deeds, was not the mine ever worked?

The reason was very simple. Although Caleb and his associates did succeed in obtaining permission from the Indians to work the old mine, they could not strike a pick or raise a shovel in its development until the reservation lands were officially opened to the white man for mining and homesteading. This did not come about until September 1, 1905, and by that time it was too late. Caleb Rhoades died on June 2, three months prior to that date, the result of a long illness.

Shortly before his untimely death, however, Caleb wrote an urgent letter to his brother, John Joseph Rhoades, who was then herding livestock in the Henry Mountains of southern Utah, and urged him to rush to Price. In his short letter he stated that he had information concerning the mine that he could not trust to the mail and he expressed the gravity of his illness. He then attempted to draw a map for John, since he had never revealed the mine's exact location to his partners, so John could locate the mine and carry on for the Rhoades family where he had left off—so that his preparations to work the old mine over the years would not be at a total loss.

This map was drawn upon a small piece of buckskin about the size of a man's hand. It was crude and quite simple. Caleb, of course, intended to reveal further information concerning the map and the mine as soon as John arrived from Hanksville. Unfortunately, Caleb died the very day John received the letter, and when John arrived at Price the map had not been properly explained nor, for that matter, was it given to him as had been intended. Caleb's wife, Sidsie, fell heir to all of Caleb's personal possessions at the time of his death, including the map which she used for two full summers to no avail.

Since that time, not hundreds but thousands of people have searched for the mine in vain, always returning from the Uintah Mountains frustrated, weak in health and mind, and none the richer for all their efforts.

Perhaps Uncle Caleb may have gotten one last ironic pleasure in taking the secret of the mine with him to the grave. At least, he holds his peace with God, having never broken that sacred oath which had weighed so heavily upon him for so many years. And certainly his story has marked the beginning of a saga of lost gold and death which rivals the best that fiction has ever produced.

Tunnel of Death

(Continued from page 25)

at one time thought that the men had been frightened away from their work by the discharge of the revolvers in the bank. Repeated calls for the men to come out and surrender themselves, in which event they would not be harmed. However, it was certain death for them to attempt to escape."

With the coming of daylight, the excitement around the bank alerted the police. Patrolman Patricio Gonzales and his partner arrived on the scene. After being informed of the situation, the two policemen went into action and crawled into the tunnel with their revolvers drawn. The *Optic* reviewed the subsequent action dramatically:

"Crouched in the dim daylight of the corner of same, within easy hearing distance of the crowd above, was discovered an unknown person, trembling with either rage or fear, the officers knew not which. Knowing that the man, who was afterward found to be unarmed, would sell his life dearly as possible, they gave him no show at all, but opened fire upon him, shooting him five times. He fell dead without uttering a word.

"A rope was brought into requisition by the means of which the body was drawn up to the floor, and all were startled almost beyond expression to recognize the dead man. He was none other than James Pearson, a quiet inoffensive stonemason, who had the respect of everybody in the community."

By the time the body of Pearson was hauled to the street level, almost the entire community had gathered on the plaza. Rumors grew wild and exaggerated as they passed from mouth to mouth.

Fear, mixed with indignation, swept through the crowd. The community of Las Vegas had experienced a reign of terror with the coming of the railroad when the "Dodge City Gang" took over "the administration of justice" in 1879. Now it seemed that violence and death was about to erupt again.

No mousey little man like James Pearson could have engineered the daring robbery by himself. He had accomplices—the rumors "revealed." *Pearson was hired by a gang of robbers, killers, safecrackers*—the grapevine buzzed. Then the names of Bob Ford, Jesse James' assassin, and Dick Liddell, Ford's treacherous partner, spewed out of the rumor mill.

AFTER Bob Ford had been pardoned for the murder of Jesse James by Governor Chittenden of Missouri in April 1882, Ford and his partner in crime, Dick Liddell, had been jumping from one town to another in search of a place where their infamous treachery would be overlooked. A short time before Pearson's killing, Ford and Liddell had opened a saloon on Bridge Street in Las Vegas, east of Griswold's Drug Store and across the street.

Their presence in the community was barely tolerated and they were suspect in every crime that occurred. To add to their discomfort some of the tough Mexican gunmen carried on a vendetta in an effort to draw Bob Ford into a *combate de pistoleros.*

The killing of Pearson and the overriding rumors set off a second search for suspected accomplices. Every available policeman was pressed into service and given a lantern for further investigation into the sixty-foot-long tunnel. With pistols drawn, the constabulary entered the passage for a more thorough search. Time passed slowly while the crowd outside waited in silence. No gunfire was heard and within half an hour the policemen appeared, one by one, from the tunnel. No culprits had been found and as each man emerged he was met by Jefferson Raynolds and handed a twenty-five dollar gold piece.

An intensive investigation began after the failure to find anyone else in the tunnel. While diehards of the community failed to absolve Ford and Liddell of any implication in the robbery attempt, the authorities became satisfied that it wasn't "their *modus operandi.*"

Further investigation revealed that James Pearson had been born in Scotland and was brought to Canada when a child and later to the United States. He had been hired to come to Las Vegas by J. H. Ward, contractor, to supervise the stone construction of several buildings during the railroad boom, and had proved to be highly skilled in his profession.

On the debit side of his character, it was divulged that he had spent some time in an insane hospital in Ohio. It was well known throughout the community that he had been living with a Mexican woman on the west side but his death also brought forth the fact that he had a wife and two children in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Theories continued to bounce around between the local papers and the populace when the *Optic* printed the following story:

"Still another theory is given. The Mexican woman with whom James Pearson lived, on the west side, states that the last night he left her, he had on his person fifteen or eighteen twenty dollar gold pieces. It is thought by some that this was the money that he had been paid for digging the tunnel to the bank vault."

There were no reports in the papers concerning the finding of any money on Pearson's body at the time of his death. The *Optic* provided an unusual note in referring to the incident for the last time:

"It was stated to the reporter of this popular paper today that those who had the interment of James Pearson's body in charge, actually opened a Chinaman's grave and laid him to rest on top of the 'pig tail.' The matter is being looked into by friends of both parties."

This attempted bank robbery is a story which has been gaffed around by word of mouth from its very beginning and seldom told authentically. Television has worked the theme over a dozen times or more but this is how it really happened.

A Gambler Who Never Quit

(Continued from page 23)

"His unusual name was always being mispronounced," Harry continued. "They called him everything from Goats to Guts. One day he got mad and said, 'From now on I'm chust Dutch Chake.' The name stuck and he became known as Dutch Jake of Cheyenne. He signed his name Jacob (Dutch Jake) Goetz."

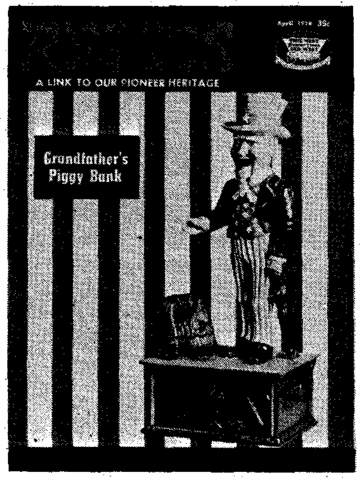
When gold was discovered in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains in 1883 the partners moved there and soon owned and operated the most popular saloon, dancehall and gambling casino in Murray, Idaho. The winter of 1884 was a severe one with eighteen to twenty feet of snow on the claims. Many men around Delta and Myrtle who were not lucky enough to find gold would have starved to death had it not been for the generosity of Dutch Jake. He arranged with a storekeeper to supply these men with groceries on his account to keep them alive until spring. Soon after the partners arrived in the mining country they obtained an interest in the famous Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine which they later sold for about $200,000.

In the late eighties Jake and Harry moved to Spokane Falls, Washington, and invested most of their stake in a four-story building which they named the Frankfurt Block after Jake's birthplace in Germany. It was the grandest and most imposing structure in eastern Washington and housed a bar, dancehall, theater and gambling room.

They lost everything in the big 1889 fire, but Jake had a motto embroidered on his shirt fronts and in later years painted on his spare tire cover: "Don't tell 'em; keep going." That was his motto in life—no matter what your troubles are, keep them to yourself and keep trying. He was a gambler who never quit. Although there was not enough insurance to cover their loss, the two men used what they had and ordered from Portland, Oregon, the largest tent they could buy. They set it up on a convenient corner and were again in business.

Spokane Falls police were not paying much attention at that time to saloons and gambling places, so the owners of the huge tent did not have to worry too much about anyone interfering with their livelihood. Soon a thousand men were busy playing the different games of chance. If anyone so wished, he could order and enjoy a steak and play faro at the same time.

BY 1894 Dutch Jake and his partner had made enough money to construct on the spot where the Coeur d'Alene Hotel now stands, an edifice which was the talk of the country for miles around. People who saw it never forgot its splendor. From the fourth floor with its magnificent dancehall to the basement where any ragged tramp could get a good meal at the lunch counter and, if he needed it, a blanket to sleep under on the floor, the building glowed with



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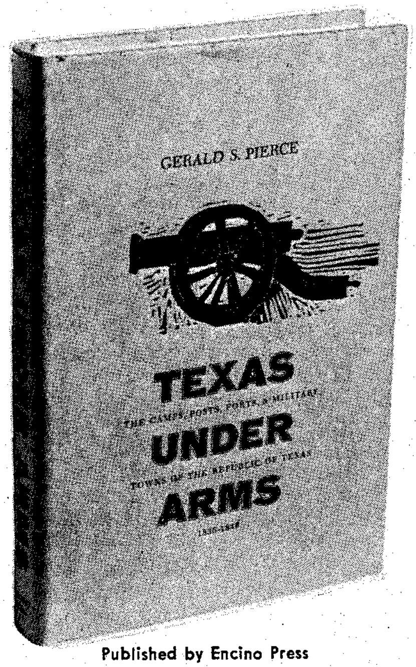
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gas and electric lights. The latest in fixtures were reflected in the French mirrors above the solid cherry bar on the first floor, and an oil painting of the jackass of Bunker Hill and Sullivan fame hung on the wall.

On the third floor was the clubroom where games of chance could be played. No minors were allowed, and if a married man spent more money than Jake or Harry thought he could afford, he was told to go home. They were not going to be responsible for some man spending money which he needed to support a family.

To complete the entertainment, there was also a theater where fancy dancing and vaudeville could be enjoyed. Loggers and miners crowded into the city now called Spokane (without the "Falls") on weekends. Any customer of the Goetz and Baer establishment was given a railway ticket back to the mines or woods and a silver dollar just for the asking.

Mike McDonald, a big Chicago gambler, heard of the Dutchman's (as Jake was also known) challenge and sent two sharpers from Chicago to trim him. They had $5,000 each. Dutch Jake won even their watches, but returned them, and wired McDonald in Chicago, "Send out some more suckers."

Jake was known or had been heard about all over the United States. An actor, for a josh one time, mailed a letter in New York City addressing it to "Dutch Jake, Somewhere in the United States of America," and it arrived at the Coeur d'Alene Hotel in due time.

When gambling finally became illegal, even though he was passionately fond of poker, Dutch Jake never played another game. By 1910, the establishment of Goetz and Baer had become merely the Coeur d'Alene Hotel. Since Jake enjoyed meeting people and was a natural "greeter," he was as successful as a hotel manager as he had been running a gambling resort. He continued to feed down-and-outers in the basement. It was a matter of principle with him never to let a man go hungry—especially a miner. Above, in more luxurious rooms, with eyes twinkling under beetling brows, he cordially welcomed his guests and when they departed, each was given a copy of his "The Hotel with a Personality," a pamphlet of which he was very proud.

Dutch Jake was the third member and one of the first life members of the Spokane Lodge of Elks. When he died, he left the lodge the five-thousand-dollar wheel of fortune made years before under special contract with the inmates of Sing Sing prison in New York. This wheel was a most unusual work. It was made of pieces of wood gathered from all over the world and was inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Jacob Goetz died April 3, 1927, at the age of seventy-three. Old friends and people from far away attended the last rites of this bluff, honest, rugged man who by downright strength of character fought his way up from a poor, immigrant boy to a prominent place in the country he had chosen.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

Moses (my husband's great-grandfather) and Asa came west after the Civil War and eventually settled in Spring Valley, Minnesota.

I would also like to contact persons having information concerning Edward Burleson who came from England in 1716 and settled in Jewett City, Connecticut and of his descendants, several of whom moved on to West Greenwich and Coventry, Rhode Island.—Mrs. Hugo S. Burleson, 3213 Morris Thomas Road, Duluth, Minnesota 55811

York

Any information from 1913-14 on back on these people or their descendants will be greatly appreciated: Shara Swin York and James York from North and South Carolina and Martha Ryes and John York from the Carolinas who settled in Texas. Children of Martha and John York are Nathan Wallace, born 1872; Ollie, Fanny, Henry and Lonny (Johnny Lonso) York. John York remarried but to whom? Martha York remarried George Abbot and had a son George Abbot Jr. Martha York Abbot was last heard of in McGregor, Texas in 1905. Nathan and Henry York are deceased. Nathan Wallace York married Anna Malinda Barkley Mapes. She had a daughter, Ida May Mapes. Nathan moved his family from McGregor in 1913-14 to Caprock, New Mexico to homestead and at one time drove a twenty-mule team at a borax mine, but where?—Mrs. Lynn Wooldridge, 182 East Continental Drive, Hobbs, New Mexico 88240

Hurd-Bushaw-Taylor-Romero

I wonder if someone could give me some information on Julius Hurd, Richard Bushaw (or Buche), Dal Taylor. Also persons with the last names of Juneau, Bisner and Basnie or Baszie. They lived near Manqueste or Germfast, Michigan. I also would appreciate hearing about some dear friends of ours who lived near Fremounton, Utah, Joe and Lope Romero.—Mrs. Ray Lawrence, Route 1, Box 291, Myrtle Creek, Oregon 97457

Watson-Rowland-Devore-Simpson

I am seeking any information concerning the following families and any of their relatives on either side: Allen Watson, born April 3, 1832, married Frances Harmon; Thomas Newton Watson, born August 30, 1857 in Kentucky, married Ella S. Easley; Allen Watson, born September 11, 1879 in Dalton, Kentucky, married Myrtle Olivinia Tudor; William Henry Rowland, born February 27, 1852 in Guildford, England married Nettie Perthina Devore; Otto Henry Rowland, born Jan. 16, 1890 in Mulvane, Kansas, married Golda Myrtle Britton; Edith M. Heinbaugh, born April 2, 1874, married John Britton; Benjamine Devore, born February 25, 1790, married Elizabeth; Andrew Jackson Devore, born February 10, 1815, married Sally Ann Bonnell; William H. Devore, born August 26, 1837, married Mary Ann Simpson;

(Continued on page 72)

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 42)

cisco to St. Louis.

The exact course of the route through Texas was as follows:

From the west it ran from Franklin (or El Paso) to Waco Tanks nearly due east 30 miles; thence a little northeast to Cornudos de Los Alamos, 26 miles; thence to Pinery 56 miles; and 24 miles on to Delaware Springs; thence across the Pecos to Pope's Camp a few miles east of the Pecos, 40 miles; thence down the Pecos 65 miles to Emigrant Crossing; and 55 miles on to Horse Head Crossing, keeping all the while on the river.

From Horse Head Crossing the trail struck out across the desert of the southern part of the Llano Estacado to the headwaters of the Middle or Main Concho, 70 miles. From the Concho the route turned slightly more northward to a camp (later a station) on a tributary of the Concho, 30 miles; thence to Grape Creek, 22 miles; thence to Fort Chadbourne, 30 miles. Total 458 miles.

From Fort Chadbourne, the line turned still more to the north across Valley Creek, 12 miles; thence to Mountain Pass, 16 miles; thence to Phantom Hills, 30 miles; thence to Smith's Station, 12 miles; Clear Fork Station, 26 miles; Franz's Station, 13 miles; Fort Belknap in Young County, 22 miles; thence east to Murphy's, 16 miles; to Jacksboro, 19 miles; to Earhart's, 16 miles; to Connolly's, 16 miles; to Davidson's, 24 miles; to Gainesville, 17 miles. From Gainesville it extended to Diamond's, 24 miles; to Sherman, 15 miles; and on out of Texas at Colbert's Ferry a few miles down the Red River from Old Preston, 13½ miles. At each of the points named there was a station. (The foregoing was published in the *Missouri Republican*, January 5, 1869, Report of the Postmaster General of the United States, 1857-1858.)

A 1948 comment: The first stop west of Jacksboro was Ham Springs (B. L. Ham's residence). In the beginning it came in via E. Riley's ranch passing on south near Will Moore's place, out across the Sewell pasture some two miles south of town, then west to Ham Springs. —Ernest Jones, Box 156, Bridgeport, Texas 76026

Man Doubts Edge Over Mule

Here is a little item I wrote. I thought you may like to put it in your magazine:

IT'S A FUNNY OLD WORLD

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a plow. Says the man to the mule: "Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man, made in the image of God. Yet, here we work, hitched together, year in and year out; and I often wonder if you work for me or I for you. Sometimes I think this is a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work as hard for you, if not harder, than you do for me. Plowing here, we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. So, mathematically speaking, I do twice as much work per leg as you do.

"Soon we'll be planting a corn crop. When the crop is harvested, I give one-third to the landlord for being kind enough to let me use this corner of God's universe. Another third goes to you, and what is left is mine. But while you consume all of your third, with the exception of a few cobs, I divide my third among seven children, six hens, two ducks and a banker. Bill, you are getting the best of me; it isn't fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to rob man—the lord of creation—of his substance.

"And, come to think of it, you only help cultivate the ground. After that, I cut, shock, and husk the corn, while you look over the pasture fence and 'hee-haw' at me.

"All fall and part of the winter, the whole family, from Granny down to the baby, pick cotton to help raise money to buy a new set of harness and pay the interest on the mortgage on you. And, by the way, what do you care about this mortgage? Not a darn bit. You leave that to me, you ungrateful, ornery cuss!

"About the only time I am your better is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. But if I ever get any more out of politics than you do, I fail to see where it is."—T. D. Moore, Route 1, Box 8, Boswell, Oklahoma 74272

Skyriding the Range!

Talk about your flying saucers, Paul Revere's ride or Lindbergh's solo in his *Spirit of St. Louis*! It was like this in 1918. Our little country town in Wisconsin, perhaps eighty miles from the glittering Twin Cities of Minnesota, was abustle with its Harvest Home Fair. The hay was stashed away in haymows, silage stored in round silos, and the threshing bees were over for another year.

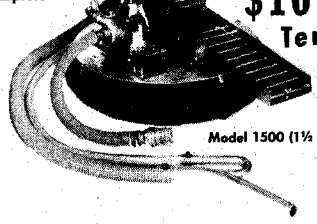
Blue ribbons sprouted on yellow squash and lesser specimens sported a red silk banner. In the cattle pens, a scrubbed-looking Guernsey cow blinked her eyes with a blue ribbon premium dangling from one ear. Lady judges in the women's building tasted and licked their lips, raised their eyebrows and nodded knowingly to one another. Oh, there was tension and suppressed excitement in the air—winners and losers and tetchy feelings everywhere on the grounds.

Mama and the Ladies Aid served chicken and dumplings and apple or pumpkin pie to all the hungry families from the farms and neighboring villages. Father, as chairman of the fair, was busy overseeing everything. Besides the ball game between the hometown and a favorite rival, the big attraction was a barnstorming aviator named Ray Miller who would take anyone up in his plane for ten dollars.

Out in the pasture crowds of people stood around an open-cockpit airplane with a single seat for a passenger just behind the pilot's. "Please, Father," I begged. "Buy me a ride. I know I'll never get another chance like this." Soon he handed me a small piece of cardboard that I clutched like a dazzling goldpiece, and we walked over to the little open airplane discharging a man who looked pale and shaken.

Ray Miller smiled as he buckled a

(Continued on page 72)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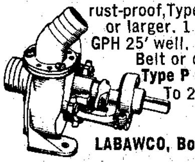
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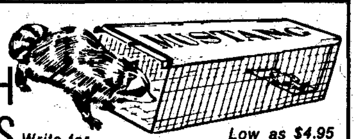

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 69)

helmet under my chin and helped me into a huge flyer's jacket. Then he boosted me up into the cockpit and strapped me into my seat. I clutched the handholds on either side of me and felt absolutely ecstatic. Pilot Miller spun the propeller, climbed into the front seat, took the controls and we were off.

Bumping across the meadows, we finally ascended and oh, what a sight—barns, cows, horses, people, all became like a miniature farm set that children play with. The wind raced and roared louder each second and I gripped the holds with all my might. Next thing the world turned over and I realized that we had looped the loop.

Faster and higher we flew, now we dropped like a plummet in a nose dive—this is the life! Now we were sailing smoothly down and I could even identify my father in the watching crowds. Ray Miller turned his head and said, "Were you scared when we were flying eighty miles an hour?" I shook mine and wanly smiled.

My friends greeted me as I was lifted down from the cockpit, "When you looped the loop your father almost fainted. He was sure that the engine had fallen out and you with it."

Father retorted, "The ground is good enough for me. Your pilot had a lot of nerve, but what a ride to remember."—Dorothy Brooks, 5444 Fremont Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55419

Litter Makes Us Bitter!

Several weeks ago one of my dreams was fulfilled. I was on vacation and after driving over twenty-five miles of the roughest road I ever saw, I got to Silver City, Idaho and got some beautiful movies of it. They are starting to restore the town so people can see what went on years ago and how folks lived.

Now, I'm not much on saying things about people in general, but one thing stuck in my craw, and I don't think I'll ever forget it. Starting about five miles from Silver City, right to the town itself, it looked as though every garbage hound in the country had left their cans, paper, trash—everything belonging in a city dump—along the roadside. It makes a guy just sick to see that kind of litter. Don't people know or care anymore what garbage cans and shovels are for? Maybe I'm real bitter over this, but I don't see how folks can leave such an ugly mess behind. If a garbage can isn't handy, I take the stuff along until I find one.—Walter J. Bowden, Sr., Box 747, Thompson Falls, Montana 59873

Shields Cross Roads?

Dear Sir:

There was a place in the U.S. Midwest around 1850 called Shields Cross Roads, probably in Ohio or Missouri. Can any of your readers tell me where it was located, if it still exists, the county and state, and also the names of any cemeteries there? Does anyone remember the names of any of the families living in the area about 1850 and later?

I look forward to your magazine each month and everything else has to wait until I finish reading it.—Mrs. E. B. Hagenmueller, 3423 Parkwood Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23221

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 68)

Thomas Jackson Devore, born November 16, 1862, married Nancy Ellen Rudisill; Jesse Simpson, born 1769 or 1771 in Maryland, married Ann Jane Cathers; William Simpson, born November 2, 1801, married Isabel Brown; Ralph Brown, born 1763 in County Down, Ireland, married Mary McMechan.—Sharon Dianne Watson, 2071 Blake Street, San Bernardino, California 92405

William Striebe Nelson

I am trying to find someone who would know anything about William Striebe Nelson. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania on October 5, 1862. At fourteen he went to New York and worked as a chore boy in a candy factory. Around 1891 he married Lillie Julia Myers, born in Cincinnati, Ohio. They had seven children: Willie, born in New Orleans, Louisiana, died at birth (date of birth and death is unknown but he is buried in New Orleans.); Edward, born in Cincinnati October 23, 1893, died in Great Bend, Kansas March 20, 1917; Willie (#2), born in Cincinnati, date unknown, died in Cincinnati, date unknown, believed to be six years old at time of death; Adele Lillian Nelson, born September 26, 1898 in Cincinnati, (only survivor of the seven, lives in Los Angeles, California and is Mrs. Bill Edwards); Marguerite Agnes Nelson, born January 30th (year unknown) in Brookville, Indiana, died in March, 1930 in Bakersfield, California; Kenneth Earl Nelson (my father), born December 7, 1907 in Hutchinson, Kansas and died December 11, 1966 in Amarillo, Texas; and Harold G. Nelson, born March 28, 1909 in Hutchinson, Kansas, has not been seen or heard from for about twenty years.

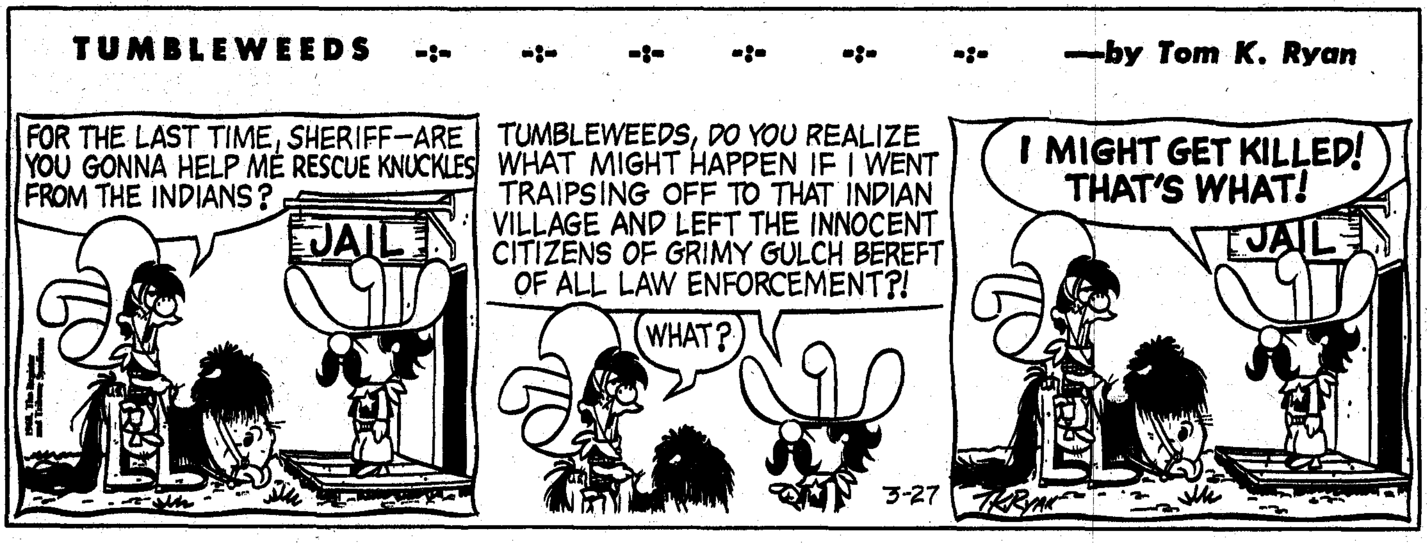
My grandfather spent his last twenty-five years in Great Bend, Kansas where he owned cafes and a candy shop. He was well known for his homemade candy and was known as "Candy Nelson." The only name I can find to lead me to the names of his parents is Striebe. This was his mother's maiden name. My grandfather's death certificate shows her name to be Mary and his father's name to be Albert Nelson, but my aunt does not feel this is right. If anyone can give me any information on the Nelson, Myers, or Striebe family, I would be very grateful.—Mrs. Marion R. Miller, Route 2, Box 102, Larned, Kansas 67550

Bagley-Begley

I'd appreciate any information on Bagley or Begley families in Kentucky, 1800s names, dates, places and marriages. My only information of any ancestors is that they were involved in some kind of feud. Some may have gone into border states.—Mrs. Loyd E. Carner, 1309 Lovers Lane, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310

McCorkle Family

My father, Walter Scott McCorkle, was born in Iowa in 1870 or 1869. His father and mother and family moved to Wyoming in 1889. He had one brother, William McCorkle, and five sisters, Sina, Lou, Maggie, Dolly and Ella. Maggie married an Abbott. I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about any of the McCorkles mentioned above.—George W. McCorkle, 3300 Portola Drive, Santa Cruz, California 95060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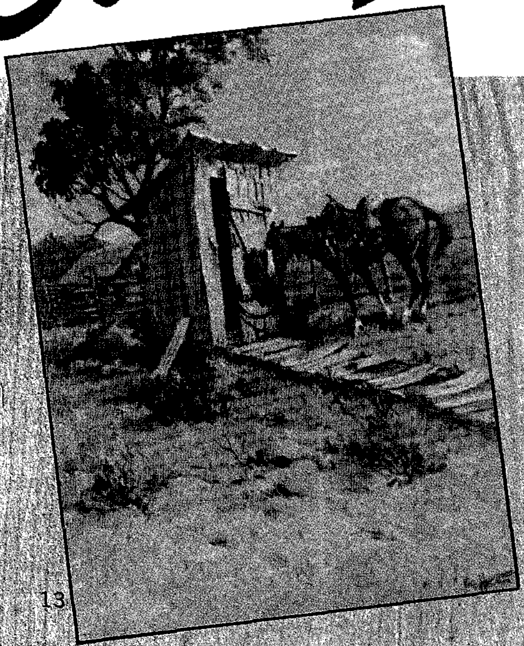
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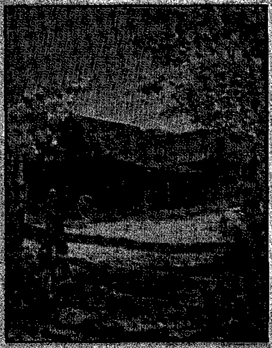
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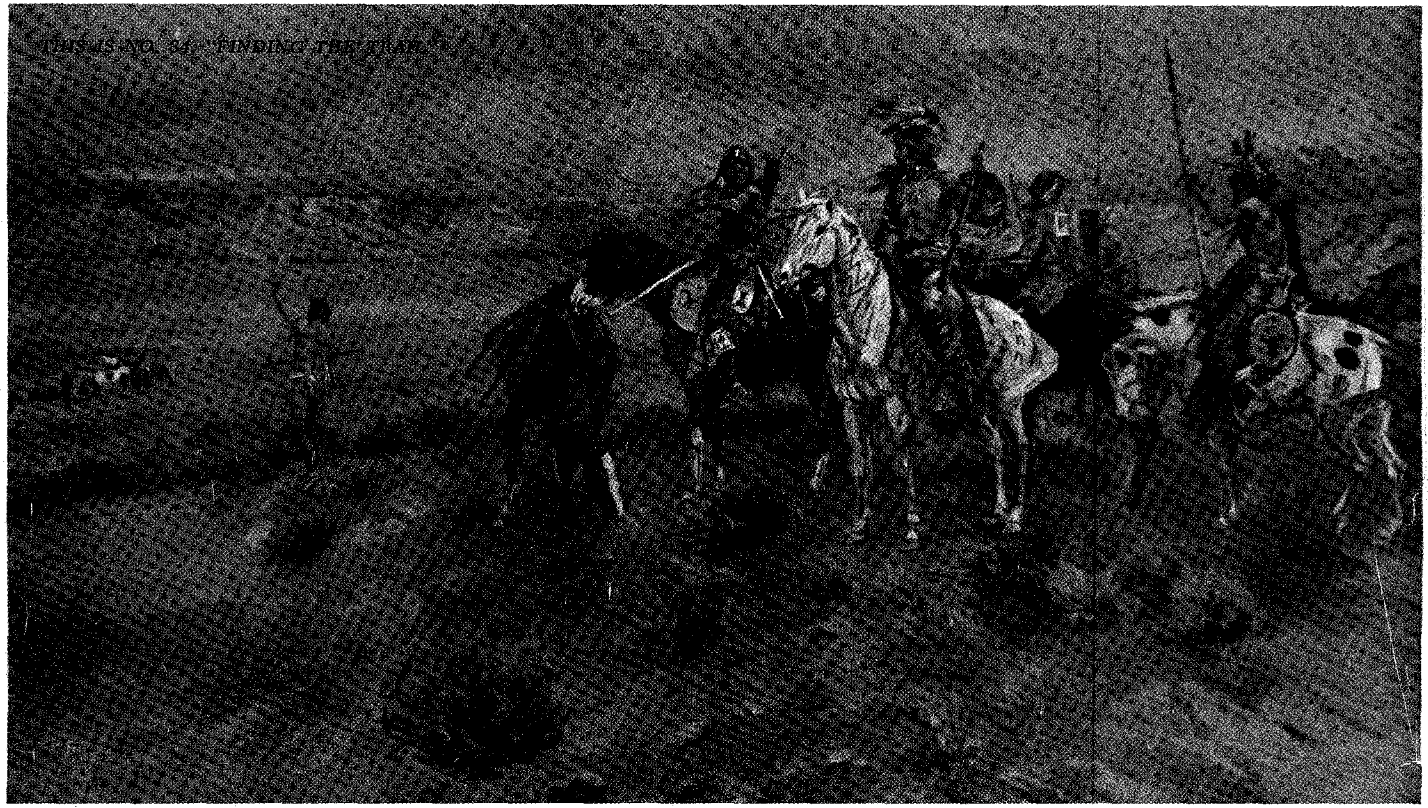
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